

THE CHILDREN'S OWN READERS

BOOK FIVE



PENNELL AND CUSACK

#30

EFAP 14.00
This book belongs to James
Folk from aunt Ted Klinger

THE CHILDREN'S OWN READERS

BOOK FIVE

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PREFACE

Did you notice the title of this reader? It is one of a number of books called The Children's Own Readers. Do you wonder why the books were given this name? This is the reason: children all over the United States helped in the making of these books. Thousands of children let the authors know what questions they would like best to have answered. After the questions were answered in story form they were printed in a book, together with other interesting selections. Then children from the North, from the South, from the East, and from the West read the books and decided which stories they liked best and which they liked least.

The book which you are going to read contains the stories that were liked best by thousands of these children. You will find in it stories and poems which you have never read before. You will find in it a few stories and poems which your father and mother read when they were children. There are stories about animals. There are stories describing life and adventure in other countries. Some stories

tell about interesting inventions; others tell about daring deeds of firemen. There are true stories and fairy stories. There are humorous stories and tales of adventure. Which kind of stories do you like the best?

The authors wish to thank the children, their teachers, their superintendents, and all who helped in the making of this book.

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THE CHILDREN'S OWN READERS

BOOK FIVE



THE ANGRY POLAR BEAR

You are used to ordering things at the stores for your mother or father. Perhaps they have ordered a suit or a dress to be made especially for you. These are sometimes called made-to-order clothes. But have you ever heard of "made-to-order" stories?

Dorothy Canfield Fisher, who writes stories for grown people and children, tells made-to-order stories to her son. One day he ordered a story about a dog, a polar bear, an elephant, and a little boy. This is the story his mother told him. See if you like this made-to-order story, and see if Mrs. Fisher selected a good title for it.

One day a little boy who lived quite close to the Zoölogical Garden had been digging in the sand pile with the other children. He noticed that his dog wasn't having much fun out of that, so he went off to have a game of hide and seek. His dog was a little fox terrier who could play hide and seek as well as anybody — in fact, better than most, for he could smell you out, no matter where you hid. The little boy was used to this and knew how to find hiding places for himself; and that day he found a specially good one, between a hedge of young spruces and the high iron fence that ran all around the Zoölogical Garden.

He waited and waited there and wondered why his dog didn't come to find him. And then it seemed to him that he heard a lot of screaming and shouting and running around. He poked his head out a little between the spruce branches, and what did he see? The polar bear had somehow broken out from his cage and was coming down the path!

All the visitors were running as fast as they could toward the gate, and as the little boy looked, the last of them scrambled through, and one of the keepers slammed it shut and bolted it. Then the keeper too ran like a whitehead, and dodged into the open door of the monkey house, and banged that shut after him.

There was the little boy squeezed in between the spruce bushes and the palings, with the polar bear just beyond the hedge. It was lucky for him that there wasn't anywhere for him to run to, for in that first minute he was so scared he'd have screamed and run if he'd seen an open door. But there wasn't any. And, anyhow, he was so scared that he could hardly breathe, let alone run. What got him out of the worst of the scare was his dog's cold nose stuck into his hand. He looked down,

and there was the poor little terrier shivering himself almost out of his skin. They snuggled up together and watched the bear through the bushes.

Do you know, they stopped being scared right away? For the bear was enjoying himself so much that it did your heart good to see him. He'd been shut up in that cage so long, with that same little old pool of dead water, that he'd forgotten there was anything else in the world. It seemed to him too good to be true, to be walking up and down paths and over soft grass and sharpening his claws on trees. For he seemed to take the greatest comfort in that.

Every time he came to a tree he would rear up, strike his claws into it, and rip them down. The long flakes of bark would fairly fly through the air.

The little boy could feel all over him how it hit the right spot for the bear, like scratching a mosquito bite for a little boy. And he couldn't feel scared of the bear when he saw him having such a good time. Anyhow, he thought, the bear wasn't hungry, for he'd had all the breakfast he wanted; and he wasn't mad at anybody, for he hadn't seen a soul. What would he want to go hunting around

in the spruce bushes for, to find a little boy and his dog? He just wanted to be let alone. And it wasn't the little boy or his dog that would be bothering him!

All this made the little boy less and less afraid, and he stuck his head out farther between the branches. He laughed to himself to see the polar bear sauntering up one path and down another, swinging his head and sniffing the air, stopping to stare at the peacocks, or looking in for a minute at the birds, and every once in a while hauling himself up on his hind legs to rip some more long flakes of bark off a tree.

Now the monkey house, where the last keeper had dodged in, was on one side of the spruce bushes, and the elephant house was on the other. The polar bear, exploring all the country, back and forth, strolled up along the palings in front of the elephant yard. He was just casting his eye over the pile of hay on the ground when, through the door of the elephant house, out rolled Mr. Elephant himself, come to stretch his legs a little in the yard.

You never saw anybody so astonished as that polar bear! He froze to the spot, one eye glued to

the space between two palings, and he stared at the elephant so hard the little boy was afraid his eye would drop out. You see he'd been shut up for years and years in his own cage, never seeing a living creature except the keepers and the sight-seers, and of course none of them looked in the least like an elephant.

He could hardly believe his eyes now. He was saying to himself, — you could see it in the surprised way he stood there, his legs all spread out, — he was saying: "Am I dreaming? Can I be awake? What did I eat for supper last night?"

At first the elephant didn't notice anything special. He walked up and down, sort of picking his teeth with a straw and talking softly to himself. He was wondering where all the sight-seers had gone. He depends on them for peanuts, you know, and crackers. He had been very young when he was caught, and couldn't remember a thing before his life in his yard there in the Zoo. And the biggest part of his life was the sight-seers who brought him peanuts.

He was very clever, the way elephants are, and he knew all the ins and outs of sight-seers, and how to get the most peanuts out of them, no matter

what sort they were. But he was almost as astonished as the polar bear, when he caught sight of the big white shape leaning up against the paling gazing in at him.

The little boy had to put both hands over his mouth to keep from laughing, as he saw the elephant stop short, stick his head out, and stare down at the bear, like a school-teacher looking over his specs. He was saying to himself, the elephant was: "Well, I thought I knew all the varieties. I've seen 'em in brown overcoats and in green and in purple and in blue, but I never saw one in such a thick white coat, nor with such a funny-looking long nose. Where does he keep his peanuts, I wonder. That coat doesn't look as if it had any pockets." But, on the general chance, he rolled over a little closer to the bear and stuck out his trunk invitingly.

It gave the bear a turn to have that great hill of a thing start toward him; but though polar bears are very stupid, they are not cowards. So he stood his ground, waiting to see what would happen next. What did happen was the elephant's trunk stuck out between the palings close to his face, the red inside of it, all trembly and wet.

It didn't scare him! But it made him feel rather queer, the way you feel when you start to pick up an angleworm.

Well, anyhow, it being the first time the polar bear had ever seen anything like that, it did make him feel rather sick, and he stepped back a bit, in something of a hurry. The elephant was disappointed and drew in his trunk to think. He'd often seen visitors draw back the first time he offered his trunk, and afterwards get quite used to it. So he thought this visitor was only a little nervous and needed to be encouraged.

He went closer to the bars and put out his trunk as far as he could stretch it, right up in front of the bear's very nose. This was too much. The bear was disgusted, lifted up his great paw and raked it down one side of the trunk, as if it were a tree. He made three long scratches, not very deep, but plenty deep enough to hurt like Sam Hill.

The elephant let out a scream that shook the little boy clear down to his waist, and went into the air like a cat having a fit. You see he'd been petted and fussed over and cared for so well all his life that it wasn't just his trunk that was hurt.

It was his feelings. He was so mad that anybody should treat *him* like that, that he felt as if he should burst. First he hauled off, and came charging down at the bear like an express train. But the heavy iron palings held firm, and he only gave himself a frightful knock on the head. He tried that again and again, and when he finally saw he couldn't bang the palings down he was furious! He squealed and screamed and tore around his yard, bang-whanging against everything in it and tossing the loose hay around like a whirlwind.

What made the little boy giggle again was the way the polar bear took all this. For all the bear knew, you see, this was just the usual way animals with two tails acted. So he backed off a little, and sat down to watch, just as *interested*. You could see he was saying to himself: "Now I never dreamed there were creatures with habits like this! Live and learn. What an education it is to travel and go around in the world and see things for yourself!"

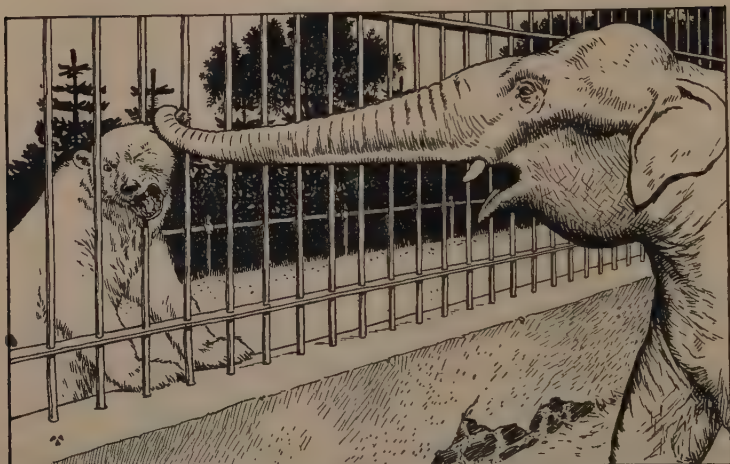
But all of a sudden the elephant stopped dead still in his tracks and stood with his head cocked to one side, thinking. You see he really had a head to think with, and he had just remembered

that. He was thinking: "This is getting me nowhere. Let us consider this question calmly."

And he considered it so calmly that the polar bear thought he had gone to sleep standing up. He moved up closer to the bars to see if the two-tailed animal shut its eyes when it went to sleep standing up.

At this the little boy could see the elephant's eyes twinkle, but he didn't move a muscle of his trunk, nor wink an eyelash. Then after a while, as though it were nothing to him whether the bear was there or not, he began to wave one big ear to and fro thoughtfully. By and by he began to walk around a little, to and fro, up and down, getting a little nearer to the bear all the time, though not seeming to. He was bound he'd teach that bad-mannered sight-seer a lesson, if it was the last thing he *ever* did!

He'd take a bit of hay and wind it up into his mouth. Then he would scratch his ear and sigh, and stop short to look down, with his ears cocked as if he saw something very interesting on the ground. He did this last so often that the polar bear wondered what it could be that the elephant was staring at. He stuck his long nose and the



fore part of his head in between the palings to try and see.

This was the elephant's chance. He gave one roll forward, whipped out his trunk, and wound it around the bear's ear, as if he were going to pull it out by the roots. Of course he couldn't do *that*, but he must have stretched it several inches before his trunk slipped and he fell over backward. Then he picked himself up in a hurry, scrambled back to the wall of his house, and leaned up against it to laugh.

For there was the maddest bear carrying on in front of his house you ever saw. He was that much madder than the elephant had been! He

stood up on his hind legs, about a mile tall, and roared and yelled at the top of his voice. He reached in through the bars, clawing with his fore paws to reach the elephant, and dancing up and down with his hind paws. And the more he roared and clawed and jumped up and down, the weaker the elephant got with laughing. He had to fan himself with his trunk and his ears. For the polar bear kept it up and *kept* it up. He was just crazy, you see, and not having any real brains to think with, like the elephant, he couldn't invent any trick to play. All he could do was to glue himself to the bars and reach in farther, and yell louder, and jump up and down faster.

This gave the little boy an idea. He scooted quickly to the monkey house and knocked on the door and told the keepers now was their chance. They had ropes all ready, and came running up behind the bear and slipped a noose over his head before he knew it. Then another noose around his fore paws, and with this they could throw him on his back and tie him. Some men hurried off to get the four-wheeled pushcart they use to carry transplanted trees. They pushed the bear up a plank on to this, and wheeled him back to his cage.

The elephant was ever so much interested in all this, and stopped laughing to come down to the bars to watch. "So that's the way they travel when they wear white overcoats," he was saying to himself. "Well, I hope the next one will have more peanuts and better manners."

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Was the title a good one? Why?

What humorous parts did you find in this story?

Which part did you enjoy most? Think of a question you could ask your classmates that would be answered by that part.

What expressive words does Mrs. Fisher use?

GRACE DARLING

At the close of this story you will find this statement: "The name of Grace Darling, however, will never be forgotten. Her example will ever inspire people of all times." What do you think she did to justify these statements?

It was a wild night at the lighthouse on Longstone, one of the Farne Islands off the Northumberland coast. The wind howled and raged about the lighthouse, and the waves beat upon it as if trying to tear it from the rock upon which it was built.

It was a night of anxiety to the people who lived in the lighthouse, although they were used to raging seas and driving wind. There were but three people there — the keeper, his wife, and his daughter Grace, a girl of twenty-two. Grace was unable to sleep. In the darkness of the night, above the noise of the winds and waves, she thought she heard screams and wild cries.

On the evening of the fifth of September, 1838, a small vessel, the *Forfarshire*, sailed from Hull, England, for the port of Dundee, Scotland. She had quite a heavy cargo on board and sixty-three people, forty-one passengers and twenty-two in the crew. Although the ship was only two years old,

her boilers were in such bad order that she had had to be repaired before she set out from Hull.

At first all went well, but soon word passed from one passenger to another that one of the boilers had sprung a leak and that the firemen were having difficulty in keeping up the fires. This boiler trouble delayed the vessel greatly, so that it was the night of the following day before she reached the channel between the mainland and the Farne Islands. The wind was blowing hard from the north, the sea was rough, and the fog was thick. At this point the engines became useless, and the ship was at the mercy of the wind and the waves. Sails were raised in an attempt to keep the vessel before the wind and off the land.

About three o'clock the noise of breakers was heard a little way ahead. At the same time a light was seen away to the left shining faintly through the darkness. Then the crew knew that they were being driven on to one of the Farne Islands. The captain of the *Forfarshire* tried to head the ship for the channel which runs between the islands and the mainland. It would have been at best a poor chance. It was hopeless now, for the vessel's rudder was broken. The sea was master, and it tossed the



helpless vessel in its raging waves. On drove the *Forfarshire* in the darkness. Nearer and nearer came the sound of the cruel breakers. The people on board were wild with fear and gave up all hope.

At length in an opening of the fog appeared a great rock, frightfully rugged, deadly to a ship that was at the mercy of the sea. There was a moment's pause, as if the sea were delaying its final victory; then, with a grinding crash, the vessel was flung upon the rocks.

A panic followed. Some of the crew, determined to save themselves, lowered a boat and pushed off. Soon the *Forfarshire* broke into two pieces. One part was carried away and disappeared into the black waters; the other part remained on the rock, with the cruel waves breaking over it, and tearing at the remaining people who were clinging to the broken timbers.

Day dawned. In the gray light of the morning the Darlings could see a wreck a mile away. With the help of a glass, Grace saw dim figures clinging to the wreck. Between the two islands a heavy sea was running, so that it would be difficult even for a good boat rowed by strong men to make the passage. The Darlings had only one heavy lighthouse boat.

At first Mr. Darling would not attempt anything so dangerous as to try to reach the wreck. But Grace urged him to take out their boat. Men were in danger on the other side of that angry stretch of water. She could not stay where she was and see them die. So off they set, with the old man at one oar and the young girl at the other. Both rowed with all their strength through the angry sea, that at any moment might swamp their boat or dash it upon the rocks.

At last they neared the wreck. They could see eager faces turned toward them. Now came one of the most dangerous moments of the rescue, for the fierce waves broke against their boat. It seemed impossible to keep it from being dashed to pieces on the rocks. After many attempts Mr. Darling jumped upon the rocks, while Grace tried with all her strength and skill to keep their boat from drifting away or from dashing against the sharp edges of the rocks.

Finally, one by one, all the people were removed from the wreck and placed in the boat. Then the dangerous return trip began. This time two of the rescued sailors helped to row the boat, and at last all reached the lighthouse in safety.

The report of Grace Darling's heroic deed spread throughout all England. She became the people's heroine. She was praised in the newspapers; poems were written about her; artists came from afar to paint her picture. Medals were presented to her, and a manager offered to give her a large sum of money if she would appear upon the stage.

Grace received with quiet pleasure all the honors showered upon her, but she could never be made to see that she had done anything to deserve them. She remained upon the lonely island until her death in 1842, only four years after her heroic rescue. The name of Grace Darling, however, will never be forgotten. Her example will ever inspire people of all times.

A True Story

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

What did Grace Darling do? Should her name be remembered always?

What adjectives do you think best describe her character?

What are the most thrilling passages in this story? Prepare these to read aloud.



DAY

What does the title of this poem make you want to know? See if the poem tells you.

This is the way the morning dawns:
Rosy tints on flowers and trees,
Winds that wake the birds and bees,
Dewdrops on the fields and lawns,
This is the way the morning dawns.

This is the way the sun comes up :

Gold on brook and glossy leaves,

Mist that melts above the sheaves,

Vine and rose and buttercup —

This is the way the sun comes up.

This is the way the daylight dies :

Cows are lowing in the lane,

Fireflies wink o'er hill and plain,

Yellow, red, and purple skies —

This is the way the daylight dies.

Author Unknown

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

What did you want to know? What was the answer?

What times of day does the poem describe? Which description did you enjoy most? Why?

THE FIREMAN'S SPEECH

You know why the people of the United States observe Thanksgiving Day, Christmas, Washington's Birthday, and the Fourth of July, but do you know why October 9 was set aside by the President as National Fire Prevention Day?

"Dad, have you any matches in your pocket?" asked John Drake the minute his father entered the house.

"What do you want matches for?" Mr. Drake's face grew stern. He looked inquiringly from John's laughing eyes to his daughter Dorothy's bright face.

"I don't want the matches for anything," replied John, "but I want to know if you have any with you."

"Yes, I have some matches in my pocket," said Mr. Drake, with an amused expression. He slowly put his hand in his coat.

"Oh, we've caught him!" said Dorothy.

"That's one point against our house," said John, with a frown. "Wait, though; we haven't seen how he carries them."

Mr. Drake drew out a small box of matches.

"Oh, we don't lose a point after all," said John, eagerly. "He carries them in a safety box. The match won't light unless it is struck on the box. That isn't so bad as carrying them loose in a pocket."

"Good for you, dad," said Dorothy, as she turned away. "Now we must go down cellar and then up to the attic."

"What is this all about?" asked Mr. Drake, in a puzzled tone, looking at the paper and pencil in Dorothy's hand and the booklet which John carried.

"We'll tell you at the dinner table," said John, with a smile. "We are very busy now."

Mr. Drake smiled good-naturedly and went out to rake up some leaves in the yard. The brisk October winds were rapidly stripping the trees.

"Are you going to have a bonfire, dad?" asked John, suddenly appearing from the cellar. "Where are you going to have it?"

"Why all this sudden interest in my affairs?" asked his father. "I am going to have a small bonfire on that sandy lot across the street."

"That's all right," said John, with a relieved look. "We shan't lose any points on that."

"We have lost two points, though," said Dorothy, looking reproachfully at her father. "You have only one ash barrel of iron. The other two barrels are wooden, and wooden barrels aren't safe for hot ashes. Won't you please buy two more galvanized iron barrels, dad?"

"Well, all right," said Mr. Drake, with a resigned expression. "I have been planning to buy two new ones because those old barrels aren't much good, anyway."

"Hurrah!" said John. "That gives us honorable mention on the cellar, then. The cellar hasn't any piles of rubbish, and the pipes of the heater are not near any wooden posts or walls."

"And isn't it fine that mother already has her oiled cloths in a tin can!" said Dorothy. "Really, our cellar is very good."

"I'm glad you like it," said Mr. Drake, with his eyes twinkling. "I should be delighted if you would clean it for me every few weeks."

"That isn't so much fun as inspecting it," said John, "but I suppose we shall have to help after this."

"Now if the attic is all right we can make a good report," said Dorothy. John and she hurried away

before their father could ask any more questions about their activities.

"Come to dinner, children," called Mrs. Drake a half hour later, as the brother and sister came downstairs.

"It is cold enough tonight for a fire in the fireplace," said Mr. Drake, as he passed through the living room. "I'll touch a match to this wood, and we can have a cheerful blaze."

"Fireplace! We had forgotten that," said Dorothy. John quickly checked something in his notebook.

"Yes; it is all right," said Dorothy, standing in front of the crackling flames. "I know dad and mother always put the screen in front of the fire."

"How nice and clean our attic is!" said Dorothy, as the family sat down at the table. "I never realized before how carefully you put everything away, mother."

"What in the world has got into you two children?" asked Mrs. Drake. She turned to her husband. "Ever since they came home from school today they have been asking me questions about the electricity, the gas stove, and the kerosene cans that I keep down cellar by themselves. They made

such a fuss when they found that the matches in the kitchen were kept in a pasteboard box that just to please them I hunted up an old tin box and put all the matches in it."

"They have been after me too. They seem to have turned into inspectors," chuckled Mr. Drake.

"That is exactly what the fireman told us to be," said John. "He said that boys and girls must be fire inspectors in their homes."

"It must be hard on the parents where there are five or six children," said Mr. Drake, with a teasing smile.

"Now tell us what it is all about, and why you have become suddenly interested in the attic and cellar," said Mrs. Drake.

"Today is October 9, National Fire Prevention Day," explained John, "and a fireman visited school and talked to us."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Drake, "I remember now that this date was chosen because it was the anniversary of the Chicago fire."

"That was a terrible fire," said Mrs. Drake, with a shudder. "I remember hearing my mother tell about it. There were thousands of buildings burned and nearly three million dollars' worth of property

was destroyed. More than two hundred people were killed, and thousands were homeless and without food or clothing."

"That's what the fireman told us," said John. "He said that every year now the President sends out his proclamation, or message, asking the people to observe Fire Prevention Day. The fireman read us the President's proclamation. It says that carelessness causes most of the fires, and it asks everyone to be on the watch to prevent fires in the factories and stores, the homes and the forests."

"Is that the reason you were inspecting your home?" asked Mr. Drake.

"Yes," said John. "The fireman gave us a list of things which may cause fire in a house. He asked us to check up our home conditions with the list and report to him when he comes tomorrow. A perfect list wins first place, but all those who find only a few things wrong may have honorable mention if the people at home promise to make wrong things right at once. Dorothy and I wanted to get honorable mention, and we shall, because we find that you and mother have done almost everything to prevent fire in our house. Some of the boys and girls said they knew that their houses would

be at the foot of the list. I don't see how mother and you think of everything. Our home is pretty nice, anyway."

"We'll all be inspectors and protect our home," said Mr. Drake. "Anything we can do to prevent fire is worth while. I'll order those metal ash barrels tomorrow."

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Check the statement below which you feel best answers the question why the President set aside a day to be observed as National Fire Prevention Day.

The President set aside October 9 as Fire Prevention Day
to recall the Chicago fire
to make people more careful with fire
to help the fire departments

If you can fill in the following blanks correctly it will show how well you have read "The Fireman's Speech."

Never carry matches ---- in your pocket.
Keep oiled cloths in a ---- box.
Place a ---- before an open fire.
Put ashes into a ---- barrel.
Heaters should not be placed near ----.
Attics and cellars should be free from ----.
Keep matches in a ---- box.
Never build bonfires ---- the house.
---- causes most fires.

What are *you* going to do to prevent fires?

ROBIN HOOD

Long ago in England there lived an outlaw named Robin Hood, who was very much beloved. We still have stories, songs, and plays written about him. See if you can understand why Robin Hood was so beloved in England, and why his life is still so interesting to us.

Many hundreds of years ago England was so covered with woods that a squirrel was said to be able to go clear across the island by simply leaping from tree to tree.

It was a very different-looking country from the England through which we now travel. There were broad roads, however, that ran from north to south and also from east to west for the use of those who wished to travel, and at certain seasons these roads were thronged with people.

Besides these broad roads there were small tracks and little green paths that led to groups of low huts where dwelt peasants, charcoal burners, and plowmen, and here and there a larger clearing showed that the house of a yeoman was near.

At this time Richard the Lion-Hearted was king of England, and he was well loved by the people. But he was away from home on a crusade, making

war in foreign countries, and during his absence the land was in the hands of nobles who ruled to please themselves. There were no laws to protect the people, and the rulers used their power to get anything that they wanted. Very few of them were kind or even fair to the poorer people. Men were thrown into prison, killed, or declared outlaws, often for no reason except that these rulers commanded it. It was a common thing for a man to be declared an outlaw for a very small offense and to be hunted like a wild beast from one end of England to the other. Men often became outlaws through no fault of their own. Many of them were friends of the poor people and enemies of the unjust nobles.

And this was the sort of England into which the famous Robin Hood was born. And who was Robin Hood? We really do not know anything definite about him: who he was, or where he lived, or what he had done to make himself an outlaw. But of all the heroes of England, probably none has ever gained greater fame than brave Robin Hood.

Because Robin Hood was an outlaw, any man might kill him and pay no penalty for doing so. But, outlaw or not, the poor people loved him and looked upon him as their friend. It was considered

a great thing, indeed, to be one of Robin Hood's men, but it was not easy to gain a place among them. A man must first agree to live up to the rules that Robin had laid down.

Peasants of all sorts, tillers of the land, yeomen, and, as some say, knights went on their ways freely, for of them Robin took no toll; but rich men with moneybags well filled trembled as they drew near Sherwood Forest — who was to know that Robin Hood or some of his men did not lurk behind some tree? Many a stout fellow joined Robin Hood and led a merry life with him in the greenwood, with moss and fern for bed and with the king's deer for food.

One morning, when all the birds were singing gayly among the green trees, up rose Robin Hood with adventure in his heart. "We have had no sport these fourteen long days," he said to his men. "Tarry here, for I will go alone in search of adventure; but, look you! listen for my call. If you hear three blasts on my horn, come, and come quickly, for it will be my hour of need."

So saying, he strode away to the verge of the forest. There he wandered about till he came to a narrow bridge, a log over a stream. As he drew

near, a tall stranger came hurrying from the other side, as if to cross first.

"Stand back," quoth Robin, "and let thy betters pass first."

"Nay, nay!" shouted the stranger. "First prove thyself the better man."

"That I can with my trusty bow," answered Robin.

"Thou talkest like a coward," the stranger replied. "Thou art well armed with a long bow to shoot at my breast, while I have naught but a staff in my hand."

"I scorn the name of coward," cried Robin. "For thy sake I will try thy manhood with a staff." Forthwith he stepped into the thicket and chose a staff of ground oak. Then he came back upon the bridge and again faced the stranger, and said, "Lo, see my staff. It is lusty and tough. Here on this log we shall contend. Whoever falls off shall lose the battle."

"With all my heart," replied the stranger. Then they both raised their staffs and struck fast and fiercely. Many blows were given and taken until their jackets fairly smoked from the conflict. At last Robin gave the stranger a blow that made his



ribs ring. Then the stranger flew into a fury and laid upon Robin a blow so mighty that it tumbled him into the brook.

"I prithee, good fellow, where art thou now?" cried the stranger, laughing merrily.

Robin could not forbear laughing also, although somewhat ruefully, for he was a good sportsman and knew how to take defeat. "Faith, I'm in the water, and where else?" laughed Robin, as he struggled to get footing. "Thou art surely a brave soul. I'll no longer contend with thee, for, 'tis needless to say, thou hast won. Our battle is over."

Then Robin waded to the bank and pulled himself out by a thornbush. This done, he blew three loud blasts on his bugle. The echoes resounded through the woods, and soon Robin's stout bowmen came running through the forest. They were clad all in green from head to toe and seemed a part of the forest. Quickly they reached their master.

"What is the matter?" quoth Will Stutely. "Good master, you are wet to the skin."

"'Tis no matter," answered Robin. "This fellow here in fighting tumbled me into the brook."

"Then shall he be tumbled," said Will Stutely, and the men rushed at the stranger.

"Nay, not so fast, my lads," quoth Robin, who dearly loved fair play. "He is a stout and brave fellow. Forbear." Then he spoke courteously to the stranger, "Be not afraid, good friend. No man shall harm thee while Robin Hood is about. These bowmen wait upon me, and there are five times as many as are here. Wilt thou be one of us? If so, thou shalt straightway have my livery and all else that befits a brave man. Speak up, thou jolly blade, and never fear."

"That will I with all my heart," answered the tall stranger, smiling. "My name is John Little. Ne'er doubt me; I'll play my part. So here is my heart and my hand."

"John Little," thoughtfully replied Will Stutely, who dearly loved a jest. "What a name for a seven-foot giant! *John Little!*" And at that Robin and all his men roared with laughter.

John Little looked slightly offended; but Will Stutely, laying his hand on the giant's arm, in a tone of apology said, "I will be thy godfather and give thee a new name. Thy name suits thee ill and must needs be altered. Come, we will have a christening feast."

Then gayly the outlaws turned back into the

forest, and in one of their accustomed gathering places there was soon a great pasty of venison prepared. They called it, as Will Stutely had proposed, a christening feast; and John Little was put in the place of honor at Robin's right hand.

After they had eaten and drunk their fill, Will cried, "This infant here was called John Little, but that name shall be changed a bit. Hereafter, and wherever he shall go, he shall be called Little John."

Then all made the forest ring with a great shouting of "Little John! Little John!" Robin presented his new follower with what he called his christening robes, a suit of Lincoln green. He gave Little John also a long bow and a quiver full of arrows. Henceforth he was one of Robin Hood's trusted leaders; and despite the fact that he was seven feet tall and perhaps an ell around the waist, the newcomer was ever after called Little John.

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Why do you think Robin Hood was so beloved in England?

Why is his life so interesting to us?

See if you can select the ending which best expresses the meaning of each of the following:

In the time of Robin Hood England was
in the hands of wise nobles
under the control of unjust rulers
protected by wise laws

Robin Hood was
a merry gentleman
a bold robber
an outlaw

Robin Hood took toll of
rich men
poor peasants
knights

Robin Hood fought the stranger
with a stout staff
with his trusty bow
with his sword

When Robin Hood was tumbled into the brook he
was very angry
took his defeat like a good sportsman
laughed merrily

Robin Hood called his men
to punish the stranger
to have them meet the stranger
to impress the stranger

John Little was rechristened Little John
because he had joined Robin Hood's band
as a joke
because he had tumbled Robin Hood into the brook

What words, or adjectives, could you use to describe Robin Hood? Little John? Will Stutely?

Would this be a good story to dramatize? If so, what scenes, characters, and properties would you use?

ILL-LUCK AND THE FIDDLER

Do you know of people who always blame their misfortunes on ill luck? What do you think is really the cause of their mishaps? Find out if they are like the fiddler in this story.

Once upon a time St. Nicholas came down into the world to take a peep at the old place and see how things looked in the springtime. On he stepped along the road to the town where he used to live, for he had a notion to find out whether things were going on nowadays as they one time did. By and by he came to a crossroad, and whom should he see sitting there but Ill-Luck himself! Ill-Luck's face was as gray as ashes, and his hair as white as snow, for he is as old as Grandfather Adam; and two great wings grew out of his shoulders, for he flies fast and comes quickly to those whom he visits, does Ill-Luck.

Now St. Nicholas had a pocketful of hazelnuts, which he kept cracking and eating as he trudged along the road, and just then he came upon one with a wormhole in it. When he saw Ill-Luck it came into his head to do a good turn to poor mankind.

"Good morning, Ill-Luck," says he.

"Good morning, St. Nicholas," says Ill-Luck.

"You look as hale and strong as ever," says St. Nicholas.

"Ah, yes," says Ill-Luck, "I find plenty to do."

"They tell me," says St. Nicholas, "that you can go wherever you choose, even if it be through a keyhole; now, is that so?"

"Yes," says Ill-Luck, "it is."

"Well, look now, friend," says St. Nicholas, "could you go into this hazelnut if you chose to?"

"Yes," says Ill-Luck, "I could indeed."

"I should like to see you," says St. Nicholas, "for then I should be of a mind to believe what people say of you."

"Well," says Ill-Luck, "I have not much time to be pottering and playing upon Jack's fiddle, but to oblige an old friend" — thereupon he made himself small and smaller, and phst! he was in the nut before you could wink.

Then what do you think St. Nicholas did? In his hand he held a little plug of wood, and no sooner had Ill-Luck entered the nut than he stuck the plug in the hole, and there was man's enemy as tight as a fly in a bottle.

"So!" says St. Nicholas, "that's a piece of work well done." Then he tossed the hazelnut under the roots of an oak tree close by, and went his way.

And that is how this story begins.

Well, the hazelnut lay and lay and lay, and all the time that it lay there nobody met with ill luck; but one day who should come traveling that way but a rogue of a Fiddler, with his fiddle under his arm. The day was warm, and he was tired, so down he sat under the shade of the oak tree to rest his legs. By and by he heard a little shrill voice piping and crying, "Let me out! let me out! let me out!"

The Fiddler looked up and down, but he could see nobody. "Who are you?" says he.

"I am Ill-Luck! Let me out! let me out!"

"Let you out?" says the Fiddler. "Not I. If you are bottled up here, it is the better for all of us." And so saying, he tucked his fiddle under his arm and off he marched.

But before he had gone six steps he stopped. He was one of your peering, prying sort, and liked more than a little to know all that was to be known

about this or that or the other thing that he chanced to see or hear. "I wonder where Ill-Luck can be, to be in such a tight place as he seems to be caught in," says he to himself, and back he came again. "Where are you, Ill-Luck?" says he.

"Here I am," says Ill-Luck, "here in this hazelnut, under the roots of the oak tree."

Thereupon the Fiddler laid aside his fiddle and bow, and fell to poking and prying under the roots until he found the nut. Then he began twisting and turning it in his fingers, looking first on one side and then on the other, and all the while Ill-Luck kept crying, "Let me out! let me out!"

It was not long before the Fiddler found the little wooden plug, and then nothing would do but he must take a peep inside the nut to see if Ill-Luck was really there. So he picked and pulled at the wooden plug until at last out it came. And phst! pop! out came Ill-Luck along with it.

Plague take the Fiddler! say I.

"Listen," says Ill-Luck. "It has been many a long day that I have been in that hazelnut, and you are the man that has let me out. For once in a way I will do a good turn to a poor human body." Therewith, and without giving the Fiddler time to

speaking a word, Ill-Luck caught him up by the belt, and whiz! away he flew like a bullet over hill and over valley, over moor and over mountain, so fast that not enough wind was left in the Fiddler's lungs to say "Boo!"

By and by he came to a garden, and there he let the Fiddler drop on the soft grass below. Then away he flew to attend to other matters of greater need.

When the Fiddler had gathered his wits together and himself to his feet, he saw that he lay in a beautiful garden of flowers and fruit trees and marble walks and what not; and that at the end of it stood a great, splendid house, all built of white marble, with a fountain in front, and peacocks strutting about on the lawn.

Well, the Fiddler smoothed down his hair and brushed his clothes a bit, and off he went to see what was to be seen in the grand house at the end of the garden.

He entered the door, and nobody said no to him. Then he passed through one room after another, and each was finer than the one he left behind. Many servants stood around, but they only bowed, and never asked whence he came.

At last he came to a room where a little old man sat at a table. The table was spread with a feast that smelled so good that it brought tears to the Fiddler's eyes and water to his mouth, and all the plates were of pure gold. The little old man sat alone, but another place was spread, as though he were expecting someone. As the Fiddler came in the little old man nodded and smiled. "Welcome!" he cried; "and have you come at last?"

"Yes," answered the Fiddler, "I have. It was Ill-Luck that brought me."

"Nay," said the little old man, "do not say that. Sit down to the table and eat; and when I have told you all, you will say it was not Ill-Luck, but Good-Luck, that brought you."

The Fiddler had his own mind about that; but, all the same, down he sat at the table and fell to with knife and fork at the good things, as though he had not had a bite to eat for a week of Sundays.

"I am the richest man in the world," said the little old man after a while.

"I am glad to hear it," replied the Fiddler.

"You may well be," said the old man, "for I am all alone in the world, and without wife or child. And this morning I said to myself that the

first body that came to my house I would take for a son, or a daughter, as the case might be. You are the first, and so you shall live with me as long as I live, and after I am gone everything that I have shall be yours."

The Fiddler did nothing but stare with open eyes and mouth, as though he would never shut either again.

Well, the Fiddler lived with the old man for maybe three or four days as snug and happy a life as ever a mouse passed in a green cheese. As for the gold and silver and jewels, why, they were as plentiful in that house as dust in a mill! Everything the Fiddler wanted came to his hand. He lived high, and slept soft and warm, and never knew what it was to want either more or less, or great or small. In all those three or four days he did nothing but enjoy himself with might and main.

But by and by he began to wonder where all the good things came from. Then, before long, he fell to pestering the old man with questions about the matter.

At first the old man put him off with short answers, but the Fiddler was a master hand at finding

out anything that he wanted to know. He dinned and drummed and worried until flesh and blood could stand it no longer. So at last the old man said that he would show him the treasure house, and at that the Fiddler was pleased beyond measure.

The old man took a key from behind the door and led him out into the garden. There in a corner by the wall was a great trapdoor of iron. The old man fitted the key to the lock and turned it. He lifted the door, and then went down a steep flight of stone steps, and the Fiddler followed close at his heels. Down below it was as light as day, for in the center of the room hung a great lamp that shone with a bright light and lighted up all the place. On the floor were set three great basins of marble: one was nearly full of silver, one of gold, and one of gems of all sorts.

"All this is mine," said the old man, "and after I am gone it shall be yours. It was left to me as I shall leave it to you; and in the meantime you may come and go as you choose and fill your pockets whenever you wish to. But there is one thing you must not do: you must never open that door yonder at the back of the room. Should you do so, Ill-Luck will be sure to overtake you."



Oh, no! the Fiddler would never think of doing such a thing as opening the door. The silver and gold and jewels were enough for him. But since the old man had given him permission, he would just help himself to a few of the fine things. So he stuffed his pockets full, and then he followed the old man up the steps and out into the sunlight again.

It took him maybe an hour to count all the money and jewels he had brought up with him. After he had done that, he began to wonder what was inside the little door at the back of the room. First he wondered; then he began to grow curious; then he began to itch and tingle and burn as though fifty thousand I-want-to-know nettles were sticking into him from top to toe. At last he could stand it no longer. "I'll just go down yonder," said he, "and peep through the keyhole; perhaps I can see what is there without opening the door."

So down he took the key, and off he marched to the garden. He opened the trapdoor and went down the steep steps to the room below. There was the door at the end of the room; but when he came to look, there was no keyhole to it. "Pshaw!" said he, "here is a pretty state of affairs. Tut! tut!

tut! Well, since I have come so far, it would be a pity to turn back without seeing more." So he opened the door and peeped in.

"Pooh!" said the Fiddler, "there's nothing there, after all," and he opened the door wide.

Before him was a great long passageway, and at the far end of it he could see a spark of light as though the sun were shining there. He listened, and after a while he heard a sound like the waves beating on the shore. "Well," says he, "this is the most curious thing I have seen for a long time. Since I have come so far, I may as well see the end of it." So he entered the passageway and closed the door behind him.

He went on and on, and the spark of light kept growing larger and larger, and by and by, pop! out he came at the other end of the passage.

Sure enough, there he stood on the seashore, with the waves beating and dashing on the rocks. He stood looking and wondering to find himself in such a place, when all of a sudden something came with a whiz and a rush and caught him by the belt, and away he flew like a bullet.

By and by he managed to screw his head around and look up, and there it was Ill-Luck that had

him. "I thought so," said the Fiddler, and then he gave over kicking.

Well, on and on they flew, over hill and valley, over moor and mountain, until they came to another garden, and there Ill-Luck let the Fiddler drop.

Swash! down he fell into the top of an apple tree, and there he hung in the branches.

It was the garden of a royal castle, and all had been weeping and woe (though they were beginning now to pick up their smiles again), and this was the reason why — the king of that country had died, and no one was left behind him but the queen. But she was a prize, for not only was the kingdom hers, but she was as young as a spring apple and as pretty as a picture, so that there was no end of those who would have liked to have her, each man for his own. Even that day there were three princes at the castle, each one wanting the queen to marry him; and the wrangling and bickering and squabbling that was going on was enough to deafen a body. The poor young queen was tired to death with it all, and so she had come out into the garden for a bit of rest; and there she sat under the shade of an apple tree, fanning herself and crying, when —

Swash! down fell the Fiddler into the apple tree, and down fell a dozen apples, popping and tumbling about the queen's ears.

The queen looked up and screamed, and the Fiddler climbed down.

"Where did you come from?" said she.

"Oh, Ill-Luck brought me," said the Fiddler.

"Nay," said the queen, "do not say so. You fell from heaven, for I saw it with my eyes and heard it with my ears. I see how it is now. You were sent hither from heaven to be my husband, and my husband you shall be. You shall be king of this country, half and half with me as queen, and shall sit on a throne beside me."

You can guess whether or not that was music to the Fiddler's ears.

So the princes were sent packing, and the Fiddler was married to the queen and reigned in that country.

Well, three or four days passed, and all was as sweet and happy as a spring day. But at the end of that time the Fiddler began to wonder what was to be seen in the castle. The queen was very fond of him and was glad enough to show him all the fine things there were; so hand in hand they went everywhere, from garret to cellar.



But you should have seen how splendid it all was! The Fiddler felt more certain than ever that it was better to be a king than to be the richest man in the world, and he was as glad as glad could be that Ill-Luck had brought him from the rich little old man over yonder to this.

So he saw everything in the castle but one thing. "What is behind that door?" said he.

"Ah! that," said the queen, "you must not ask or wish to know. Should you open that door, Ill-Luck will be sure to overtake you."

"Pooh!" said the Fiddler, "I don't care to know, anyhow," and off they went, hand in hand.

Yes, that was a very fine thing to say; but before an hour had gone by, the Fiddler's head began to hum and buzz like a beehive. "I don't believe," said he, "there would be a grain of harm in my peeping inside that door; all the same, I will not do it. I will just go down and peep through the keyhole."

So off he went to do as he said, but there was no keyhole to that door, either. "Why, look!" said he, "it is just like the door at the rich man's house over yonder; I wonder if it is the same inside as outside," and he opened the door and peeped in. Yes; there was the long passage and the spark of light at the far end, as though the sun were shining. He cocked his head to one side and listened. "Yes," said he, "I think I hear the water rushing, but I am not sure; I will just go a little farther in and listen," and so he entered and closed the door behind him. Well, he went on and on until, pop! there he was out at the farther end, and before he knew what he was about he had stepped out upon the seashore, just as he had done before.

Whiz! whir! away flew the Fiddler like a bullet, and there was Ill-Luck carrying him by the belt

again. Away they sped, over hill and valley, over moor and mountain, until the Fiddler's head grew so dizzy that he had to shut his eyes. Suddenly Ill-Luck let him drop, and down he fell, thump! bump! on the hard ground. Then he opened his eyes and sat up, and lo and behold! there he was under the oak tree whence he had started in the first place. There lay his fiddle, just as he had left it. He picked it up and ran his fingers over the strings, trum, twang! Then he got to his feet and brushed the dirt and grass from his knees. He tucked his fiddle under his arm, and off he stepped upon the way he had been going at first.

"Just to think!" said he, "I should either have been the richest man in the world, or else I should have been a king, if it had not been for Ill-Luck."

And that is the way we all of us talk.

HOWARD PYLE

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

What was the cause of the fiddler's ill luck?

If you were illustrating this story, how many large pictures should you make? Describe what you would put in each picture.

Prove that the last statement in the story is or is not true.

THE BELLS

What kinds of bells have you heard? Can you describe their music? Edgar Allan Poe has done so in a poem called "The Bells." See if you enjoy his description.

Hear the sledges with the bells,

Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,

In the icy air of night!

While the stars, that oversprinkle

All the heavens, seem to twinkle

With a crystalline delight;

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells

From the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells —

From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Did you enjoy Poe's description of the bells? Why?

What kind of bells did he describe? What expressive words did he use? Why are these good words to use?

A FRIEND IN THE SKY

People of all times have been interested in the stars. One star in particular has been studied to see if it is inhabited. This story will tell us what is now known about the question, Is Mars inhabited?

"It must feel queer to see the ocean for the first time," said Robert Benton, as he flung himself down on the smooth sand.

"It does," replied Arthur Drake, with a laugh. "I have seen pictures of it, and I thought I could imagine what it was like, but to be really beside it takes my breath away."

Arthur had come from the Middle West to visit his cousin Robert, and his merry, good-natured ways had won him the friendship of all Robert's companions. This afternoon the boys had taken Arthur to the beach, where they raced and wrestled on the sand and then played ball in the water. They found that though Arthur had learned to swim in a lake, he was an excellent swimmer and could keep up with the best of them in the ocean.

"Let's eat our supper up on that cliff," suggested Merton Drew. "It will be nice and cool there when the sun goes down."

The boys agreed quickly and went for their lunch boxes. They puffed and panted their way up the steep, rocky sides of the cliff that overhung the ocean.

"It's fine up here," approved Arthur. "I like to watch the waves tossing and tumbling over the rocks below us. Let's not go home till after dark."

The cool, salty air made the boys hungry, and so they soon emptied their boxes of food. Then they stretched out on the warm rocks and talked idly, exchanging school experiences and vacation pleasures.

The daylight faded gently away, the sun left its last touch of rose on the whitecapped waves, and friendly, twinkling stars began to look down on the boys.

"This makes me think of an evening in dad's observatory," said Arthur, looking up at the great arch of sky.

"Do you like to look at the stars through the telescope?" asked Merton.

"Yes," answered Arthur, "but it makes me feel about as big as a pin. It probably would give you the same feeling that the ocean did me, as if you couldn't believe there was such bigness. You think

there are lots of stars in the sky here tonight, but if you looked at the sky through a telescope you could see millions more that are invisible now."

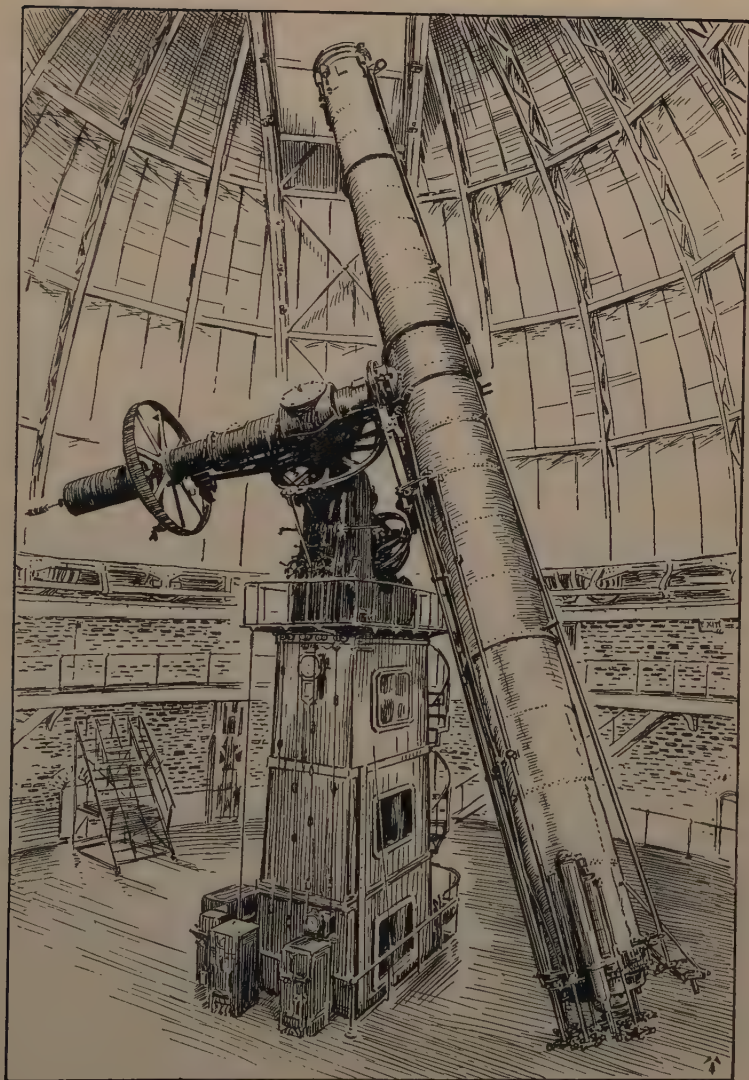
"Those telescopes must be big things," said Ed.

"Dad's telescope is fairly large," replied Arthur, "but he has been to the Mount Wilson observatory in California, where they have the largest telescope in the world. He says it weighs nearly one hundred tons, and the glass is a hundred inches in diameter. My father is nearly six feet tall, but he says some of the big telescopes stand twelve times as tall as he is."

"I'd like to see some of the big ones," said Robert, fervently. "Do they move the telescopes around to look at the different stars?"

"Everything moves," laughed Arthur. "The domes of the big observatories are made so that they roll around on little wheels, and the telescopes are mounted so that they can be moved, and the floors or the platforms are movable, too. All this is done by machinery, which is usually worked by electricity. There is a place in the dome, too, that can be opened or shut as the astronomer wishes."

The boys were quiet for a moment, thinking of the immense instruments.



"Oh, look! boys, look! there's Mars!" said Arthur, suddenly breaking the silence.

"Where is he? Is he a friend of yours?" Merton sat up and looked toward the road.

"Look in the sky," directed Arthur, with a chuckle. "Yes, Mars is an old friend of mine, but he is a star friend."

"Oh, I thought you meant another boy." The boys made fun of Merton's mistake, but he took it calmly.

"Your friend has a red face," said Robert, who had been gazing at the brilliant evening star.

"Yes, Mars shines with a rosy light, and so it is called a red star," said Arthur. "Of course Mars is not really a star. It is a planet like our earth."

"I wonder if there are people on Mars," said Robert, thoughtfully.

"Come now, you young astronomer, tell us about it," commanded Merton.

"I don't know very much about it," answered Arthur, modestly. "I know that the astronomers can study Mars better than any of the other planets because it is in a better position and it is also nearer the earth. Sometimes it is only thirty-five millions of miles away."

"Is that all?" murmured one of the boys sarcastically — "only thirty-five millions?"

"The astronomers have studied Mars for years," continued Arthur. "They have watched it in all kinds of changing conditions and seasons and taken pictures of it. They say the planet is smaller than our earth, and it has very little water. It is much hotter by day and much colder by night than our earth, too, and yet in some ways it is like our planet. The astronomers have good reason to believe that certain marks on Mars are some kind of vegetable life, perhaps trees and bushes that could live in that climate. There is an atmosphere on Mars, although it is very different from ours, so that some kind of beings could live there. These beings, however, would be very different from people as we know them."

"Just imagine what it would be like if some day we could find a way to talk to the people on Mars!" Robert sat up straight with the wonder of the idea.

"It may be that we can find some way to understand them and make them understand us," said Arthur.

"Why don't you do that when you are grown up?" teased Merton.

"Perhaps I shall." Arthur did not smile, and his earnest tone kept the boys from laughing at him.

They all fell silent as they watched the red star. For a few moments they felt the mystery of the stars and planets, millions of miles away from them in the vast distances of the sky. A man seemed so small beside them; yet man's mind had invented the telescope to study the heavens. Arthur lay on his back, whistling softly under his breath, his eyes dreamily fixed on far spaces. The boys glanced at him with a new respect.

An automobile whirled by on the road. Robert jumped up. "My lights aren't on," he said, and he began to scramble hurriedly down the cliff.

"Time we were packing," yawned Merton. Arthur sat up with a jerk and helped the other boys to gather the bathing suits and sweaters. The boys picked their way, slipping and sliding down the big rocks, until they reached the road where Robert was waiting in the car.

"Good-by, old Mars, my friend in the sky," called Arthur as he waved his hand at the red star. "Wherever I go, you go with me; so I shall always have a friend in the sky."

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Is Mars inhabited? Give reasons for your statement.

Mars is like our earth because

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.

Mars is unlike our earth because

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

Astronomers can study Mars better than the other planets because

- 1.
- 2.

The largest telescope in the world is at ———.

How is an observatory constructed so that the different stars can be observed through the telescope?

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

ROLAND AND OLIVER

For hundreds of years the name of Roland has stirred the hearts of people and inspired poets of every nation to tell the story of Roland and Oliver and the peers of France who died at Roncevaux. After you have read this story perhaps you will understand the reason for this.

It is said that the great love Roland and Oliver bore for each other began when they were boys playing in the meadows of Italy around the town of Viana. Roland lived in a cave with his mother, who was the exiled sister of the Emperor Charlemagne, and Oliver's father was count and ruler of Viana. Together they had watched the emperor and his army approach on the way to Rome, to rescue that city from the Saracens; and it was at the castle of Oliver's father that Roland made himself known to his uncle.

For many years Roland and Oliver were parted; but at last there came a time when Oliver's father rebelled against the emperor, and Charlemagne and his army came and laid siege to Viana.

The siege was long and hard. Finally each army agreed to choose a knight, and let the battle be decided by their valor. The two knights fought

furiously until both were weaponless; then each snatched off the helmet of the other, and recognized his brother in arms. Thus were Roland and Oliver united once more, and were never parted again.

After several years had passed, and many battles had been fought and won, and many lands had come under the rule of Charlemagne, the great emperor found himself master of all of Spain save Saragossa. This city was ruled by a crafty Saracen named Marsile, who, when he found he had not enough men to hold out against Charlemagne, sent gifts and olive branches and promised to do homage to the emperor.

The messengers of Marsile came to Charlemagne in Cordova, where the emperor and his peers were in council together. Roland and Oliver both urged the emperor not to believe Marsile. But the other peers and barons were anxious to return home, and they advised accepting the Saracen's offer. Then Charlemagne called for a volunteer to carry the message to Marsile, and straightway both Roland and Oliver claimed the privilege. But Charlemagne was not willing to part with them on so dangerous an errand. Instead he sent Ganelon, who hated Roland.

Now Ganelon was a traitor at heart. As he rode along with the Saracen messengers he told them of the old story of Roland. He assured them that as long as Roland lived, Charlemagne would fight. The Saracens then bargained with Ganelon to arrange that Roland should command the rear guard of the army as it went through the mountain passes on its way back to France.

When they came before Marsile, Ganelon gave the message from Charlemagne in such threatening tones that the Saracen king was about to have him beheaded. However, the messengers told of the arrangement they had made with Ganelon. Marsile was so pleased with this that he not only agreed to the plan, but sent Ganelon back laden with gifts.

Ganelon gave Charlemagne the gifts and told him that most of the Saracens had at once left Spain to return to Africa, but that Marsile would shortly follow the emperor into France to render him homage. The emperor returned thanks to God and prepared to go back to France.

It seemed best to divide the army while going through the dangerous mountain passes, and Charlemagne decided to have one division remain twenty

miles in the rear as a safeguard against a surprise attack. Roland eagerly claimed the honor of that post.

Fully armed and mounted, Roland watched the rear of the army disappear in the mountain passes. When he thought that they were twenty miles ahead, he called his own army to march.

Meanwhile Marsile had sent an army of one hundred thousand men under twelve able generals. They were hidden in the mountains to slay Roland in the pass of Roncevaux.

Oliver was the first to recognize the danger. He came to Roland in haste, telling him that he was sure Ganelon had betrayed them. He pleaded with Roland to sound his horn and summon the army that had gone on ahead. Now Roland's horn was a marvelous one that had belonged to Charles Martel. It could be heard for miles when it was blown by its owner. Roland had vowed never to sound it unless he was in the greatest danger. So now he answered Oliver, "And bring dishonor on my name? Never! I shall strike with my good sword Durandal until it drips crimson blood. We will stand fast this day, and our strokes shall be those of heroes."

Then to all the listening knights he cried, "Peers of France, hold ye the field! In God's name deal good blows and hard and conquer the Saracens this day."

Archbishop Turpin, who was with Roland, cried out to the soldiers, "This day you shall earn paradise by fighting and dying as martyrs." In answer the knights and the soldiers, with ringing shouts, rushed forward to the fight, led by Roland and Oliver.

The Saracens returned again and again to the attack, losing thousands each time. Every one of the twelve peers of France that were with Roland distinguished himself, and even the archbishop fought bravely. At last, however, only sixty of Roland's men remained alive. Then Roland put the horn Olifant to his lips and blew a mighty blast. Charlemagne, thirty miles away, heard it, but Ganelon, the traitor, said to the emperor that Roland must be hunting. Again Roland sounded the horn, and with such an effort that the blood started from his temples.

A third time Roland sounded his horn, making so long and despairing a note that the knights with Charlemagne cried, "Roland must be in great



distress! Ganelon is a traitor!" Then turning, they set spurs to their horses and dashed back toward the mountain passes to the aid of their hero.

A second charge of the Saracens began as Roland put his horn aside. In a moment he was summoned to fight Marsile himself. With one stroke of his sword Durandal, Roland struck off the Saracen chief's right hand. The Saracens, seeing their leader wounded and being carried off the field, turned and fled.

Although the Saracens had fled, there were still five thousand Moors left on the field; and Roland, turning to charge them, saw Oliver fall, wounded to death. Springing from his horse, Roland hurried toward his friend, who, blinded with blood, struck at him so powerful a blow that it almost killed him. Roland stooped tenderly over Oliver and spoke gently to him. When Oliver knew his voice he asked Roland to forgive him for having struck him. Then calling on Heaven to bless France and, above all others, to bless Roland, his comrade, Oliver died.

Heartbroken, Roland turned to see who was left, and found only two other Frenchmen alive. He sounded his horn once more. It was so weak a

blast that Charlemagne knew that Roland must be dying. He urged his troops to go faster and to blow their trumpets loudly to encourage Roland's men. The Moors fled at the sound of the oncoming army, but as they went they killed Roland's horse and mortally wounded the archbishop with their spears.

Roland tenderly bound up the archbishop's wounds. Then the wounded warrior crept over the field. Slowly and painfully he searched among the dead until he found the bodies of all the heroes. These he dragged one by one to the feet of the archbishop that he might bless them. As he laid Oliver beside him, Roland fainted. When he became conscious again he found that no one else was alive.

Feeling that his own hour had come, Roland climbed a little hill facing toward Spain, so that Charlemagne and his men might know that he had never turned his back upon his enemies. So, falling to the ground with his horn and sword beneath him, Roland died.

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Why do you think the name of Roland still stirs the hearts of people?

Find the sentences that show the great love Roland and Oliver had for each other.

Find the sentences which show the courage of each.

Find the most thrilling parts of the story.

Find the most beautiful parts.

How do you know that this is not a modern story?

What else should you like to know about Roland and Oliver?

PINE NEEDLES¹

What have you ever done with pine needles? Read the poem and find out how they might be used.

If Mother Nature patches
The leaves of trees and vines,
I'm sure she does her darning
With the needles of the pines.

They are so long and slender;
And sometimes, in full view,
They have their thread of cobwebs,
And thimbles made of dew.

WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

How might the pine needles be used? Why would they be good to use for this?

¹From "Sylvan Lyrics and Other Verses," by William Hamilton Hayne. Used by permission of the publishers, Frederick A. Stokes Company.



A TURKEY FOR THE STUFFING

Isn't this a queer title for a story? Read the story and see if you think it is a good title. Perhaps you can think of a better one.

It always made Ben feel solemn to watch the river in a storm. Today it was gray and rough and noisy, and the few boats going down toward

Lake Huron pitched about so that their decks slanted, first one way, then another, and their sides were coated with ice.

"Grandma, what day's today?" he asked at last, turning from the stormy river to glance about their warm, comfortable little room.

"Wednesday, Benny," answered the little old woman who bent over the stove.

"Then tomorrow will be Thanksgiving Day, and the Ross family is going to have a turkey," said Ben, excitedly. "What are we going to have, grandma?"

Mrs. Moxon looked over her glasses at her grandson's small, thin figure in its patched and faded clothes and at his bright, eager face.

"Sonny, dear, what do you think grandma has for Thanksgiving?" she asked gently.

The expectant look faded from Ben's face, and he winked hard to keep the tears from running over. He did not need to be told how bare of holiday things their cupboard was, for everything in it he had brought there with his own hands. Bacon, flour, and smoked fish enough for all winter were stored away. Potatoes and a few other vegetables were there.

"Tell me about a real Thanksgiving dinner," the small boy begged, after the first disappointment had been put bravely away.

Mrs. Moxon took off her spectacles and leaned back in her broken rocking-chair.

"I remember one Thanksgiving, when your pa was alive, we had a dinner fit for a king. There was a ten-pound turkey with bread stuffing. I put the sage and onions into the stuffing with my own hands."

"We could have some stuffing," interrupted Ben, eagerly.

"So we could, sonny, so we could. It takes you to think of things," and Mrs. Moxon patted the little brown hand on her knee. "It never would have come to me that we might have turkey stuffing even if we didn't have any turkey."

Ben beamed with delight at this praise. "And was there anything else besides the turkey and stuffing, grandma?"

"Land, yes, child! There were turnips and mashed potatoes and mince pie, and your pa got two pounds of grapes, though grapes were expensive at that time of year. Yes, nobody could ask for a better dinner than that was."

"We could have one just like it, all but the turkey and the mince pie and the grapes," said Ben, hopefully.

"So we can, and will too, child," answered the old woman. "Trust you for making the best of things," and the two smiled at each other happily and contentedly.

Next morning Ben watched his grandmother add an egg, some sage, and chopped onion to a bowlful of dry bread, pour boiling water over it, and put the mixture into the oven.

"Your father said I made the best turkey stuffing he ever ate," she said with pride. "We'll see how it comes out, Benny."

"I can hardly wait till dinner time," Ben said, with an excited skip. "I believe I'll go down to the beach and pick up driftwood for a while. You call me when the things are almost cooked, grandma."

The storm of the day before had left on the beach many a bit of board or end of a log that would be just the thing for Mrs. Moxon's stove. Ben worked so hard that he did not notice a big barge that was coming slowly down the river, towing two other boats behind it, until he heard a

voice ask, "Hullo, boy! What makes you work so hard on Thanksgiving Day?" Then he straightened up, to see the boat's captain standing near the pilot house and shouting through a great trumpet.

"I'm waiting for dinner to cook," Ben answered in his piping voice.

"Can't hear you!" roared the captain. "Run home and get your horn, and talk to me."

Ben ran up the hill to Mrs. Ross's and borrowed her trumpet. The voice sounds much louder when one of these is used. They are to be found at every house on the shores of the St. Marys River, for the people on the boats and those on the land often want to say "How do you do?" to each other. It was all Ben could do to hold the great tin trumpet, for it was nearly as long as he was.

"I'm waiting for dinner to cook," the boy shouted again. This time the captain heard him.

"Going to have turkey, I suppose?" he asked.

"No, but we're going to have turkey stuffing," said Ben, with pride.

"Turkey stuffing, but no turkey! If that isn't the best I ever heard." The captain had dropped

his trumpet and doubled up with sudden laughter. Luckily Ben did not hear.

"What else are you going to have?" the captain called. "Mince pie without any mincemeat?"

"No, sir!" Ben's voice was shrill but clear. "My father had mince pie for Thanksgiving dinner once, though."

"He did, did he?" The captain dropped his trumpet again. "That boy's all right," he said to the first mate. "He's too plucky to be laughed at. I'm going to send him some turkey for his stuffing, Morgan. Tell the cook to get ready half a turkey and a mince pie, and say, Morgan, have him send up one of those small baskets of grapes. We'll tie the things to a piece of plank, and they'll float ashore all right. Tell the cook to hurry or we'll be too far downstream for the boy to get the things." Then he raised his trumpet again.

"Say, boy, can you row that boat that's tied to your dock?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you hurry out into the river, and I'll put off a float with some things for your Thanksgiving dinner. You're going to have some turkey for that stuffing."

You may be sure Ben lost no time in pushing the rowboat off into the stream, where the end of the plank and its delicious load were soon bobbing up and down in the water. How he did smack his lips when he lifted the things into the boat, and how pleased he was for grandma!

"First the stuffing, and then the turkey! My, I'm lucky!" He did not know that the captain had said he was plucky, and that luck is very likely to follow pluck.

KATHERINE GRACE HULBERT

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Is this title a good one? What makes you think so? What other title did you think of?

Where did Benny live? Locate the place on a map or on the globe.

Did Benny deserve his good luck? Why?

In this story what words made you see pictures? Can you say these words in such a way as to make the pictures very clear?

THE MAN WHO WENT TO PANAMA

Read the lines at the beginning of this article. Where is Panama? Locate it on your map or globe. Should you like to know who the man was about whom this was written? Read the article and see if these lines really tell the truth.

A man went down to Panama,
Where many a man had died,
To slit the sliding mountains
And lift the eternal tide:
A man stood up in Panama,
And the mountains stood aside.

PERCY MACKAYE

The name of this man was George Washington Goethals, and he did what men of different nations had been trying to do for more than three hundred years. The United States put him in charge of one of the biggest engineering jobs in the world, and he built the Panama Canal.

Ever since Balboa had discovered the Pacific Ocean the nations had wanted a way to get across the Isthmus of Panama. When gold was discovered in California, and people began to come to America from all over the world, it became even more necessary to shorten the route. All the ships had to sail away down to the tip end of South America in

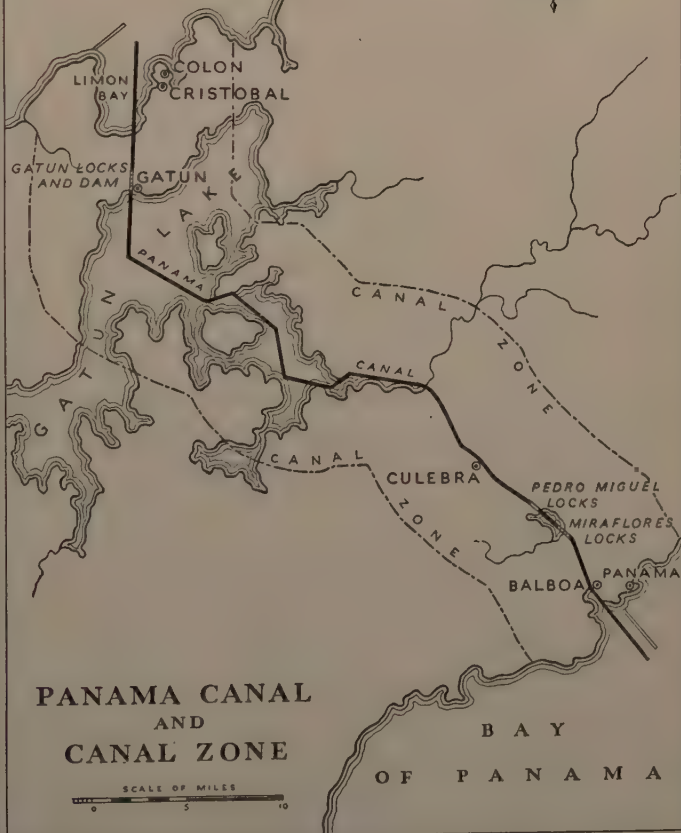
order to get around to the other side. This made a trip of eight thousand extra miles. If only some way could be found to cross that narrow strip of land between North and South America, it would benefit all trade and travel. A railroad was finally built across the Isthmus, but this did not help the ships. A canal was badly needed, but it seemed impossible to build it through the thick jungle and the mountains.

In 1881 France sent over Ferdinand de Lesseps, the famous engineer who had built a canal across the Isthmus of Suez. But conditions in Panama were different. The expense was great, and so many of the workmen died that after seven years of effort the attempt failed.

It was not the immense mountains that were the greatest obstacles. It was something so tiny that one could hardly see it. No one realized that anything so small as a mosquito could prevent the building of a great canal.

At last the United States decided that it was time to put the Canal through. The government paid forty million dollars for all that the French company had done and for whatever machinery, maps, and equipment were left. Our country also

C A R I B B E A N
S E A



PANAMA CANAL
AND
CANAL ZONE

bought from the Republic of Panama a strip of land five miles wide on each side of the Canal route. We did not buy the cities of Panama and Colón near the ends of the Canal, but we bought the right to keep those cities clean and to enforce sanitary regulations along the Canal.

"Make the dirt fly! Finish the Canal quickly! Get digging!"

That is what many people said when the United States started to build the Canal in 1904. But the people who were in such a hurry did not realize the conditions. They did not understand that there were mountains to be removed, a waterway to be cut through solid rock, the channel of a river to be changed, and the different tides of two oceans to be brought together. They did not know the terrible troubles that other countries had endured.

Instead of starting to dig the Canal at once, the United States went about the matter in a different way from that of any other nation. The men who were sent down to inspect the country around the Canal route reported that it was a dreadful place. There were dirt and disease, mosquitoes and mud. There were no modern cities or good streets, and most of the houses were not fit to live in.

Certainly thousands of men would not want to stay for years and work in such a place. The government remembered the thousands and thousands of men from other countries who had died in Panama from yellow fever and malaria. By 1904 it had been discovered that these diseases were carried by two kinds of mosquitoes. It was decided that the first thing to do was to get rid of all the mosquitoes and to make a safe, healthful, clean place for the men before the digging of the Canal could even be begun.

General Gorgas was put in command of the sanitary work. What do you suppose the people on the Isthmus thought when the men from the United States began to inspect their houses, to pave the streets, to clean out the dirt and decay, to screen all the windows and piazzas, to make sewers, and to drain the swamps? The mosquitoes breed in stagnant water, so the swamps and ponds were either filled up or drained away, or were covered with oil so that the mosquitoes could not live. Such things had never been done there. The people must have thought that it was a queer way to go about digging a canal. But General Gorgas and his assistants fought and won a great battle against

their tiny, terrible enemy. At last the Canal Zone was declared clean and safe.

Then the workmen began to come. Hundreds came, then thousands, then more thousands, with their families, and the work of digging the Canal began.

Three years after General Gorgas began his work, in 1907, the government decided to put all the work of the Canal in charge of an army engineer. George Washington Goethals was commanded to go to Panama and manage about forty thousand workmen, to provide clean and comfortable houses for their families, to keep on fighting the mosquitoes, to fight the jungle which was ever ready to creep into the cities, to cut through the mountains, to make twelve great canal locks, and to change the course of the Chagres River. It certainly looked like a big task for any man.

"Who is this man? Why should he be given control over so many people? I have never heard of him before. Can he do this tremendous piece of work?"

People all over the world were wondering and were asking these questions. But even after they had investigated they did not find out very much

about this man. They found that George Washington Goethals was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1858. His parents had come to this country from Holland. When he was eleven years old he was an errand boy earning extra money after school. When he was fourteen he worked after school hours and all day Saturday as cashier and bookkeeper in a market, where he earned five dollars a week.

He took the examinations for West Point, and entered when he was eighteen years old. When he was graduated he ranked number two in his class of fifty-seven. The men highest in rank at West Point are chosen to enter the engineering corps of the army, and of the two chosen from his class young Goethals was one.

His work took him all over the country. He planned irrigation works for the great dry stretches of land in the West. He built dikes and dams along the Ohio River, and he was engaged in canal work along the Tennessee River. He constructed bridges and coast fortifications.

The men who knew him spoke of his loyalty to his work, his sturdy trustworthiness, his keen brain, and his fine character. One of his superiors in the corps of engineers said, "I relieved my

mind of whatever I gave him to do. I knew that it would be done right."

And that is about all that the people found out in regard to this man who was sent to Panama, but perhaps it was enough. Some of the workmen on the Canal thought that they should not like being under military rule, but they felt differently when they met the kindly man who said that he was not there for military display, but to work with them.

"We are fighting nature to dig a canal," Colonel Goethals told the men. "We are here to fight shoulder to shoulder. Our enemies are the mountains and the climate. When the Canal is done, that will be our victory."

They found that it was indeed a great fight, and that nature was a hard enemy. Within a space of less than half a mile eight thousand men were at work night and day trying to conquer the mountains. They worked all day digging out the dirt, and every night as much soil slid back into the Cut. It looked like a discouraging case, but the men were determined to win because that was what the colonel expected of them.

Colonel Goethals spread confidence wherever he went. One man said, "I never yet saw the colonel

discouraged. I believe if Gold Hill should fall in some morning he'd say, 'Well, it might be worse.'"

One morning, after an unusually discouraging landslide, the colonel went up to a foreman who had been on the job since midnight. "Well, how is everything this morning?" asked Colonel Goethals.

"Fine, colonel, fine!" answered the foreman cheerfully. "The slide buried that steam shovel over there, and tipped over two batteries of drills, and covered all the tracks through the Cut but one, but everything's fine! We're digging!"

They won the fight against the dirt with steam shovels. At first they had buckets taking out five cubic yards of earth at once, but later they used buckets taking out fifteen cubic yards. One bite of earth taken by one of the large buckets would fill an ordinary room.

Colonel Goethals divided the work of the Canal into three divisions: the Atlantic, the Central, and the Pacific, with each division under a superintendent. Then he urged them to see which crew could dig the biggest amount of dirt in the shortest time. The crews became friendly rivals to see which could make the dirt fly fastest, and Goethals published the results regularly in the newspaper, the

Canal Record. The steam-shovel scores were read as eagerly as the baseball records. Here is a part of a monthly steam-shovel report as it appeared in the newspaper.

The high record for the month was made by shovel No. 208, working 25 days in the Culebra district, which excavated 54,866 cubic yards of rock and earth. The second best record for the month was made by shovel No. 207, which excavated 54,356 cubic yards of rock.

The colonel seemed to be everywhere at once on the Canal. His motor car was yellow, and it was nicknamed the "Yellow Peril," though some of the men called it the "Brain Wagon." It was a peril to anyone who was trying to slight his work or who was not giving the government fair and square treatment. Colonel Goethals was kind; but he was firm, and he insisted that the work should be done right. If any material that was sent to him was not up to the contract requirements, it was sent back at once. Work which was not done right had to be done over again. From the humblest workman on the Canal to the highest officer, everyone must give the United States an "honest job."

"The colonel sleeps from ten o'clock till five. The rest of the time he is working," said one man.

Besides engineering the digging of the Canal, Colonel Goethals had about sixty-five thousand people under his charge. He had to see that they were treated fairly and were kept contented and busy. He knew that they ought to have good libraries and schools, pleasant homes, markets, and stores. He published a weekly newspaper. He planned clubhouses, where the people could have music and games and all kinds of recreations.

One of the men in charge of the government money for the Canal once objected to some of the colonel's plans on account of the expense.

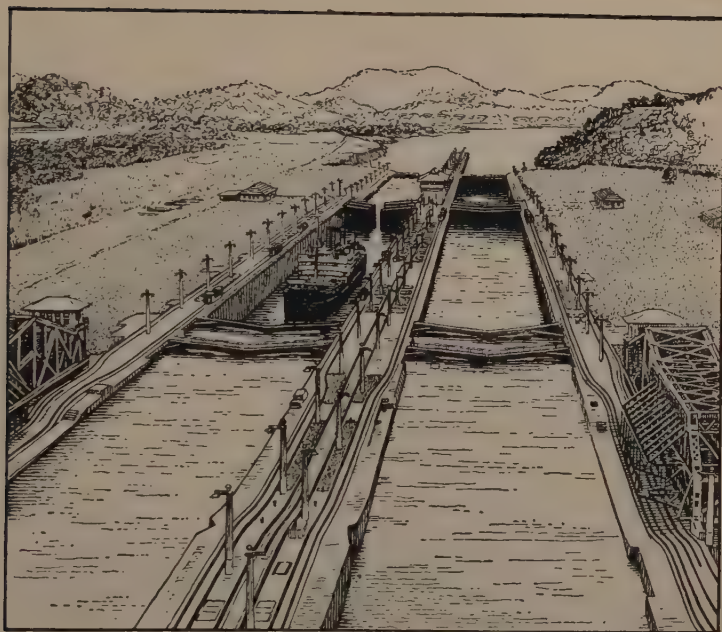
"You want a lot for your people down there," he said.

"Yes," replied the colonel, "I want to make the kind of city that the United States can be proud of."

Colonel Goethals wanted to be sure that the people in his charge were treated justly, so he gave up his Sundays to them. He announced that he would be at his office every Sunday morning at seven o'clock. Anyone in the Canal Zone who thought that he had been treated unfairly or who wanted advice or help might come at that time and see him about it personally.

One Sunday morning thirty-eight people came to see Colonel Goethals. They came with small complaints and with big problems. There were men who needed help with their children, women whose husbands were unkind to them. There were people to complain that the meat had been tough, or that some other house had one more rocking-chair in it than theirs. The government supplied all the food and furniture for the workers; and if one family thought another family had more than it should, it made trouble, and the matter was taken to the colonel.

He heard them all patiently and decided wisely. People who were not willing to obey the laws of the Canal Zone, or who made trouble among the workers and their families, were told that their passage money would be given to them, and that they could return to their former homes. Families were kept together and homes made happy by this kindly man who was doing one of the biggest engineering jobs in the world, but who thought that no matter was too small for him to attend to if it benefited the people under his charge. For nine years the work on the Canal went steadily ahead under his direction.



A ship in one of the locks

In April, 1916, the Panama Canal was opened to commerce. The big job was done. The Canal was fifty miles long. There were a dozen huge locks in it, each a thousand feet long and a hundred feet wide. In these locks were forty-seven pairs of steel gates, each as tall as a six-story office building. Elaborate machinery opened and closed these gates, and electric trains on the bank of the Canal towed the big ships.

Instead of going thousands of miles round a continent and enduring days and days of delay and danger, ships could now go through the Canal to the other side of the continent in ten or twelve hours. The total cost of the Canal to the United States was \$375,000,000, and it was said to be "the biggest, cleanest job the world had ever seen."

The world rang with words of praise for the man who had successfully completed the great work. When a famous society presented Colonel Goethals with a medal, he said, "I was made the commander in chief, but every man who worked on the Canal shared in the labor and the glory. I accept the medal in the name of every member of the Canal army."

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Do the lines tell the truth? Who was the man? Find the sentences that justify the second line.

Find the sentences that tell why so many had died in Panama. How was the Canal Zone made safe?

Find the sentences that justify the third line; the fourth line.

Find the sentences which prove that Colonel Goethals was clever, hard-working, kindly, just, forceful, generous, and wise.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

This poem was written during the World War. See if it is a suitable one to use in an Armistice Day program.

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie,
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

JOHN McCRAE

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Is the poem suitable to use? Why? Why should we keep faith with those who died? How can we best do so?

PINOCCHIO

You have read many adventures that people and animals have had, but none about a marionette's adventure. This story was written for Italian children. It pleased them so much that it has been translated into many languages in order that children of other countries may enjoy the strange adventures of this marionette.

What should you like to know about this story?

PART I

Pinocchio was a marionette made by Geppetto out of a strange piece of wood. Many were the adventures of Pinocchio. So strange were they that you will hardly believe them.

This is one adventure that happened to him after he had joined a company of marionettes. Fire Eater, the manager of the company, had threatened to have Pinocchio thrown into the fire so that his meat should be well cooked. Pinocchio, however, by a clever trick saved himself.

The next morning Fire Eater called Pinocchio aside and said to him, "What is your papa's name?"

"Geppetto."

"What is his business?"

"He is poor."

"Does he earn much?"

"He earns so much that he never has a cent in his pockets. Just imagine, in order to buy me an ABC card he had to sell his coat! It was covered with patches, but they gave him enough so that he could buy me that."

"Poor man! I pity him very much. Here are five pieces of gold. Go quickly and carry them to Geppetto, and remember me kindly to him."

Pinocchio, as it is easy to imagine, thanked the manager many times. He embraced the marionettes one after another, and, now nearly crazy with joy, started to go home. But he had not gone half a mile when he met a Fox lame in one paw, and a Cat blind in both eyes. The Fox, who limped, leaned on the Cat; and the Cat, who was blind, was guided by the Fox.

"Good morning, Pinocchio," said the Fox, saluting him politely.

"How do you know my name?" asked the marionette.

"I know your papa very well."

"When did you see him?"

"I saw him yesterday at the door of his house."

"What was he doing?"

"He was in his shirt sleeves and he trembled with the cold."

"Poor papa! but he will tremble no more after today."

"Why?"

"Because I have become a great, rich man."

"You a great, rich man!" said the Fox, and he laughed aloud. The Cat also laughed, but in order not to be seen laughing he stroked his mustache with his two front paws.

"What are you laughing about?" said Pinocchio, taken aback. "I hate to make your mouths water, but I have here, as you shall see, five beautiful pieces of gold."

And he pulled out of his pocket the money that Fire Eater had given him. At the sound of the money the Fox, without thinking, stretched his leg that was paralyzed and the Cat opened wide his eyes that looked like two green lamps; but it was all done so quickly that Pinocchio did not see anything.

"And now," said the Fox, "what do you intend to do with all that money?"

"First of all," replied the marionette, "I shall



buy a coat for my papa, all covered with gold and silver and with buttons of brilliants. Then I shall buy a new ABC card for myself."

"For yourself?"

"Yes, indeed, because I wish to go to school and begin to study."

"Look at me!" cried the Fox. "Because of my passion for studying I have lost a leg."

"Look at me!" cried the Cat. "Because of my love for studying I have lost both eyes."

In the meantime a Blackbird flew near them and said, "Pinocchio, do not listen to the counsel of bad companions. If you do, you will be sorry."

Just as soon as the Blackbird had said that, the Cat gave a spring and caught him by the back. Before the Blackbird had time to say "Oh!" the Cat ate him up, feathers and all. Then the Cat cleaned his mouth and closed his eyes and became as blind as he was at first.

"Poor Blackbird!" said Pinocchio. "Why did you treat him so badly?"

"I did it to teach him a lesson. Another time he will know that he ought not to meddle with other people's business."

They walked along a short distance when the Fox, stopping suddenly, said to the marionette, "Should you like to double your money?"

"What do you mean?"

"Should you like to make of those miserable five pieces, ten? a hundred? a thousand?"

"Why, of course! And how can I do it?"

"It is very easy. Instead of going home, come with us."

"And where do you want to take me?"

"To the Country of the Owl."

Pinocchio thought a little and then said resolutely, "No, I will not go. My father expects me. Who knows but that the poor old man, when I did not return yesterday, was worried and wept for me? I have been a bad boy, and the Talking Cricket was right when he said, 'Disobedient boys never get along well in this world.' I have had one experience because I was bad. Only last night, at the house of Fire Eater, I was in great danger. *Brrr!* It makes me tremble to think of it."

"Then," said the Fox, "you want to go home? All right! Go home, but it will be the worse for you."

"Yes, it will be the worse for you," said the Cat.

"Think well, Pinocchio, for you have thrown away a fortune."

"A fortune," said the Cat.

"Your five pieces might be two thousand by tomorrow."

"Two thousand," repeated the Cat.

"But how is it possible that they can become so many?" asked Pinocchio, whose mouth was wide open with astonishment.

"I will explain to you," said the Fox. "You must know that in the Country of the Owl there is a magic field called the Field of Wonders. You make a little hole in the ground and you put inside, for example, one piece of gold. Then you cover over the hole with a little earth, water it with a few drops of water from a fountain, put on a little salt, and go to bed and sleep quietly. In the meantime, during the night, the gold piece begins to grow and blossom, and the next morning, returning to the field, guess what you find? Why, you find a tree loaded with gold pieces!"

"If I bury five pieces," said Pinocchio, all excited, "how many shall I find next morning?"

"It is easy to count," replied the Fox. "You can do it on your fingers. Every gold piece will

make five hundred; and therefore, multiplying each by five, you will have two thousand five hundred."

"Oh, how beautiful!" cried Pinocchio, dancing with joy. "When I have all those gold pieces I will give you five hundred of them, and I will take the other two thousand to my papa."

"A present to us!" cried the Fox, disdainfully, as if he were offended. "No, indeed!"

"No, indeed!" said the Cat.

"We," said the Fox, "work only to enrich others."

"What good people!" thought Pinocchio, and forgetting all about his papa, the new coat, and the ABC card, he said to the Fox and the Cat, "Come on, then. I will go with you."

PART II

They walked and walked and walked until they arrived at the Red Lobster Inn, tired to death.

"Let us stop here a little," said the Fox, "just long enough to get something to eat and rest ourselves. At midnight we can start again and tomorrow morning we shall arrive at the Field of Wonders."

They entered the inn and seated themselves at the table, but none of them was hungry. The poor Cat felt very much indisposed and could eat only thirty-five mullets with tomato sauce and four portions of tripe, and because the tripe did not taste just right he called three times for butter and cheese to put on it.

The Fox would willingly have ordered something, but as the doctor had told him to diet he had to be contented with a nice fresh rabbit dressed with the giblets of chicken. After the rabbit he ordered, as a finish to his meal, some partridges, some pheasants, some frogs, some lizards, and some bird-of-paradise eggs; and then he did not wish any more. He had such a distaste for food, he said, that he could not eat another mouthful.

Pinocchio ate the least of all. He asked for a piece of meat and some bread, but he left everything on his plate. He could think of nothing but the Field of Wonders.

When they had supped the Fox said to the host, "Give me two good rooms, one for Mr. Pinocchio and another for me and my companion. Before we go we will ring the bell. Remember,

however, to wake us at midnight so that we can go on with our journey."

"All right, sir," replied the host, and he winked his eye at the Fox and the Cat, as if to say, "We understand each other."

Pinocchio had scarcely jumped into bed when he fell asleep and began to dream. He seemed to be in a field full of arbors, and each arbor was overgrown with vines covered with large bunches of grapes. Instead of grapes, however, they were all gold pieces that made a noise when the wind blew — *zin-zin-zin-zin*. It was just as if they said, "Here we are! Let who will come and take us." When Pinocchio was on the point of reaching for them, he heard a loud knocking at the door of his room. It was the landlord, who came to tell him that the clock had struck midnight.

"And are my companions ready?" asked the marionette.

"Better than that! They left two hours ago."

"Why were they in such a hurry?"

"Because the Cat received word that his father was very sick with frosted feet and that he was in danger of losing his life."

"And they paid for the supper?"

"What do you think those people are? They are too highly educated to insult a gentleman as good as you are."

"Oh, yes! That would have displeased me very much," said Pinocchio, hastily. Then he asked the landlord, "Did they say where I should meet them?"

"At the Field of Wonders, tomorrow morning at daybreak."

Pinocchio paid a gold piece for his supper and that of his companions, and then departed. He groped his way along, because outside the inn it was so dark that he could not see anything. It was very quiet, and not even a leaf stirred. Some birds flying along the road struck Pinocchio on the nose with their wings. He jumped back and cried out with fear, "Who goes there?" The echo of the surrounding hills took up his words and repeated "Who goes there? Who goes there? Who goes there?"

As he walked on, he saw on the trunk of a tree a little creature that shone with a pale light, just like a candle behind a globe of transparent porcelain.

"Who are you?" asked Pinocchio.



"I am the Spirit of the Talking Cricket," it replied, with a little voice that seemed to come from another world.

"What do you want with me?"

"I wish to warn you. Go back, with your four gold pieces that you have left, to your papa, who cries and thinks he shall never see you again."

"Tomorrow my papa will be a rich man, because these four pieces will become two thousand."

"Do not trust those who promise to make you rich in one night, my boy. Usually they are mad or deceitful. Listen to me and go back."

"I want to go on."

"The hour is late."

"I want to go on."

"The night is dark."

"I want to go on."

"The road is dangerous."

"I want to go on."

"Remember that boys who always do what they want to will sooner or later repent."

The Talking Cricket had hardly said these words when he suddenly disappeared, just as if someone had blown the light out, and the road was darker than ever.

COLLODI

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

What adventure did Pinocchio have? What should he have learned from it? Do you think he did? Why?

Was the Cat really blind, and the Fox lame? Prove it. Why did they pretend that they were?

What kind of animals were the cat and the fox? Prove it.

What humorous parts did you find in the story? Prepare to read them.

Other adventures of Pinocchio are given in the books called "Pinocchio," "Pinocchio in Africa," and "Pinocchio's Visit to America."

HEROISM IN 1925

This thrilling tale may be one you would like to have your group read to another group at an assembly

It was a wild night at sea! The wind whistled and shrieked through the rigging! The seas were running mountains high and breaking over the decks! Even the captain's bridge was awash with the spray, but the stanch steamship *President Harding* steadily plowed her way onward with her cargo of passengers, mail, and freight.

Suddenly, in the midst of all the din and tumult of the elements, came a wireless message from an Italian freighter, the *Ignacio Florio*, one hundred and sixty-one miles away, "Foundering; crew of twenty-eight will perish unless help arrives."

It seemed almost futile to attempt to change the course of a ship in such seas and to go one hundred and sixty-one miles out of his path, but Captain Grening did not hesitate. At once he gave the command to steer for the disabled ship, although only where human life is at stake can the captain of a mail steamer change his route. Through tremendous seas, with wind of hurricane

force and with the barometer steadily falling, the *President Harding* labored on her errand of mercy.

At 11.45 A.M., after eighteen hours of battling with the raging wind and threatening waves, the disabled boat was sighted. Rescue seemed hopeless. The freighter was rolling in the trough of the seas with half her deck under water. Plainly no lifeboat could live in such a sea, but Captain Grening had not come one hundred and sixty-one miles to be thwarted now. Barrels of oil were poured on the water on the windward side. Then the *President Harding* drifted as close as possible and fired a projectile carrying a line by which to draw an empty lifeboat aboard the freighter. The rope broke away from the projectile. A second shot was fired. It fell short of the boat. Then an empty boat guided by a long line was set adrift from the *President Harding*, with the hope that it would reach the disabled ship. A groan went up from the crew and passengers when they saw a giant comber roll the boat over as though it were an eggshell.

Captain Grening now decided to try firing another projectile. Taking up a position to leeward he fired his next shot. This time he was successful.

The crew of the freighter secured the line and with it pulled the lifeboat, which was attached to it, alongside. A cheer went up from the *President Harding* when the watchers saw the boat safely reach the helpless steamer. Alas, the cheer was given too soon! Twice the lifeboat, guided by the line, completely circled the ship. With every wave dashing over the decks, and the boat rolling so heavily in the trough of the sea that at times the entire stern was under water, it was impossible for the crew to get into the lifeboat.

By this time darkness added to the peril of the rescue. Brave Captain Lauro of the stricken vessel, realizing the tremendous risks Captain Grening and his men were taking, sent a message to him that, perilous as it was, he and his men would remain on board during the night, hoping and believing that the freighter might remain afloat until morning. Captain Grening replied that he would "stand by" all night, and if the freighter began to sink he would try to rescue the men at all costs. A volunteer crew would be ready to make the attempt at any moment.

On board the *President Harding* the seemingly endless hours of the night dragged on. The wind

still raged with hurricane force, and the waves lashed the ship as though angry at the obstruction in their path.

If the hours seemed endless on the *President Harding*, what must they have seemed on the freighter! During the night she listed ten degrees more. The sea entered the main hatch. The engine and pumps would not work, and the water rose in the engine and boiler rooms so that all fires were put out. The boat was then completely at the mercy of the raging elements. Every time she plunged into the trough of the sea it seemed impossible that she would ever right herself and come to the surface again. Again and again the men gave up all hope. The radio operator, who had stuck to his post for three days and three nights, was the only link between them and the last chance of rescue. He had remained bravely at his station, ready in the last emergency to summon help from the *President Harding*.

Morning finally dawned, with the sea slightly calmer. The *President Harding* was close to the wreck, and at six o'clock a big lifeboat was launched. It reached the disabled boat in safety and the men threw a line on board. With the help of this line

the twenty-eight men of the freighter jumped overboard and were rescued by the volunteer crew of the lifeboat. Seldom has a rescue like this been made under conditions so difficult. Courage like this never fails to thrill the human heart.

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Would this be a good story to use for a program? Why? Eight children might read this story, each one reading one of the following pictures:

On the way
Night on the *President Harding*
Darkness
A wild night at sea
Night on the freighter
The message
Attempts at rescue
Morning

What should be the order of the pictures?

How much should be read to describe each picture? Which picture should you prefer to read? What are the best descriptive words used in your part? Can you pronounce them in such a way as to make your classmates feel their meaning?

THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

If you could take a trip to a foreign country, where would you go? Why? What does the title of this story make you want to find out?

How should you like to read a book or a newspaper at midnight by the light of the sun? Perhaps you think this is impossible because you are used to seeing the sun rise above the horizon in the morning, and when it disappears at night, darkness soon follows. You certainly could not read at midnight without some kind of artificial light; but in the summer time the people who live within the arctic circle can do this, for they have the light of the sun even at midnight.

I had heard of the midnight sun all my life, and I had always wanted to see it. You can imagine how delighted I was when I found that I could spend a summer in Norway. Of course I could have seen the midnight sun in any of the lands that are within the arctic circle; but some of those lands are covered with ice and snow, so that traveling is difficult. I had been told that it is easy to travel even to the most northern city in Norway, where

the sun does not set from the middle of May until the last of July. It is no wonder that Norway is often called The Land of the Midnight Sun. Friends of mine who had been there had told me about the beautiful fiords and mountains, until I could hardly wait for my steamer to sail. But after we started the days passed quickly, and one cool morning when I went on deck I saw the mountains of Norway rising from the sea.

When I saw the fiords on the western coast of Norway I agreed with other travelers that "deep, drowned valleys, with sheer precipices often more than two thousand feet high" were worth coming thousands of miles to see. The steep mountain walls rise from either side of the fiords. The lower edges are covered with pine, birch, and alder trees, and the summits are often crowned with snow. The towering mountains are reflected clearly in the deep waters of the fiords. Waterfalls burst from above and beyond the cliffs, and as I looked up they seemed like hanging bands of silver against the velvety green of the woods. When the clouds are low and partly hide the cliffs, the waterfalls seem to drop from the sky.

The fiords make the coast line very irregular,



for some of these "long arms of the sea" reach more than a hundred miles inland. Ships can sail on these quiet waters far into the country, and this is a great help to commerce and trade. Nearly all the towns and cities have been built at the ends of the fiords.

One of the largest fiords I sailed into is one hundred and thirty-six miles long and very wide. From the deep blue waters rise great mountain walls that seem to reach to the sky. From the tops of these steep cliffs plunge sparkling waterfalls. I shall never forget my first sight of the "Seven

Sisters." These are seven waterfalls that come leaping and foaming over the dark overhanging cliffs to the ocean far below.

Big ice fields and glaciers that look like white, frozen waves cover many of the mountains of Norway and descend the long slopes almost to the woodlands. It is from these glaciers that the streams and waterfalls come, to wind and leap over the precipices.

I had heard of the "white coal" of Norway, and I wondered what it looked like, but I was surprised to find that it is the power from the streams and waterfalls. The streams of Norway and Sweden are said to possess more water power than those of any of the other countries of Europe. This is one of the most valuable features of the country, because many industries are operated by power from these waterfalls. Norway has very little black coal, but its white coal is very valuable. It is one of the leading countries in the world in the development of its water power.

As I sailed up the calm waters of the fiords I could see the mountain walls covered with trees, moss, and bushes, rising so high above me that the fiord seemed to be roofed with the sky. Under

the boat the water was clear as crystal, and I could see the stones and fishes far below.

As I sailed farther along, the mountain walls were not so high, and presently I passed little towns and villages along the banks of the fiord. The houses looked like bright wooden boxes on stone foundations. Their walls were painted red, white, gray, or yellow, and stood out gayly against the dark woods.

I was eager to visit some of the small farms that cling to the side of the mountains. The farm-houses and gardens looked like toys on a shelf.

The women and children help with the farm work. There are no big mowing machines or iron rakes drawn by horses on these hilly farms, for there is no room for them in the small, rough fields. The men cut the grass with scythes, and the women rake it together and carry it to racks of wood at the sides of the field, where it is left to dry in the sun. On some farms the hay is dried on long wires fastened to posts. It looks like a grass washing put out on the line to dry. This is such a rainy region that the hay would spoil if it were left on the ground. On some of the mountain farms the hay is rolled into bundles in the



field and then let down on wire ropes from the hill to the barn below.

The peninsula of Norway and Sweden is so long that if it were laid upon the United States it would reach from the Gulf of Mexico almost to Canada. Yet Norway has only half as many people as the city of New York, because more than half of the country is mountainous. One of the big mountain ranges is called the Jötunheim, which means "Giant's Home," and I thought that would be a good name for all of Norway.

As I looked at the mountains I wished that I could spend a winter in Norway and watch the

winter sports. Thousands of people attend the yearly skiing contest at the capital, and the king and queen, who are expert with skis, enjoy it with their people. The long slopes of the mountains are perfect for skiing and tobogganing, and men, women, and children enjoy mountain climbing, kjelke riding, and all the various sports.

A kjelke is a small sled that holds two people. It is steered by a pole which may be held under the arm and forms a sort of tail for the sled. A traveler who went for a ride in a kjelke told me that one ride was enough. The kjelke shot down the mountain side, leaped over the hollows, and raced along the sides of the precipices. A Norwegian girl guided it with the utmost ease, but the traveler was thankful when the kjelke stopped.

However, as I could not stay into the winter, I wanted to visit as much of Norway as I could on my summer trip, so I planned to visit some of the largest cities. When I reached Bergen, which is important because of its fishing industries, it was raining. I had been warned that there are about two hundred rainy days a year in this part of Norway, so I had my umbrella ready. The people of

Bergen are either fishermen, or in the business of canning fish, or engaged in preparing the cod-liver oil which is one of the chief exports of that city. Another important business is shipbuilding, as the fishermen need so many fishing boats and the merchants need freighters for trading.

I was very much amused at the different styles I found on the streets of Bergen. There were women in lovely Paris gowns, peasants just in from the country, and women in the usual Norwegian costume, with embroidered vests over their white waists and aprons in gay colors covering their long skirts. Old farm carts and modern taxis filled



the streets. In the harbor there were boats of many kinds, from an old viking ship to a modern steamship.

The catches of cod, herring, mackerel, and salmon taken in these ocean waters put Bergen among the best fish markets in the world. Norway sells to other countries hundreds of millions of pounds of salted cod as well as great quantities of fresh fish and cod-liver oil. Along the coast of the country whaling is also an important business, and in one year ten thousand whales were captured. The whale oil is hardened into a fat which is somewhat like butter.

Next I visited Oslo, the capital of Norway. Until recently this city was called Christiania. Oslo was the old, old name of the city, but the city was destroyed in a war. When later the Danish king, Christian, ordered a new city built, it was named in his honor. Then came the time when Norway became a separate, independent country and chose its own king, but it was not until 1925 that the name was changed again to Oslo. This is the largest city of Norway, and railway lines connect it with the various parts of the country, and steamships sail from here to

many other ports. As the city is situated on a wide, deep fiord, the large ocean steamers can sail up to the business section, so that products can be exported very easily to other countries.

I was glad that I happened to visit the city on flower day, which comes once a week in the markets. Around the big open square there were little greenhouses on wheels, gay with bright blossoms, and the whole square was filled with smiling people offering their flowers for sale.

Of course I visited Hammerfest, because it is the most northern town in the world, 'way up near the end of Norway. Many whaling and fishing boats go from Hammerfest to the polar seas, and it exports a large amount of fish. Although it is not a very large town, the people live in two-story wooden houses, and they have a telegraph station and weekly newspapers. There is a good hotel here, and the people look comfortable and prosperous. In the winter there is no sun for two months, but the town is well lighted by electricity, with lights burning all the time.

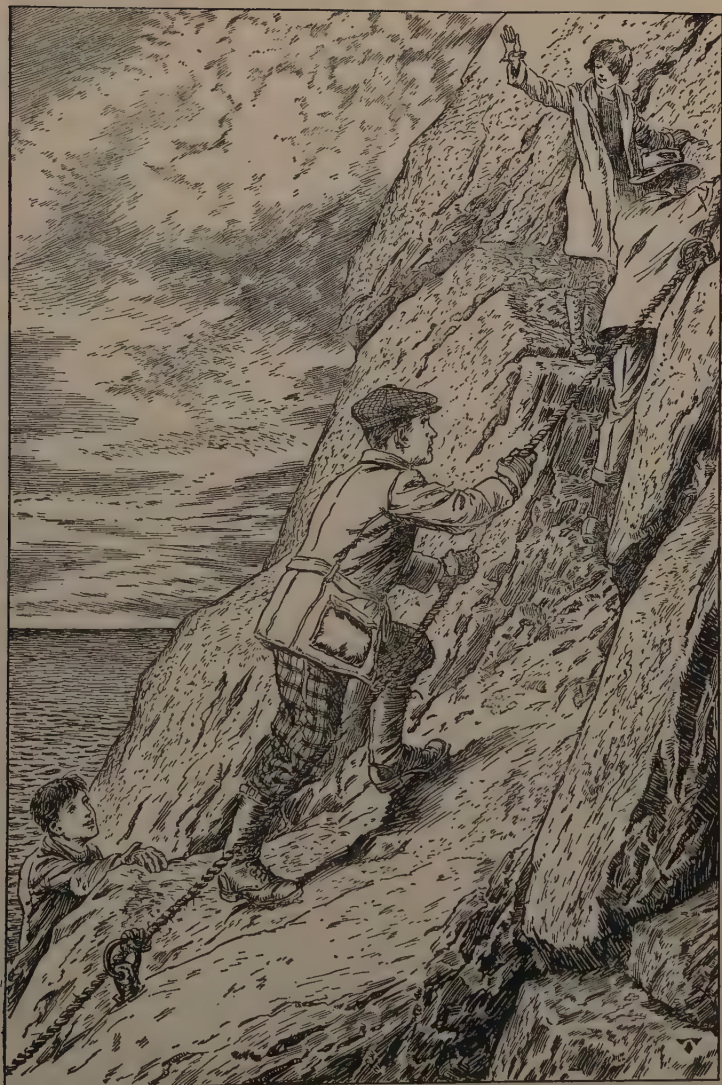
In February the people in Hammerfest have a big celebration to welcome the coming of the sun. Through the summer the houses have to be

darkened at night, so that the people can sleep while the sun shines all night long. While I was there I liked to sit up late, just to have the fun of reading my book by the light of the sun when the clock said it was midnight.

One place where I wanted especially to see the midnight sun was at the North Cape, where a huge cliff rises out of the sea at the very tip end of Norway. There is so much fog here that sometimes visitors cannot see the sun; but I was eager to go, so I joined the other travelers who were bound for the same place on the steamer.

As we steamed among the islands of the coast great flocks of birds swept over us. There were hundreds of black and white eider ducks flying over the islands. These ducks have soft, light feathers that are used for trimming cloaks and dresses. Not far away I could see a small black island. When I looked again the island was moving! Then I realized that it was a whale.

At last the steamer rounded a high, bleak point of rock, and we entered the harbor of the North Cape. We dropped anchor in a little bay around which the mountains raised their dark heads, though some wore white caps of snow. The sailors



let down a boat and rowed the passengers to land. I walked along a rough path among the rocks to the foot of the cliff. The rest of the way was so steep that I was glad to cling to the thick rope which was passed through iron rings and fastened into the rocks so that travelers might help themselves up. The cliff is over nine hundred feet high, and step by step I climbed its steep side.

At last I stood on the top of the cliff! Here was the place I had come thousands of miles to see. All my life I had looked forward to this moment. I was almost at the top of the world, watching the midnight sun! In front of me stretched miles of ocean, and beyond that were the ice fields of the north pole.

"Twelve o'clock," said someone softly.

I stood looking out over the blue sky, the great cliff, and the quiet ocean. The glow from the gentle rays of the sun touched everything with gold. I knew that I should never forget the land of the midnight sun.

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Where should you go to see the midnight sun? Why? Locate the place on the map.

What unusual experiences could you have there?

If you could go to Norway, what should you like best to see and do?

Prepare to read aloud the description in this selection which you most enjoyed.

What do you think was the most unusual thing told about Norway?

What other interesting things do you know about that country?

Could you explain to anyone why it is possible to read at midnight without artificial light? What is the reason back of this?



I'M GLAD

What does the title of this poem make you want to know?

I'm glad the sky is painted blue,
And the earth is painted green,
With such a lot of nice fresh air
All sandwiched in between.

Anonymous

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

What did you want to know? What did you find out?
Should one be glad about these things? Why?

ALLARM

You will find this story very exciting. As you read it see which of the following words, or adjectives, best describes the boy in the story.

honest

soldierly

careless

polite

brave

happy

One afternoon Viggo was walking home from school with a bag of books on his back. He marched straight as a stick, with a soldierly step. He was thinking of the time when he should change this bag for one full of bullets. Old Hans was standing outside the cottage waiting for him; and when Viggo halted and saluted, the old man asked if he could guess what present there was for him at the house.

"How does it look?" asked Viggo.

"It is brown," said Hans. "Now guess."

"Oh, I suppose it is nothing but a lump of brown sugar from Aunt Beate. She never remembers that I have outgrown such sweet stuff," said Viggo.

"Try again!" said Hans, and grinned. "It is dark brown, man, it walks on four feet, and it laps milk."

"Are you mad? Is it the puppy the captain has promised me? Is it?" cried Viggo, and forgot all about standing straight and stiff before the grenadier. Then he turned a somersault instead of "Right about," and ran to the house.

On a piece of carpet close by the fireplace lay the little puppy, and he was beautiful. Viggo could not get tired of looking at him. His body was dark brown, but his nose and paws were light brown and he had a light brown spot over each eye. He was almost as broad as he was long. When Viggo sat down on the floor beside him and stroked and patted the soft fur, he bent his short, stubby neck and smelled and then licked Viggo's hand. Soon they had become acquainted; and from that time on Viggo watched carefully to see if the puppy grew — almost as carefully as he watched his own nose to see if it was getting the proper curve so that he might become a general.

But it went much faster with the puppy. And as he grew, Viggo loved him more and more; they were always together. In the night Allarm lay by Viggo's bed, and in the daytime sat beside him when Viggo was studying his lessons. When the boy came to difficult parts, the puppy looked at

him with his big brown eyes, just as if he would like to help. He followed Viggo wherever he went or stood. Allarm was not allowed to go along to school; but he met Viggo every afternoon more than halfway, and barked with joy and wagged his tail when he saw his master.

One winter morning Hans the Grenadier and some of the farm hands were going to the woods to haul lumber. Viggo had a holiday that day, so he was allowed to go along. He put on his rubber boots and whistled for Allarm. The puppy jumped and barked when he noticed that they were off for the woods, for Allarm's father was a hound, so Allarm wanted to hunt, too. But Viggo's father said it would be best to leave Allarm at home, for there were packs of wolves in the woods. Their tracks had been seen even in the field close to the farm.

Viggo did not like to leave Allarm behind; but when his father said so, of course he must do it. He took the strap and tied Allarm to the leg of the sofa. Then he put his old coat on the floor beside the dog, so that he might rest more softly and be comfortable. But you can't imagine how Allarm whined and howled when he understood

that he was to be left tied up instead of being allowed to go along to the woods.

He lay flat on the floor and dragged his body to Viggo's feet as far as the strap reached — just as if he begged for freedom and permission to go with him. He looked at Viggo with sad eyes which seemed to say, "Have you really the heart to go to the woods to have a good time and to leave me behind, tied up and alone?" No; Viggo had not the heart to do that. He told his father that he could not bear to have Allarm so sad, no matter what happened, and he begged that he might take him along.

The father smiled and said he was afraid it might be the death of the dog. But if Viggo wanted to risk it and take him along, he must take good care of him and not let him out of his sight. Then they untied him, and you may imagine Allarm's joy. He jumped and barked so that the mother had to put her fingers in her ears.

How beautiful the forest was! First they drove for a while along the main road, where there was good driving. The seven horses went in a line, one after the other, and Hans the Grenadier and Viggo and Allarm walked behind the first one.

On both sides of the road stood tall pines with their yellow trunks reaching out of the snow. Here and there among them stood an old fir with its branches hanging down to the ground. The needles couldn't be seen at all, as the tree was white with snow from top to bottom. You could see only its dark brown trunk. And all the young trees on both sides stood bent to the ground under the weight of the snow. It looked as if they had dressed in heavy white robes against the cold and stood there bowing to all who went past. But they made no loud greetings. No; the forest was so still, so still you could not hear the least sound except the horses' hoofs crunching in the snow. Here and there Viggo saw the footprints of a wolf beside the road. Then he always told Allarm to keep close by him, and that he did.

But after a while they left the road and turned into the thick forest. Hans the Grenadier waded in front, and the snow came to his knees. Then came the horses and the farm hands, one after another, and at last Viggo. It was a fine tramp. The snow came sifting down from twigs and boughs. The steam rose in clouds from the horses because the snow melted on them.



After a while they came to the logs and began to hitch them to the horses. Then suddenly Viggo remembered Allarm. He had forgotten all about the dog since they turned away from the road. He looked around him, and just then he heard Allarm whine and howl somewhere in the depths of the forest.

As quick as lightning he grabbed an ax which old Hans had placed on the stump of a tree, and rushed in through the trees in the direction from which the howling came. It was not easy; he ran over the wild fields, and the snow reached far above his knees, but he noticed nothing, and only feared he should be too late. Once he had to stop a little to draw breath. Then again he heard the pitiful wail of the dog, but now it sounded fainter. Off Viggo rushed again, and at last he spied something between the trees. He did not see his dog, but three wolves stood in a circle, heads turned toward the center. The fourth wolf lay inside the ring and was biting something in the snow.

Viggo shouted so that it thundered in the forest. He rushed against the wolves with lifted ax. When he came within seven or eight feet of them, three of the wolves became frightened and sneaked,

tail between the legs, far into the dark forest. But the fourth one, who lay on top of Allarm, hated to give up his prey. This was a large yellow wolf. He looked up at Viggo and showed his bloody teeth. But Viggo thought only of the dog's danger. "Let go of Allarm! Let go of my dog, or I'll teach you!" he cried, and swung the ax high above his head. Then the wolf thought he had better not try the game and sneaked slowly away after the others. He turned once and howled and showed his teeth. Then he disappeared between the white bushes.

Far down in a hole in the snow lay Allarm. He was so bitten that he could not jump to his feet, and when Viggo lifted him the blood dripped down on the white snow. His whole body shivered and shook like a leaf, but he licked Viggo's hand again and again.

Just then old Hans the Grenadier appeared at Viggo's side. When he had gained his breath after his hurried run, the old man cried angrily, "If I did what you deserve, I should have to whip you, you little cub. Shame on you! Do you think it fit for a youngster like you to rush against a pack of wolves? If they had eaten you up alive before you



had a chance to make a sound, what would you have said then?"

"Then I should have said, 'One thing is a shame, and that is to turn your back on the enemy before retreat is called,'" said Viggo, and looked sharply at the grenadier.

"Well said, my boy! The nose has not quite the right curve yet, but the eyes are there, and I do believe the heart too," said old Hans. He took the dog from Viggo, and they went home together.

GUDRUN THORNE-THOMSEN

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Which adjective did you choose?

Do you think that Viggo lived in America? Why?

There are eight word-pictures in this story. Can you arrange the names of these pictures in the right order?

Off to the Woods Together

Viggo to the Rescue

Guessing

Companions

The Parting

Allarm

The Arrival of Hans

Tramping through the Woods

Which is the most beautiful picture? Which is the most exciting?

What should *you* name the pictures?

What expressive words are used in this story?

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES

Here is another story that children of many countries and for many years have enjoyed. Some stories are exciting, some sad, some humorous. What kind of story do you think this is?

I

Many years ago there lived an emperor who thought so much of new clothes that he spent all his money on them. He liked to drive in the park only that he might show off his new clothes. He had a coat for every hour of the day, and just as they say of a king, "He is in the council chamber," so they always said of him, "The emperor is in his wardrobe."

It was a gay city in which the emperor lived, and many strangers came to visit it every day. One day two rogues came who said that they were weavers, and that they knew how to weave the most beautiful cloth anyone could imagine. Not only, said they, were the colors and patterns exceedingly beautiful, but the clothes that were made of their material could not be seen by anyone who was unfit for the office he held, or by one who was very stupid.

"Those would be capital clothes!" thought the emperor. "If I wore those I should be able to find out what men in my empire are not fit for the places they have. I could tell the clever ones from the stupid ones. Yes; I must have some clothes woven for me at once."

So he gave the two rogues a great deal of money that they might begin their work at once.

The rogues immediately put up two looms and pretended to be working, but they had nothing at all in the frames. They demanded the finest silk, and the most beautiful gold thread out of which to weave the cloth. These things they put away for themselves, and worked at their empty looms until late into the night.

"I should like to know how the weavers are getting on with my clothes," thought the emperor one day. But he felt quite uncomfortable when he remembered that those who were stupid or unfit for their positions would be unable to see the cloth. Of course he had no fears for himself. But still he thought he would send someone else first to see how matters stood.

"I will send my honest old minister to the weavers," thought the emperor. "He can judge

best how the stuff looks, for he has sense, and no one is better fit for his office than he."

So the clever old minister went out into the hall where the two rogues sat working at their empty looms.

"Mercy on us!" thought the old minister, opening his eyes wide. "I can't see a thing." But he didn't care to say so. Both the rogues begged him to be so kind as to step nearer. They pointed to the empty looms and asked him if he did not think the pattern and the coloring wonderful. The poor old minister stared and stared as hard as he could, but he could not see anything, for of course there was nothing to see. "Mercy!" he said to himself. "Am I really stupid? I never thought so, and nobody must know it. Am I really unfit for my office? It will never do to say that I cannot see the stuff."

"Well, sir, what do you think of it?" asked the rogue who was pretending to weave.

"Oh, it is beautiful, most charming!" said the old minister, looking through his glasses. "What a pattern! What colors! I shall tell the emperor that I am very much pleased with it."

"Ah, we are very glad to hear that," said the

weavers. And then they described the colors and explained the strange patterns.

The old minister listened attentively, so that he might be able to repeat it all when he returned to the emperor.

The rogues now began to demand more money, more silk, and more gold thread in order to go on with their weaving. All of this, of course, went into their pockets. Not a single thread was ever put on the empty looms at which they went on working.

The emperor soon sent another faithful friend to see how soon the new clothes would be ready. The same thing happened to him as to the minister. He looked and looked, but as there was nothing on the empty frames he could not see anything.

"Isn't that a pretty piece of cloth?" asked both rogues, showing and exclaiming about the beauty of the pattern which was not there at all.

"I'm not stupid," thought the man. "It must be that I am unfit for the high position I hold, but I must not let it be known."

"Oh, it is really beautiful," he said to the emperor when he returned.

Soon everybody in town was talking about the wonderful cloth that the two rogues were weaving.

II

The emperor now began to think that he himself would like to see the wonderful cloth while it was still upon the loom. Together with the two men who had already been there, he went to visit the men who were now weaving with might and main, but without fiber and without thread.

"Is it not magnificent?" cried the two friends to the emperor. "Does not Your Majesty admire the pattern and the colors?" As they said this they pointed to the empty looms, for each one thought that the others could see the stuff.

"What's this?" thought the emperor. "I can see nothing at all. This is terrible. Am I stupid or am I not fit to be emperor? That would be the most dreadful thing that could happen to me."

"Yes, it is very pretty," he said aloud. "It has our highest praise."

He nodded his head happily and stared at the empty looms. Never would he say that he could see nothing there! His friends too gazed and gazed, but saw no more than had the emperor; yet they cried

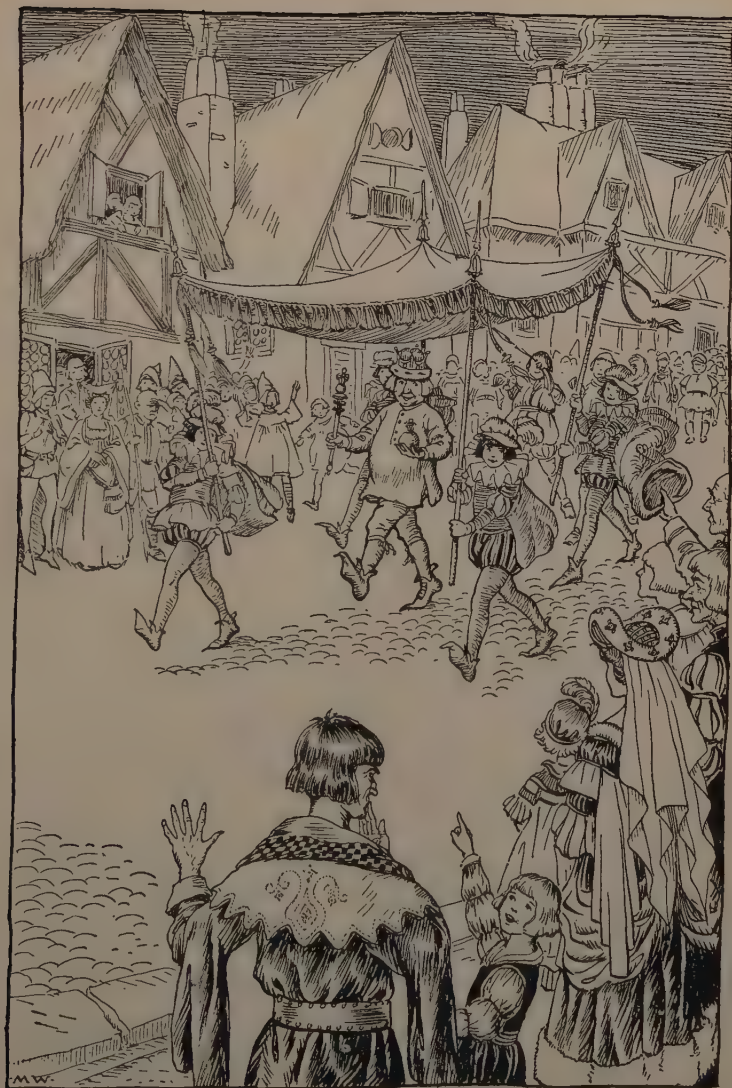
out "It is beautiful!" and advised the emperor to wear a suit made of this cloth in a great procession that was presently to take place.

The rogues were up the whole night before the morning of the procession, and kept more than sixteen candles burning. The people could see them hard at work completing the new clothes for the emperor. They pretended to take the stuff down from the loom; they made cuts in the air with great scissors; they sewed with needles without thread; and at last they said, "The clothes are ready."

The emperor, followed by his most distinguished courtiers, came in person, and the rogues lifted up their arms just as if they held something, and said, "Here are the trousers. Here is the coat. Here is the cape," and so on. "It is as light as a spider's web. One might imagine one had nothing on, but that is just the beauty of it!"

"Yes," said all the courtiers. But they could not see anything, because there was nothing.

"Will Your Imperial Highness condescend to take off your robe?" said the rogues. "Then we will put on your new clothes here in front of the great mirror."



The emperor took off his robe, and the rogues pretended to put on him each new garment in its turn, and the emperor turned round and round before the mirror.

"Oh, how well they look! How beautifully they fit!" said everyone. "What a pattern! What colors! It is indeed a magnificent dress!"

"They are waiting outside with the canopy which is to be carried over Your Majesty in the procession," said the master of ceremonies.

"Well, I am ready!" said the emperor. "Does it not fit me well?" he asked, giving a last glance into the mirror, for he wanted it to appear that he was admiring his rich costume.

The two men who were to carry the train stooped down to the floor as if picking up the train, and then pretended to hold it high in the air. They did not dare let it be known that they could see nothing.

So the emperor went in the procession under the rich canopy, and everyone said, "How wonderful are the emperor's new clothes! How they fit! What a pattern! What colors!" No one would let it be known that he could see nothing, for that would have proved that he was either stupid or unfit

for his office. No clothes of the emperor's had ever had such a success as these.

"But he has no robes on!" said a little child.

"Just listen to the innocent," said the father.

But one person whispered to another what the child had said. At length all the people were saying, "But he *has* no robes on!" That touched the emperor, for it seemed to him they were right. But he thought to himself, "I must go on with the procession." And so he held himself a little higher, and the men held on tighter than ever and carried the train that did not exist at all.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN (*Adapted*)

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

What kind of story should you call this?

Find the portions of the story which justify your statement.

Find the sentences that prove that the two weavers were clever rogues.

Who in this story was neither stupid nor unfit for the place he held?

What people were stupid? Who were unfit for the offices they held?

THE STORY OF THE MILK CAP

There are interesting stories in regard to things all about us, which we should enjoy if we had the key to unlock them. "The Story of the Milk Cap" is one such story.

Did you ever notice the milk cap on the milk bottle that is left at your door each day? There is a story back of that little bit of pasteboard with only a few words printed on it. The words on the milk cap were not put there because the milkman happened to want something printed on the cap. They tell a story about the fat, contented cows your milk comes from and about the big, sunny barns where the cows are fed and washed. Of course you cannot read all this story on the milk cap, because there would not be room on such a small space to print it all, but if you know what the few words mean you will know the story. Certain things must be done and certain laws obeyed before one of those tiny caps with the special words on it can be placed on your milk.

The cap on your bottle of milk may tell the date when the cow was milked, or perhaps you will find a certain grade name on it, such as "Grade A,"

"Grade B," or "Grade C." Different milk caps tell different stories. All milk caps have the name of the milk dealer printed on them. Besides this some of them say, "Pasteurized at 145 degrees for 30 minutes." Another kind of cap reads, "Pure, Clean, Safe. Pasteurized. Keep between 40 and 50 degrees." That milk cap not only tells a story, but it tells you to keep the milk in a cool place. Another cap may read "Perfectly Pasteurized."

When the milk cap has the word "Pasteurized" printed on it, that one word tells an important story. It means that the milk has been heated to a certain temperature and kept at that temperature for a certain length of time and then cooled quickly. Why do you suppose anybody went to all that trouble? It was because this process of pasteurization destroys the harmful germs in milk. Unless milk is produced under very clean conditions there may be harmful germs in it, and it is better to have it pasteurized.

If your milk cap says "Certified," that tells a different story. It means that the milk is not pasteurized. It does not need to be, because a medical commission certifies that this milk has been produced and bottled under conditions of

absolute cleanliness. The medical commission is made up of a group of doctors in each community who inspect all the conditions relating to the certified milk used there.

This milk cap that says "Certified" tells a fine story. It tells about clean, healthy cows that are inspected by a doctor at regular times. These are important cows, because they belong to a certified herd. Each cow is tagged with a number, and her record is kept in a book. If for any reason her milk is not so rich or there is not so much milk as usual, the cow is taken from the herd and carefully watched to see what is the matter.

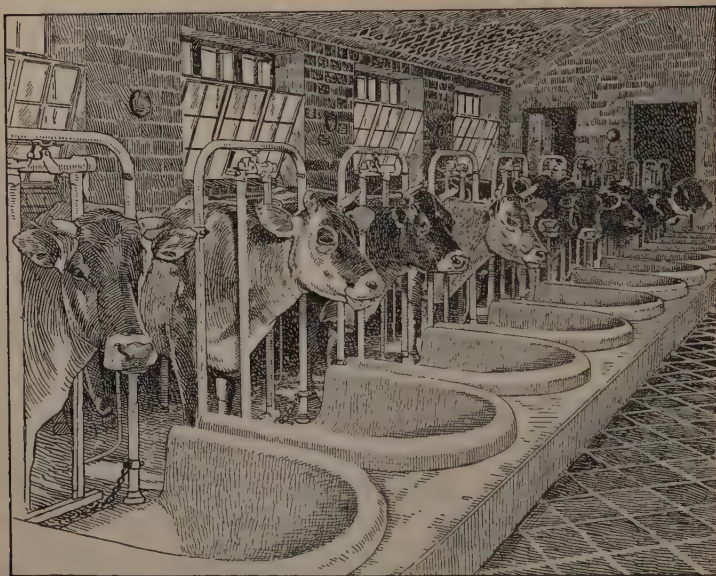
You would like to see the big stables where these certified cows are kept, with the sunshine pouring in through the windows, making patterns on the smooth clean floor. The stalls are large and roomy; and the cows stay there in perfect comfort, lazily swinging their tails, for there are no flies to bother them, and no other animals are allowed in the barn. Their big soft eyes are clear and gentle. They are well fed at regular times, and their food is carefully prepared. Every day in clear weather the cows are taken out of doors and given some exercise. When it is pleasant they

spend long quiet hours in the meadows, standing in the warm sunshine or lying down among the daisies and buttercups in the cool, soft grass, contentedly chewing their cuds.

These cows have special attendants. The men who do the milking are examined regularly by a doctor to be sure that they keep healthy. They scrub their hands clean before doing the milking, and they wear clean overalls, jumpers, and caps while they are milking the cows. Every day the cows are washed and brushed, and the men who take care of them always handle them gently and talk to them kindly.

Of course all this extra care costs more, so that the people who buy certified milk have to pay more for it. This milk is especially good for babies, because it is so clean and pure.

Perhaps your milk cap has a big A on it, which means that you get Grade A milk, and this cap tells a pleasant story too. You may buy either raw or pasteurized milk in this grade. The conditions governing the production and sale of all our milk are regulated by the states and must be up to a certain standard. Grade A milk is the highest standard next to *Certified*. Some milk dealers pay



A model sanitary dairy

a special bonus to the farmers who can bring them the richest, cleanest milk for their Grade A standard. These farmers are proud of their fat, sleek cows and treat them as kindly as if they were children. All this grade of milk comes from inspected cows and is produced under healthful conditions.

You would like to visit the farms where this high-grade milk is produced, but you would have to be very, very clean. Probably you would not be

allowed to go near the cows, for fear that you might bother them or frighten them. In these big, airy barns the cows are kept quiet, and nothing is allowed to disturb them.

You might be surprised to find how seldom human hands touch the milk of this grade before it reaches your door. Everything possible is done by machinery; and if it is done by hand, the hands are very clean and are kept away from the milk as much as possible.

In some cities a Grade B milk is sold. The caps on the bottles of milk in this grade tell a story of milk which may come from many different farms. Grade B milk may have come from a farm in New York and one in New Hampshire and one in Maine. Then it is mixed together and pasteurized. When the milk comes from farms in different states it is not possible to be sure that everything is as strictly clean as in the other grades of milk, and so it is pasteurized to be sure that it does not contain any harmful germs. These milk caps tell a story of good clean milk, but they cannot assure us that the milk is so rich and pure as in the higher grades.

You will probably never find the words "Grade

C" on your milk cap, because this grade of milk should be used only for cooking and manufacturing purposes. The story this milk cap tells is that this milk is not good enough for you to drink. Grade C milk must be pasteurized; and though the state laws require that it shall be clean, unadulterated milk, we cannot be sure that it is produced under the fine conditions that govern the better grades of milk.

Perhaps you think when the milk caps have told you about inspected farms, fat healthy cows, and careful milking, that is the end of the story. But the milk caps have more to tell you.

Years ago when a boy or a girl took a milk can or a pitcher to the store for a quart of milk, the grocer either poured it out of a gallon can, or took a dipper and went to his ice chest and dipped out of a big can as much as was needed. This was done even in the best stores, because people did not realize how much dirt and dust got into the milk when it was handled in this careless way.

Now the milk is kept cool and covered at the farm or at a milk station until it can be put into separate bottles and capped at once. These bottles are usually cleaned by machines, so that they

are washed, boiled, and sterilized without the touch of hands.

Hundreds of bottles have to be broken and thrown away by the milk companies, because people have put varnish or paint, kerosene or vinegar into them. No one can get clean milk from dirty bottles. Milk bottles must be absolutely clean if you are to be guaranteed clean milk, and so the milk cap tells you about the bottles too.

Now tomorrow morning look at your milk cap and see if you can read its story. It will tell you that your clean milk has been taken from clean cows, kept in a clean place, and poured into clean bottles. That is all that the state, the medical commissions, and the milk cap can do for you toward giving you the best and purest milk to drink. Whether the milk is kept clean *after* you have taken off the cap will be *your* part of the milk story.

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

You have read "The Story of the Milk Cap" and have learned from this about the different grades of milk, what milk you should buy to drink, and what milk is good only

for cooking. See if you can make an organization of the facts given in the story. If you can do this it will help you in studying similar lessons in history and geography. One subtopic under each heading has been given. These subtopics will be a guide to help you in filling in the rest of the organization. See if you can do this.

I. The word *Pasteurized* printed on the milk cap means that the milk

A. Has been heated to a certain temperature.

B.

II. The word *Certified* printed on the milk cap means that

A. The cows

1. Are inspected at regular times by a doctor.

2.

3.

B. The men who do the milking

1. Are examined regularly by a doctor.

2.

3.

4.

5.

C. The stables

1. Are big, clean, and sunny.

2.

3.

4.

III. Grade A milk means that the milk comes from inspected cows.

A.

B.

C.

D.

IV. Grade B milk means that the milk may come from many farms.

A.

B.

C.

V. Grade C milk means that the milk is not good enough to drink.

A.

B.

VI.

(Add a sixth point that all milk caps tell you, and see if you can arrange the subpoints correctly.)

How can you make use of the information given in this selection?

PSALM 121

This is considered one of the most beautiful of the psalms. What makes it so beautiful?

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence
cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made Heaven
and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved :

He that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber
nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper :

The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon
by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil :

He shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy com-
ing in

From this time forth, and even for evermore.

The Bible

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

What makes this psalm so beautiful?

TOM, THE WATER BABY

You have heard of water flies, water rats, water crabs, and water crickets, but have you ever heard of a water baby? How do you suppose Tom, a little chimney sweep, became a water baby? Should you like to find out? If you should, read this story.

I

Once upon a time there was a little chimney sweep, and his name was Tom. He lived in a great town in the North country, where there were plenty of chimneys to sweep and plenty of money for Tom to earn and his master to spend.

He could not read nor write, and did not care to do either; and he never washed himself, for there was no water up the court where he lived. As for chimney-sweeping, and being hungry, and being beaten, he took all that for the way of the world, like the rain and snow and thunder.

One day a smart little groom rode into the court where Tom lived. Tom was just behind a wall, but the groom saw him and hallooed to him to know where Mr. Grimes, the chimney sweep, lived. Now Mr. Grimes was Tom's own master, and Tom was a good man of business and always



civil to customers ; so he came quickly from behind the wall and proceeded to take orders.

Mr. Grimes was to come up next morning to Sir John Harthover's, at the Place, for his old chimney sweep was gone and the chimneys wanted sweeping.

So the next morning Tom and his master set out. Grimes rode the donkey in front, and Tom and the brushes walked behind ; out of the court and up the street, past the closed window shutters, and roofs all shining gray in the gray dawn.

Then they were out in the real country. Soon

the road grew white, and the walls likewise; and at the wall's foot grew long grass and gay flowers, all drenched with dew, and they heard the skylark high up in the air.

On they went; and Tom looked and looked, for he never had been so far into the country before. He longed to get over a gate and pick buttercups, and look for birds in the hedge, but Mr. Grimes was a man of business and would not have heard of that.

Soon they came up with a poor Irishwoman, trudging along with a bundle at her back. She had a gray shawl over her head and wore a crimson petticoat. She had neither shoes nor stockings and limped along as if she were tired and footsore; but she was a very tall, handsome woman with bright gray eyes, and heavy black hair hanging about her cheeks.

She walked beside Tom, and talked to him, and asked him where he lived, and what he knew, and all about himself, till Tom thought he had never met such a pleasant-spoken woman. And she asked him, at last, whether he said his prayers, and seemed sad when he told her that he knew no prayers to say.

Then he asked her where she lived, and she said far away by the sea. And Tom asked her about the sea; and she told him how it rolled and roared over the rocks in winter nights, and lay still in the bright summer days for the children to bathe and play in it, and many a story more, till Tom longed to go and see the sea and bathe in it likewise.

At last, at the bottom of a hill, they came to a spring. Out of a low cave of rock, at the foot of a limestone crag, the great fountain rose, bubbling and gurgling, and ran away under the road, a stream large enough to turn a mill.

"I wish I might go and dip my head in," said poor little Tom. "It must be as good as putting it under the town pump, and there is no beadle here to drive a chap away."

"Thou come along," said Grimes. "What dost want with washing thyself?"

"I don't care for you," said Tom, and away he ran down to the stream and began washing his face.

Grimes was very sulky, so he dashed at him and began beating him. But Tom was accustomed to that, and got his head safe between

Grimes's legs and kicked his shins with all his might.

"Are you not ashamed of yourself, Thomas Grimes?" cried the Irishwoman, over the wall.

Grimes looked up, startled at her knowing his name, but all he answered was, "No, nor never was yet," and went on beating Tom.

"Stop!" said the Irishwoman. "I have one more word for you both, for you will both see me again before all is over. Those that wish to be clean, clean they will be; and those that wish to be foul, foul they will be. Remember."

And she turned away and through a gate into a meadow.

II

And now they had gone three miles and more, and came to Sir John's lodge gates.

They walked up a great lime avenue, a full mile long. Between the stems of the trees Tom peeped trembling at the horns of the sleeping deer, which stood up among the ferns. Tom had never seen such enormous trees, and as he looked up he fancied that the blue sky rested on their heads.

Tom and his master went round the back way,

and a very long way round it was, and into a little back door, where the ash boy let them in. In a passage the housekeeper met them, in such a flowered-chintz dressing gown that Tom mistook her for my lady herself.

The housekeeper turned them into a grand room all covered up in sheets of brown paper and, in a lofty and tremendous voice, bade them begin. So after a whimper or two, into the grate Tom went and up the chimney.

How many chimneys he swept I cannot say, but he swept so many that he got quite tired, and puzzled too, and he fairly lost his way in them. Not that he cared much for that, though he was in pitchy darkness. He was as much at home in a chimney as a mole is underground. But at last, coming down, as he thought, the right chimney, he came down the wrong one, and found himself standing on the hearthrug in a room the like of which he had never seen before.

He had never been in gentlefolk's rooms but when the carpets were all up, and the curtains down, and the furniture huddled together under a cloth, and the pictures covered with aprons and dusters. He had often enough wondered what the

rooms were like when they were all ready for the quality to sit in. And now he saw, and he thought the sight very pretty.

The room was all dressed in white — white window curtains, white bed curtains, white furniture, and white walls, with just a few lines of pink here and there. The carpet was covered with gay little flowers, and the walls were hung with pictures in gilt frames, which amused Tom very much. There were pictures of ladies and gentlemen, and pictures of horses and dogs.

The next thing he saw, and that puzzled him, was a washing stand, with ewers and basins and soap and brushes and towels, and a large bath full of clean water. "What a heap of things, all for washing! She must be a very dirty lady," thought Tom, "to want as much scrubbing as all that."

And then, looking toward the bed, he saw that dirty lady, and held his breath with astonishment.

Under the snow-white coverlet, upon the snow-white pillow, lay the most beautiful little girl that Tom had ever seen. Her cheeks were almost as white as the pillow, and her hair was like threads of gold spread all about over the bed. She might

have been as old as Tom, or maybe a year or two older, but Tom did not think of that. He thought only of her delicate skin and golden hair, and wondered whether she were a real live person or one of the wax dolls he had seen in the shops. But when he saw her breathe he made up his mind that she was alive, and stood staring at her as if she had been an angel out of heaven.

"No; she cannot be dirty. She never could have been dirty," thought Tom to himself. And then he thought, "Are all people like that when they are washed?" And he looked at his own wrist, and tried to rub the soot off, and wondered whether it ever would come off. "Certainly I should look much prettier then, if I grew at all like her."

And looking round, he suddenly saw, standing close to him, a little ugly black ragged figure with bleared eyes and grinning white teeth. He turned on it angrily. What did such a little black ape want in that sweet young lady's room? And behold, it was himself reflected in a great mirror, the like of which Tom had never seen before.

And Tom, for the first time in his life, found out that he was dirty, and burst into tears with shame and anger, and turned to sneak up the



chimney again and hide. In doing so he upset the fender and threw the fire irons down with a noise as of ten thousand tin kettles tied to ten thousand dogs' tails.

Up jumped the little white lady in her bed and, seeing Tom, screamed as shrill as any peacock. In rushed a stout old nurse from the next room and, seeing Tom likewise, made up her mind that he had come to rob, plunder, destroy, and burn. She dashed at him, as he lay over the fender, so fast that she caught him by the jacket.

But she did not hold him. Tom doubled under the good lady's arm, was across the room, and out of the window in a moment. He did not need to drop out, though he would have done so bravely enough, nor even to let himself down a spout, which would have been an old game to him.

But all under the window spread a tree with great leaves and sweet white flowers almost as big as his head. It was a magnolia, I suppose, but Tom knew nothing about that, and cared less; for down the tree he went like a cat, and across the garden lawn, and over the iron railings, and up the park toward the wood, leaving the old nurse to scream murder and fire at the window.

Her scream attracted the undergardener, a groom, the dairymaid, the old steward, the gamekeeper, Sir John himself, and even Grimes, and all gave chase to Tom. In a word, never was there heard at Hall Place — not even when the fox was killed in the greenhouse among acres of broken glass and tons of smashed flowerpots — such a noise and hubbub as that day when the household ran up the park shouting "Stop thief!"

And all the while poor Tom paddled up the park toward the wood, with his little bare feet, like a fleeing gorilla, and his pursuers found it very difficult to catch him.

III

Tom had never been in a wood in his life; but he was sharp enough to know that he might hide in a bush or climb up a tree, and, altogether, had more chance there than in the open field.

But when he got into the wood, he found it a very different sort of place from what he had fancied. The boughs laid hold of his legs and arms, poked him in his face and his stomach, and made him shut his eyes tight.

"I must get out of this," thought Tom, "or I

shall stay here till somebody comes to help me — which is just what I don't want."

But how to get out was the difficult matter. And indeed I don't think he would ever have got out at all, but have stayed there till the cock robins covered him with leaves, if he had not suddenly run his head against a wall.

Now running your head against a wall is not pleasant, especially if it is a loose wall, with the stones all set on edge, and a sharp-cornered one hits you between the eyes and makes you see all manner of beautiful stars. The stars are very beautiful, certainly, but unfortunately they go in the twenty-thousandth part of a split second, and the pain which comes after them does not.

And so Tom hurt his head, but he was a brave boy and did not mind that a penny. He guessed that over the wall the cover would end, and up it he went, and over like a squirrel.

And there he was, out on the great grouse moors, which the country folk called Harthover Fell — heather and bog and rock stretching away and up, up to the very sky.

So Tom went on and on, he hardly knew why, but he liked the great, wide, strange place and the

cool, fresh, bracing air. But he went more and more slowly as he got higher up the hill, for now the ground grew very bad indeed.

What would Tom have said if he had seen, walking over the moor behind him, the very same Irishwoman who had taken his part upon the road? But whether it was that he looked too little behind him, or whether it was that she kept out of sight behind the rocks and knolls, he never saw her, though she saw him.

And now he began to get a little hungry, and very thirsty, for he had run a long way, and the sun had risen high in heaven, and the rock that he walked on was as hot as an oven.

But he could see nothing to eat anywhere, and still less to drink.

So he went on and on, till his head spun round with the heat, and he thought he heard church bells ringing a long way off.

Behind him, far below, was Harthover, and the dark woods, and the shining salmon river.

But at his very feet lay something to which Tom determined to go. A deep, deep green and rocky valley, very narrow and filled with woods; but through the woods, hundreds of feet below

him, he could see a clear stream glance. Oh, if he could but get down to that stream! Then, by the stream, he saw the roof of a little cottage, and a little garden set out in squares and beds. And there was a tiny little red thing moving in the garden, no bigger than a fly.

As Tom looked down he saw that it was a woman in a red petticoat. Ah! perhaps she would give him something to eat. And there were the church bells ringing again. Surely there must be a village down there. Well, nobody would know him or what had happened at the Place. So down he went.

And all the while he never saw the Irishwoman coming down behind him. But he was getting terribly tired now.

At last he got to the bottom. He stumbled down over a low wall, and into a narrow road, and up to the cottage door. He came slowly up to the open door and peeped in, half afraid.

And there sat, by the empty fireplace, the nicest old woman that ever was seen, in her red petticoat and clean white cap. At her feet sat the grandfather of all the cats, and opposite her sat twelve or fourteen neat, rosy, chubby little children learning their lessons.

"What art thou, and what dost want?" cried the old dame. "A chimney sweep! Away with thee! I'll have no sweeps here."

"Water," said poor little Tom, quite faint.

"Water? There's plenty in the brook," she said quite sharply.

"But I can't get there. I'm 'most starved with hunger and thirst." And Tom sank down upon the doorstep and laid his head against the post.

And the old dame looked at him through her spectacles one minute, and two, and three. Then she said, "He's sick; and a bairn's a bairn, sweep or none. Water's bad for thee; I'll give thee milk." And she toddled off into the next room and brought a cup of milk and a bit of bread.

Tom drank the milk off at one draft and then looked up, revived.

She put him in an outhouse upon soft sweet hay and an old rug, and bade him sleep off his walk and she would come to him when school was over, in an hour's time.

IV

But Tom did not fall asleep.

Instead of it he turned and tossed and kicked about in the strangest way, and felt so hot all

over that he longed to get into the river to cool himself. And then he fell half asleep, and dreamed that he heard the little white lady crying to him, "Oh, you're so dirty. Go and be washed." And then that he heard the Irishwoman saying, "Those that wish to be clean, clean they will be."

And all of a sudden he found himself, not in the outhouse on the hay, but in the middle of a meadow, with the stream just before him. He dipped his hand in and found it so cool, cool, cool; and he said, "I will be a fish; I will swim in the water; I must be clean; I must be clean."

So he pulled off his clothes in such haste that he tore some of them, which was easy enough with such ragged old things. And he put his poor hot, sore feet into the water, and then his legs, and the farther he went in, the more the church bells rang in his head.

And all the while he never saw the Irishwoman — not behind him this time, but before — for just before he came to the riverside she had stepped down into the cool water, and her shawl and her petticoat floated off her, and the green water weeds floated round her sides, and the white water lilies floated round her head, and the fairies of the

stream came up from the bottom and bore her away and down upon their arms, for she was the queen of them all, and perhaps of more besides.

"Where have you been?" they asked her.

"I have been smoothing sick folks' pillows, and whispering sweet dreams into their ears; opening cottage casements to let out the stifling air; coaxing little children away from gutters and foul pools where fever breeds; doing all I can to help those who will not help themselves, and little enough that is, and weary work for me. But I have brought you a new little brother and watched him safe all the way here."

Then all the fairies laughed for joy at the thought that they had a little brother coming.

But all this Tom, of course, never saw or heard.

He had not been in the clear, cool stream two minutes before he fell fast asleep — into the quietest, sunniest, coziest sleep that ever he had had in his life.

The reason of his falling into such a delightful sleep is very simple, and yet hardly anyone has found it out. It was merely that the fairies took him and turned him into a water baby.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

How did Tom become a water baby?

Find the part that proves that Tom was a city boy.

Find the part that proves that Grimes was a cruel master.

Prove that what the Irishwoman said, "Those that wish to be clean, clean they will be," came true.

What did Tom see at Sir John's that he had never seen before?

How did he escape from Sir John's?

Prove that the woman in the red petticoat was kind.

Why didn't Tom fall asleep in the soft hay?

How did he try to get clean?

Who was the Irishwoman, and what had she been doing?

Should you like to know more about Tom?

CASPAR, THE SNOW KING

You have heard of kings of different countries. You have read of people called the Oil King, the Steel King, the Baseball King. Have you ever heard of a Snow King? See if you think Caspar deserved the title of "Snow King."

PART I. CASPAR'S HOME IN THE ALPS

Caspar was his name. He lived on a very high mountain. It was so high that he could almost always find snow six or seven feet deep without going very far from the door. But Caspar was not troubled by such snow. He was used to it.

It was only when the great storms came, and the snowdrifts piled up forty feet high against the walls of the old house, that Caspar felt at all anxious about the depth of snow. He didn't mind snowstorms himself, because he was a snow king. But there were people who did mind them, and it was about these people that he felt anxious.

Caspar was a dog, and he lived with the monks in the Monastery of St. Bernard, far up on the Alps. It was the very highest dwelling in those great mountains.

You have all heard of these great St. Bernard dogs; but if you have never seen Caspar you can have no idea how grand a dog can be — that is, if he happens to be a snow king. And Caspar was king of the snow, every inch of him.

Sometimes, when the skies were clear and there was a little sunshine on the grass that grew about the rocks of the monastery, Caspar would trot around very much like an ordinary dog. Or he would lie down and take a comfortable nap in a sunny spot, as quietly as if he had never heard of such a thing as people dying in the snow. Now Caspar was not a very old dog, but he had already saved two lives. And yet he was not proud, or, at any rate, he did not show it.

PART II. WHY PAOLO WENT OUT IN THE STORM

One day, early in the morning, it began to snow up on the mountains. It did not snow very hard at first, but people who knew about weather thought that there would be quite a storm after a while. As the day wore on, it became colder and colder, and the wind began to freeze the snowflakes into little icy lumps. It hurled them



like showers of bullets across the valleys and over the mountains.

Up on the mountain sides lay great masses of snow and ice that were growing heavier and heavier as the snow fell faster and faster. These were all ready to come crashing down into the valleys below. They seemed only waiting for the signal to begin their mad rush down the mountain side. For when these great masses of snow and ice are piled up in the Alps, it takes but a very little thing to start them off. Sometimes a loud word, or the breaking of a stick, or a heavy footstep will jar the snow enough to send an avalanche on its way.

It would hardly be supposed that on such a day as this anyone would be out of doors. But in spite of the bad weather, on that afternoon there were five persons toiling up the road toward the monastery. Four of these were men, and one was a boy about fourteen years old. His name was Paolo, and he lived down the mountain side, some miles below the place where we find him on this snowy afternoon.

For a day or two Paolo had been anxious about one of his goats, which had wandered away. He

believed it could be found up on the mountain, and probably near the Monastery of St. Bernard. So when, that afternoon, four men stopped at Paolo's home to rest a little before continuing their journey over the Alps by way of the St. Bernard Pass, the boy decided to go with them, at least as far as the monastery.

He did not say anything to his parents about his plan. He had heard his father tell the men that it would be dangerous to attempt to cross the mountains that day. It was snowing, and the wind was blowing at such a rate that at any moment it might start an avalanche.

"And you know well enough that it doesn't need much of a wind to start an avalanche," said Paolo's mother.

"But the wind's been blowing all the morning and half the night," said one of the men. "If there were any avalanches to start, they would have been on their way before this."

So the four men started off just after dinner, and Paolo slipped out and joined them when they were out of sight of the house. One of the men wanted to make him go back, but the others said that he might as well come. It wasn't snowing so

very hard, and if he wanted to find his goat as much as he said he did, there was no reason why he should not try to do it. So they all tramped on, and nothing of any importance happened for an hour.

PART III. HOW PAOLO WAS BURIED BY THE SNOW

But all of a sudden something very surprising happened. A violent gust of wind leaped from around the corner of a tall mass of rocks. It carried with it a great cloud of snow, which it hurled down upon our travelers, burying them.

This was one of the terrible whirlwinds which often occur in the Alps. Great masses of newly fallen snow are carried through the air and are thrown here or there in piles many feet in depth. It was as sudden as a flash of lightning! One moment Paolo was walking cheerfully along the road, and the next he was buried deep under an immense heap of snow!

For a moment he did not know what had happened. It seemed as if he had been struck blind. He was not hurt, but the world had suddenly disappeared from his sight.

It was not long, however, before he knew what had happened. There was snow above and below him. There was snow in his eyes, snow in his ears and nose and mouth.

He could not get up, because there was snow on top of him. When he tried to get his legs under him he could find no support for his feet, for there was nothing but soft snow beneath him. He could breathe, but that was about all he could do.

Paolo soon felt himself sinking lower and lower in the soft snow. He tried again to get his feet straight down under him, and this time they touched something hard. He knew then that he stood on the ground.

He had no idea how much snow was piled up over him, nor did he think much about it. Now that he could get his feet on something firm, all that he thought of was to push or scratch himself out of that bed of snow just as fast as he could. He thrust his feet against the ground. He leaned forward and scratched and dug with his hands and arms. He kicked and rolled and dug and sputtered snow out of his mouth, and so scratched his way along for several yards. Then he suddenly



stumbled out into the open air and went plump down a precipice.

He did not know how far he fell, but he knew that he went backward into a bed of snow with a crust on it. He broke through this crust with a gentle crunch.

The snow under the crust was not very hard, and his fall only jarred him a little. And yet the snow was packed hard enough to give him a chance to crawl out of the hole he had made and to look around him. He found that he was on an old bed of snow that lay on a ledge some twenty feet below the road. The mass of snow which had covered him and his companions he could see

piled up on the road above him. If another gust of wind should come, it might be blown down upon him and cover him again.

So he hurriedly scrambled to his feet and tried to get away from under that steep precipice with its great cap of snow. But he could not go very far. The crust broke beneath him often. There were hollow places filled with new snow, through which he could scarcely push his way. It was snowing faster and faster, and he was very cold. He could not climb up to the road; and if he could have done so, there was that great mass of snow out of which he had been so glad to escape.

He did not know what to do, so he sat down.

Then he drew up his knees and tried to get warm and to think. He could not get warm, but he could think very easily. He thought about his parents, and how foolish he had been to come away from them as he had done. What was a goat, after all, that he should risk his life for it! And yet he didn't know, when he started, that he was risking his life. That did not matter now, though, for he had done it.

Here he was, alone in the midst of the great Alps. It was dreadfully cold. The air was full of

the smell of snow. Snow was beneath him and all around him. It was above him, too, for it was falling on him until he looked like a little snow boy as he sat there drawn up in a bunch.

He did not expect any help now. He knew the Alps too well to suppose that even if his companions had succeeded in getting out of the snow-drift, they could find him where he now was. He could not shout. His lips and tongue seemed frozen stiff. He could not see very far. Soon he began to feel a little warmer and sleepy. He knew that if he went to sleep he should never wake again. But he didn't care; he might as well be comfortable. And there was nobody on earth who could save him. Anybody who came to him there would die too. The best thing he could do, he thought, would be to go to sleep.

PART IV. HOW THE SNOW KING SAVED PAOLO

In all the whole world there was no one who could save this poor boy; that is, if you did not count Caspar, the snow king. He could do it. And he did do it.

Right through the snowstorm came that great beast! Rushing over the frozen crust, plunging



through the deep places; bounding, leaping, caring not for drift or storm, like the snow king that he was, came Caspar!

He made one dash at Paolo and rolled him over in the snow. Then he barked at him as much as to say, "Wake up, you foolish boy! Don't you know I'm here? It's all right now."

He pushed Paolo first on one side, then on the other. And when he had made him open his eyes and stare about him, the great Caspar barked again in his loudest tones. A snowstorm didn't make any difference with *his* voice.

Again and again he barked, as if he were shouting, "Hello-o! I've found him! Here he is! Here, in the snow!"

Caspar had not barked very long before two men came toiling through the storm. One was a St. Bernard monk, and the other was one of the men with whom Paolo had started out in the morning. These two took the boy by the arms and raised him up. They shook him, and then led him away between them. Caspar went ahead, so that it would be all right.

They walked back with great difficulty by the way they had come. Soon they reached a place where they could climb up to the road, at a point some distance beyond the snowdrift. Then they pushed on to the monastery, where Paolo learned how he had been saved.

His four companions had been covered by the snowdrift. But as they were some distance ahead of Paolo, the greater part of the mass of fresh snow seemed to pass over them and hurl itself on the boy.

After some struggling the men got out of the deep snow. They missed the boy, but did not know how to look for him or save him. If they

stopped, they were afraid they would perish themselves. So they hurried on; but before they had gone very far they met Caspar, the snow king, and two of the St. Bernard monks.

They told their story, and one of the monks, with the dog, started down the mountain. The youngest of the four men thought he would go too. It would be a shame to leave the poor boy.

As they hurried along the man said, "If the snowdrift is still there we shall never be able to get around it or into it to find the boy."

"Caspar will attend to that," said the monk. He believed in Caspar.

When the dog reached the snowdrift he did not try to go through it. He had more sense than that. He stopped and seemed to be wondering what to do.

Then he turned around and ran back. The monk and the other man waited to see what he would do. When Caspar reached a place where the bank was low, he leaped down from the road and kept on down the mountain. His idea was to go around the snowdrift. Suddenly he stopped and gazed through the falling snowflakes that were whirled this way and that by the wind.

He saw something. The men, who were following at a distance, could see only a little way through the storm.

Then, with a sudden bark, Caspar rushed over the frozen crust and plunged through the deep places, bounding and leaping, caring not for drift or storm, until he found the boy!

For he was a snow king.

FRANK R. STOCKTON

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Did Caspar deserve his title? Why?

Where is the Monastery of St. Bernard?

What other stories do you know about St. Bernard dogs?

There are portions of this story that can be better appreciated if read aloud. Make out questions to ask your classmates that will call for the reading of such portions.

What did you learn from this story?

THE FOOL, THE FRYING PAN, AND THE FIRE

What does this title make you want to know? See if the selection tells you.

"There he goes!" whispered one neighbor to another as a man walked quickly past. "I suppose he's hurrying home to put his little pan on the fire. How can a good bricklayer be so foolish!"

"What are you laughing about?" asked a friend who had only recently come to live in the old town of Leeds, in England.

"We are laughing at the town's queer bricklayer who plays with pots and pans every evening," answered one of the men, pointing to the retreating figure.

"Have you not heard the story of the fool, the frying pan, and the fire?" cried a neighbor in surprise. "Then you have missed the best joke in all Leeds. Yonder goes Joseph Aspdin, a good-enough worker and neighbor in the daytime, but crazy every evening. For five years now he has been mixing and stirring something in a pan and watching it over the fire as if the pan held gold."

"People passing his house have seen him bending over his fire summer and winter, muttering to himself, with his brow as worried looking as if he were tending a baby," said another neighbor.

"Is he cooking something?" asked the newcomer, unable to understand such queer ways.

"If he is, I should be afraid to eat it," said a man, chuckling. "The poor fellow mixes strange food!"

"That he does!" shouted the other men, slapping their sides in mirth. "I think you would not care to taste the mixture."

"You'd hardly believe it, but it's the honest truth," explained one of the men solemnly; "the poor foolish man cooks rocks and clay! My son was there one night and saw it with his own eyes."

"Rocks and clay!" exclaimed the newcomer. "A queer pudding indeed! Have you an idea what the man is doing it for?"

"Oh, some people have heard him say he is trying to make a cement," was the indifferent reply. "Being a bricklayer, he thinks he ought to have something better to stick the bricks together with and make the houses last longer. That shows how crazy he is!"

Joseph Aspdin had seen the sly looks and smiles that usually accompanied him wherever he went. He had overheard the first words of the neighbors' talk as he passed them that evening. When he reached his home and had eaten his simple meal with his family, he took out his pan and filled it with his strange mixture.

Sometimes he wondered if he were really crazy, as the neighbors said. He knew that his actions must seem queer, and yet he was determined to keep on and to find the secret of making a good cement. For years men had studied, worked, and experimented, trying to make a cement that would not crack nor crumble in cold weather or under water, nor break under too great a strain. The man who succeeded in this task would cause a tremendous advance in building. Five long years of work and experimenting had brought Aspdin no nearer the secret. Sometimes he despaired and felt that he was merely wasting his time.

The man's face clouded as he brooded over these thoughts; but as he bent over his mixture in the pan, with the heat from the stove flushing his cheeks, he soon became absorbed in his work. He heated the rock and clay mixture to different

temperatures; he cooled it and tested it carefully. He added more clay; then he changed the mixture by using less clay and more rock. He ground the cooled mixture to a powder and tested it again, heating and reheating it. Night after night, month after month, as the years went by he had gone through these same tests, always watching and hoping for better results.

"It is getting late," he said finally with a sigh, straightening his tired back. "I must put away my things, for tomorrow I must go to work as usual. I must support my family. If I let myself get too tired for bricklaying, the neighbors will surely think my mind is gone."

In the old town of Leeds anything unusual was likely to be considered strange and fearful. New ideas took hold very slowly in the years following 1779, when Joseph Aspdin was born.

"Tomorrow night I'll try a different mixture," said the inventor as he tumbled wearily into bed. He lay awake for some time filled with alternating hope and despair, wondering if it were possible for him to succeed where so many other men had failed. Yet he still clung to the thought that the old Romans had used a cement that was hard and



strong under all conditions, for their cement roads were still good. If he could only find the secret!

Ten years passed, and the neighbors still shook their heads when Joseph Aspdin passed. Pity was added to their laughter as they told the story of the fool, the frying pan, and the fire. Such a fine man, and wasting his time playing with rocks and clay in a pan over the stove! He seemed sane enough in other ways. Eleven, twelve, thirteen years went by, and the neighbors still laughed and wondered. Then something happened.

One night Joseph Aspdin bent over his fire as usual, mixing and stirring, cooling and grinding. "I'll try more fire, more heat," he decided, as he looked thoughtfully at his pan. Again he stirred the fire until he could scarcely bear the waves of heat that came from the stove.

"It is possible!" he exclaimed, as he examined the powder later. He tested it again and again. A light grew in his eyes. He could hardly sleep that night.

The next night he went feverishly to work over the blazing fire, heating his mixture to the highest temperature he had ever tried. Again his face brightened. His breath came fast. He repeated

the experiment while the hours flew by, until finally his face glowed with triumph. His tired form straightened with the thrill of power.

"After thirteen years of unceasing work I have found the secret!" he cried. "I am forty-five years old in this year of 1824, but I have succeeded!"

"Have you heard the news?" asked one neighbor of another a few weeks later. "They say the bricklayer is not crazy, after all! It seems that all these years when he has been stirring rocks in his little pan he has been inventing a new cement. It's a wonderful material! It won't break or crack, and it can be used on land or under water. He's a smart man, that Joseph Aspdin!"

"He has named the new building material Portland cement," added another neighbor, "because it looks like the building stone in the quarries of the Isle of Portland, off the coast. He and his cement will soon be famous if all is true that people are saying!"

"He's a lucky man!" said another speaker, with envy in his tone. "I hear that as soon as he gets his patent he will build a factory for the making of the cement. His boys will help him in the business."

"We were pitying his family for having to live with a crazy man," said another neighbor, "and now it turns out that the whole town will be proud of him."

Three years after Joseph Aspdin started his factory the new cement was used in the building of the big tunnel under the river Thames. Before many years passed, his cement was being used all over Europe. Sidewalks, docks, and buildings were made of Portland cement, and engineers all over the world began to realize the possibilities of the wonderful building material.

Joseph Aspdin's Portland cement has been changed and improved, but the name still remains. His little factory, with its small kiln and crude machinery, has been replaced by modern cement plants that are like small towns in themselves.

Probably the inventor himself hardly realized the value of the discovery he had given to the world. Portland cement has been described as "the fine gray powder that is used to bind pieces of hard material together to form the stonelike, enduring substance called concrete." The roads, the sidewalks, the office buildings in a large city, small and large houses, railroad bridges, drainage

systems, irrigation dams, freight ships, viaducts, barns and silos are now often made of cement. It has been called "the stone you can mold," because it has been used for the making of a small garden vase and for a beautiful group of statues, as well as for a sidewalk and for the immense Wilson Dam at Muscle Shoals on the Tennessee River. Two oceans have also been united through the concrete locks of the Panama Canal.

Joseph Aspdin died in 1855. In the year 1924, a hundred years after the invention of his cement, the Portland Cement Association of the United States and England erected a bronze tablet to him in Leeds. The inscription on it reads: "In memory of Joseph Aspdin, bricklayer, whose invention of Portland cement has made the whole world his debtor."

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

What did you want to find out? What was the answer?

One of the things you should be able to do is to read accurately. The following test will help you to find out whether you can do so. Underline the word *Right* if the statement is true, and *Wrong* if the statement is false.

- | | | |
|---|--------------|--------------|
| 1. Joseph Aspdin was a bricklayer who lived in France. | <i>Right</i> | <i>Wrong</i> |
| 2. He became interested in trying to discover a way to make cement. | <i>Right</i> | <i>Wrong</i> |
| 3. For years he mixed clays and heated them over his fire. | <i>Right</i> | <i>Wrong</i> |
| 4. The art of cement-making had never been known. | <i>Right</i> | <i>Wrong</i> |
| 5. He was laughed at by his neighbors, who probably thought that he was crazy or foolish. | <i>Right</i> | <i>Wrong</i> |
| 6. After thirteen years of patient study and experimenting he succeeded. | <i>Right</i> | <i>Wrong</i> |
| 7. Engineers soon discovered that Portland cement could not be used in many ways. | <i>Right</i> | <i>Wrong</i> |
| 8. Aspdin discovered that the limestone and clay mixture must be heated to a very high temperature before the lumps were cooled and ground into powder. | <i>Right</i> | <i>Wrong</i> |
| 9. Portland cement has not been changed or improved. | <i>Right</i> | <i>Wrong</i> |
| 10. Vases, sidewalks, buildings, dams, locks, bridges, docks, and ships are sometimes made of concrete. | <i>Right</i> | <i>Wrong</i> |

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE

This poem is a favorite with boys and girls. Read it and see if you can tell why it is so well liked.

Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,
An' wash the cups and saucers up, an' brush the
 crumbs away,

An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the
 hearth, an' sweep,

An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her
 board-an'-keep;

An' all us other children, when the supper things
 is done,

We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun
A-list'nin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you

 Ef you

 Don't

 Watch

 Out!

Onc't they was a little boy wouldn't say his pray'rs—
An' when he went to bed at night, away upstairs,
His mammy heered him holler, an' his daddy heered
 him bawl,



An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he wasn't
there at all!

An' they seeked him in the rafter room, an' cubby-
hole, an' press,

An' seeked him up the chimbly flue, an' ever'wheres,
I guess;

But all they ever found was thist his pants an'
roundabout!

An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of ever'one, an' all her blood-an'-kin;
An' onc't when they was "company," an' ole folks
was there,

She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't
care!

An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run
an' hide,

They was two great big Black Things a-standin' by
her side,

An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she
knowed what she's about!

An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
 An' the lamp-wick sputters, an' the wind goes woo-oo!
 An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
 An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched
 away, —

You better mind yer parents, an' yer teachers fond
 an' dear,

An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's
 tear,

An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all
 about,

Er the Gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Why do you think this poem is a favorite?

What does the first stanza tell about? the second? the third? the fourth?

What unusual words are used in the poem? Why are they used?

When would be a good time to read this poem? How should you try to make people feel when you read it?

STORIES OF KING ARTHUR

The stories of Arthur that have come down to us from the Middle Ages have always been great favorites with boys and girls. The stories told in the quaint language of those chivalrous days are more fairy tale than history. See if you can understand why they have been such favorites.

HOW ARTHUR CAME TO HIS KINGDOM

Now when a son was born to Uther Pendragon, king of England, and his wife, the Queen Igraine, the magician Merlin came before the king and said, "O king, I see written in the book that ere long thou wilt die. Then thy kingdom will be in turmoil. Would it not be wise for me to take the child away, that he may come to no harm, and give him to some knight to raise until such time as he shall be ready to reign?" So the baby was given to Sir Ector, who knew not whence he came, and was christened Arthur. A few years later King Uther died, and many knights claimed the throne. There was strife and trouble throughout the land.

Some fifteen years had passed when the Archbishop of Canterbury, weary of the strife, sent for Merlin and asked him what they had best do to

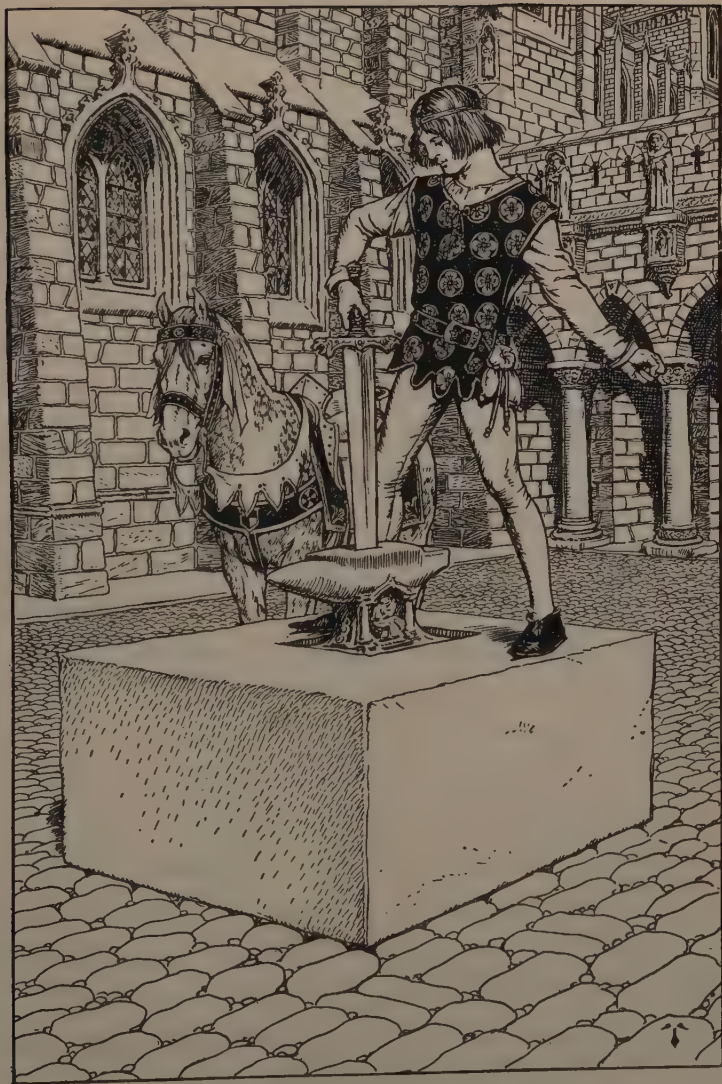
bring peace. Merlin advised him to send for all the lords of the land and all the gentlemen of arms, that they should come to London at Christmas. At that time a miracle would show who should rightly be king of the land. So all the lords and gentlemen made themselves ready and came to London. Long before dawn on Christmas Day they were all gathered in the great church of St. Paul's to pray.

When the first service was over, there was seen in the churchyard a large stone, four square, like marble. In the midst of it was an anvil of steel. In this was stuck, by the point, a beautiful sword, and written about the sword were these words

WHOSO PULLETH THIS SWORD OUT OF THIS STONE AND
ANVIL, HE IS RIGHTLY KING OF ALL ENGLAND

Then the people marveled, and many tried to pull out the sword, but not one could make it stir. So the archbishop appointed ten good knights to keep guard over the sword; and a great tournament was proclaimed for New Year's Day.

On New Year's Day the barons all rode to the field of the tournament. Sir Ector rode also, and



with him his son Sir Kay and his foster son Arthur. Sir Kay broke his sword in a joust, and came to the tent where were his father and brother and asked Arthur if he would find him another. So Arthur rode to the churchyard, and, springing on the stone, he lightly pulled the sword from the anvil, for the guards had gone to the joust. When he delivered the sword to Sir Kay, his brother knew it at once, and went and told his father, "Sir, here is the sword of the stone. My brother Arthur brought it to me."

Then they all three rode to the churchyard, and Sir Ector gave back the sword to Arthur, and said, "Now let me see whether you can put the sword there as it was, and pull it out again."

"There is no difficulty," said Arthur, and he put it back into the anvil.

Then Sir Ector tried to pull out the sword, and failed. Sir Kay also tried, but it would not move.

"Now you shall try," said Sir Ector to Arthur.

And Arthur pulled out the sword easily.

At this Sir Ector and Sir Kay knelt down on the ground before him.

"Alas," said Arthur, "mine own dear father and brother, why do you kneel to me?"

Then Sir Ector told him all, how he had received him from Merlin, and knew not of his parentage. And Arthur was sad to think that Sir Ector was no more his father, but promised that Sir Kay should be his seneschal.

Then they went to the archbishop and told him how the sword had been won, and by whom.

On Twelfth Day all the barons came to the stone to try who should win the sword, but not one could take it out except Arthur. After that he was crowned at once, and there he swore to be a true king and to govern with true justice all the days of his life.

When King Arthur learned from Merlin that his mother, Igraine, yet lived, he sent for her in all haste. The queen came, bringing with her Morgan le Fay, her daughter by a former marriage. Therewith Arthur took his mother in his arms and kissed her, and commanded a feast to be held that lasted eight days.

HOW ARTHUR WON HIS SWORD EXCALIBUR

One day there came to the court a squire on horseback, leading a knight before him, wounded to death. And he told how his master had been

slain, and begged that he might be buried, and that some knight might avenge his death. "The knight who hath slain my master hath set up his pavilion in the forest by the fountain and asks all that pass to joust with him," said the squire.

Then up rose a young squire named Griflet, who was about the same age as Arthur. He came to the king and besought him to make him a knight, so that he could take up the quarrel.

"You are full young and tender," said Arthur, "to take so high an order on you."

"Sir," said Griflet, "I pray you, make me a knight."

So the King made him a knight.

"Now," he said, "since I have made you a knight, you must give me a gift."

"What you will," said Griflet.

Then the king made him promise that when he had fought with the knight at the fountain he would return to the court.

So Griflet took his horse in great haste, and got ready his shield, and took a spear in his hand, and rode at a gallop till he came to the fountain. A shield of many colors hung on a tree, and Griflet smote on the shield with the butt of his spear, so that the shield fell to the ground.

With that the knight came out of the pavilion and said, "Fair knight, why smote you down my shield?"

"Because I would joust with you," said Griflet.

"It is better you do not," said the knight, "for you are young and but lately made knight, and your might is nothing to mine."

But Griflet would not turn, and the two knights ran together, so that Griflet's spear was shattered to pieces. The other knight, whose name was Pellinore, smote Griflet through the shield and the left side until he and his horse fell to the ground.

When Pellinore saw Griflet lie so on the ground he alighted, and was very sad. He thought he had slain him. He unlaced his helm and gave him air, and set him again on his horse, saying that if he lived he would make a passing good knight. So Griflet rode back to court, where, through good doctors, he was healed.

King Arthur was wrathful because of the hurt to Sir Griflet, and on the morrow, before dawn, he mounted, and took sword and spear, and rode away. As he rode, he was aware of Merlin's being chased by three churls, and he frightened them away and saved Merlin.

When they came to the fountain with the pavilion beside it, there sat a knight armed.

"Sir Knight," said Arthur, "for what cause do you stay here preventing any knight to pass unless he joust with you? I counsel you, leave your custom."

"This is my custom," said Pellinore. "If you like it not, change it."

"I will amend it," said Arthur.

"I will prevent you," said Pellinore.

He quickly mounted his horse, and the two came together so hard that the spear of each was shattered. Thereupon Arthur at once pulled out his sword.

"Nay, not so," said the knight; "it is fairer that we use spears again."

So a squire brought new spears, and again they were broken. A third time they tried, and this time Arthur's spear broke and he and his horse were thrown. Then began a battle on foot, which lasted until Arthur's sword was cut in two by the sword of Pellinore. Then Arthur leaped upon Pellinore and tore off his helm. But Pellinore was a big and mighty man and quickly got Arthur underneath and would have cut off his head, but Merlin

came and stayed his hand, saying, "Knight, if you slay that knight you will put the realm in great danger, for this knight is a man of more honor than you are aware of."

"Who is he?" asked Pellinore.

"He is King Arthur," said Merlin.

Then Pellinore would have slain himself, but Merlin cast an enchantment on him and put him to sleep.

Then Merlin took up Arthur, who rode on Pellinore's horse, and they came to a lake. In the midst of the lake Arthur saw an arm, clothed in white samite, that held in its hand a beautiful sword.

Then they saw a damsel rowing across the lake.

"Who is the damsel?" asked Arthur.

"That is the Lady of the Lake," said Merlin, "and she dwells within a fair palace in a rock in the lake. This damsel will soon come to you, and then you speak her fair so that she will give you the sword."

Presently the damsel came to Arthur and saluted him, and he her again.

"Damsel," said Arthur, "what sword is that which yonder arm holds above the water? I would it were mine, for I have no sword."

"Sir Arthur, king," said the damsel, "that sword is mine. The name of it is Excalibur, which is to say, 'cut steel.' If you will give me a gift when I ask you, you shall have it."

"By my faith," said Arthur, "I will give you what gift ye shall ask."

"I will ask my gift when I see my time," said the damsel. "Now go you into yonder barge, and row yourself to the sword, and take it and the scabbard with you."

So Arthur went into the barge, and came to the sword, and lifted it by the handle. And the arm and hand went away under the water. And Arthur came again to land, and he and Merlin rode away.

"Which like you the better, the sword or the scabbard?" asked Merlin.

"I like the sword better," replied Arthur.

"You are the more unwise," said Merlin, "for the scabbard is worth ten of the sword. While you have the scabbard on you, you shall never lose any blood. Therefore keep the scabbard always with you."

So they returned to Carleon, where King Arthur's knights were passing glad to see him. When they

heard of his adventures, they marveled that he would so endanger himself alone. But all men of honor said it was merry to be under such a leader.

A QUEEN AND A TABLE ROUND

When Arthur had been king for some years, and had fought and overcome many of his enemies, his barons were anxious that he should take a wife. So according to his custom he went and consulted Merlin.

"It is well," said Merlin; "for a man of your bounty and nobleness should not be without a wife. Now is there any that you love more than another?"

"Yes," said Arthur, "I love Guinevere, the daughter of King Leodegrance. Leodegrance holdeth in his house the Table Round, which he had of my father, Uther, and this damsel is the most noble and beautiful that I know."

"Sir," said Merlin, "as to her beauty, she is one of the fairest alive, and where a man's heart is set, he will be loath to go back." So Merlin carried a message to Leodegrance, who greatly rejoiced.

"Those are the best tidings I ever heard," he said, "that such a king will wed my daughter. I would give him my lands, but he hath lands enough. I shall send him a gift which shall please him much more. I will give him the Round Table which Uther Pendragon gave me, and when it is full it will hold a hundred knights and fifty. As for a hundred good knights, I have them myself, but I lack fifty."

So Leodegrance delivered his daughter to Merlin, and the Round Table with the hundred knights. And they rode briskly, with great royalty, till they came near to London.

When King Arthur heard of their coming, he made great joy.

"This lady is passing welcome unto me," he said. "I have loved her long, and therefore there is nothing so dear to me. And these knights with the Round Table please me more than great riches."

Then in all haste the king commanded preparations for the marriage and coronation to be made in the most honorable way that could be thought of. And the Archbishop of Canterbury came and blessed the seats of the Round Table with great

splendor and devotion. Over every seat were letters of gold that told the knights' names that sat there. But two places were empty.

Then King Arthur asked Merlin why there were two places empty. Merlin answered, "Sir, there shall no man sit in those places, except they shall be of the greatest honor. But in the Siege Perilous there shall no man sit but one; and if there be any so hardy to do it, he shall be destroyed. He that shall sit there shall have no equal."

Soon after this was the high feast made ready, and the king was wedded at Camelot to Dame Guinevere with great rejoicing.

Then King Arthur established all his knights. To those who were not rich he gave lands, and charged them never to do outrage and always to flee treason. Also by no means to be cruel, but to give mercy to him that asked mercy, and always to succor ladies, damsels, and gentlewomen. Also that no man should take battle in a wrongful quarrel.

Unto this were all the knights of the Round Table sworn, both old and young. And every year they renewed their vows at the high feast of Pentecost.

HOW THE SIEGE PERILOUS WAS FILLED

Many years went by, and the knights of the Round Table had many adventures and did many noble deeds, righting wrongs and helping those in distress. And for all those years the Siege Perilous had stood empty.

Once again it was the vigil of Pentecost, when all the fellowship of the Round Table had come to Camelot to renew their vows. The tables were set for the feast, when there entered into the hall a fair gentlewoman, dressed as a nun, who asked for Sir Launcelot. When she saw him she bade him follow her. And she led him to a forest in which was an abbey, and there was brought to him a young man, so beautiful and well made that scarcely in the world could man find his match.

"Sir," said the nun, "this is Galahad, and we pray you to make him a knight. Of no worthier man's hand could he receive the order of knighthood."

That night Sir Launcelot stayed in the abbey, and in the early dawn, at Galahad's desire, he made him a knight. Then he departed for Camelot, that he might not miss the service.

When the service was over, and the king and the barons came back, they saw written on the Siege Perilous these words

IN THE YEAR FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FOUR OUGHT
THIS SIEGE TO BE FILLED

They had been served, and the seats were all filled, save only the Siege Perilous, when there suddenly befell a marvelous thing — all the doors and windows shut of themselves. Yet the hall was not greatly darkened. And there came in a very ancient man, clothed all in white. He brought with him a young knight in red armor.

"Peace be with you, lords!" said the old man. Then to Arthur, "Sir, I bring here a young knight who is of king's lineage." And he led the knight straight to the Siege Perilous, whereon was now written

THIS IS THE SEAT OF GALAHAD

Then he departed.

All the knights of the Round Table marveled greatly at Galahad, because he had dared to sit

there in the Siege Perilous when he was so tender of age. They knew not from whence he came, but only that God had sent him.

There was great excitement in the palace, and word came to Queen Guinevere. She said that he must surely be Galahad, the son of Sir Launcelot and of Elaine, daughter of King Pelles.

When the meal was over, so that King Arthur and all were risen, the king went to the Siege Perilous and took Galahad by the hand and said, "Sir, you are welcome, for you shall move many good knights to the quest of the Holy Grail, and you shall achieve that which never knight could do."

THE BEGINNING OF THE QUEST

"Now," said King Arthur, "I am sure that all you of the Round Table will depart on this quest of the Holy Grail, and never shall I see all of you again. Therefore will I see you all together in the meadow of Camelot, to joust and to tourney, that after your death men may speak of it, that such knights were together on such a day."

To the king's request they all agreed, and put on their armor that belonged to jousting, and as-

sembled in the meadow. And the queen was in a tower with all her ladies to behold that tournament. And Galahad surpassed all other knights, and in a little while had thrown down many good knights of the Round Table. But Sir Launcelot and Sir Percival he did not overthrow.

Then the king and all the nobles went home to Camelot, and after they had been to evensong in the great minster they went to supper. And every knight sat in his own place as he had done before.

Suddenly they heard cracking and rolling of thunder, as if the place would have been riven. In the midst of this blast entered a sunbeam, clearer by seven times than ever they saw by day. All their faces shone with a divine light, and each seemed fairer than anyone had seemed before. Not a knight could speak a single word for a great while. So they looked every man at one another.

Then there entered into the hall the Holy Grail, covered with white samite. But none could see it, nor the one who bore it. And when the Holy Grail had been borne through the hall, then the holy vessel departed suddenly, so that they knew not what became of it.

After it had gone, they all had breath to speak, and King Arthur gave thanks to God for the great favor He had sent them. And one after another of the knights arose and vowed to go in quest of the Holy Grail, and not to return till they had seen it openly, or knew that it was not the will of Heaven that they should so do.

The next day the knights put on their armor and went to the minster to service. And when it was over they put on their helmets, and mounted their horses, and rode through the streets of Camelot. And there was weeping of the rich and of the poor, and the king turned away, and could not speak for weeping.

So the Knights of the Round Table rode forth on the quest of the Holy Grail.

THE DEATH OF ARTHUR

After the quest of the Holy Grail had been fulfilled, and all the knights that were left living had come again to the Round Table, then there was great joy at court. Especially did King Arthur and Queen Guinevere rejoice. For a time all went well, and there was much feasting and gayety.

Among the knights at King Arthur's court the most spiteful and malicious was Sir Modred. Through his jealousy of Sir Launcelot, and his evil speaking, he made such trouble that that noble knight left the court with many followers. And while King Arthur was away in France, Sir Modred ruled the kingdom, and forged letters, and did treacherously.

Now when Arthur heard of these things he came home, and met Sir Modred and his army in battle. All day long they fought without ceasing; and when night came, of all King Arthur's noble knights there were none left alive but Sir Lucan, the butler, and his brother Sir Bedivere, and both were sorely wounded. Then was King Arthur sorrowful to see his people slain. But when he saw that Sir Modred still lived, he took his spear in both hands and ran toward Modred, crying, "Traitor, now is thy death day come!"

When Sir Modred heard King Arthur, he ran at him with his sword drawn. Then King Arthur thrust Modred through the body with his spear, so that he fell dead. But Modred's sword pierced the helmet and the brain of King Arthur, so that he fell to the earth.

Sir Lucan and Sir Bedivere lifted up King Arthur to carry him to a little chapel, but Sir Lucan was so grievously wounded that he fell dead. And Sir Bedivere wept for his brother. But King Arthur was fast losing strength, and said, "Take Excalibur, and throw that good sword into the water, and return and tell me what you see."

So Sir Bedivere departed, but he hid the sword under a tree and returned, saying that as the sword sank he saw only the ripple of the water. King Arthur knew then that Sir Bedivere had not done what he was asked to do. So he sent him again. Again Sir Bedivere hid the sword and returned with the same report. When King Arthur sent him the third time, however, Sir Bedivere threw the sword as far as he could into the water. Then there came an arm and a hand above the water, and met it, and caught it, and shook the sword thrice, and vanished. So Sir Bedivere told the king what he had seen.

Then Sir Bedivere took the king upon his back, and so carried him to the water side. And when they reached it, a barge drifted in quite close to the bank, with many fair ladies in it, all wearing black hoods.



"Now put me into the barge," said the king, and Sir Bedivere did so.

And there received him three queens. And one of them said, "Ah, dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me?"

Thus King Arthur was borne away. And some people say that King Arthur died; but many men think that King Arthur never died at all, but dwells now in some beautiful valley of rest, and that some day he will come again to rule over England, for on his tomb this is written

HERE LIES ARTHUR, KING THAT WAS, AND KING THAT SHALL BE
--

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Why do you think these stories have been such favorites?

What advantages and disadvantages do you think there would have been in living in the time of Arthur?

Which story did you enjoy most? Why?

Would these stories be enjoyed more fully if they were read aloud? Why?

Make out a series of questions to ask your classmates that will call for the reading of parts you particularly liked.

GENERAL ROBERT EDWARD LEE

It is hard for anyone to be defeated in an undertaking, no matter how small it is. Therefore, when a great general must lay down his arms and surrender to the victor, it must bring to him one of the bitterest moments of his life. The surrender is not only hard for him to bear personally, but, because of his position, he may be hated by both the victorious and the defeated armies.

There is one man in American history, however, who stood this severe test of character and held the respect and admiration of both armies. This man is General Robert E. Lee, who commanded the forces of the South in the Civil War. What qualities did he possess that made this possible?

On January 19, 1807, Robert Edward Lee was born at Stratford, Westmoreland County, Virginia, just a few miles from Wakefield, the birthplace of George Washington. Although seventy-five years had passed since Washington's birth, the life of the people in Westmoreland County had changed but little, and Robert knew the same streams and woods and enjoyed the same freedom that the great general had loved as a boy.

"Light-Horse Harry Lee," Robert's father, had served under the great commander in chief during the War for Independence, and had been a close

friend as well. So it would have been strange if young Robert had not taken Washington as his hero. Indeed, he was more than a hero — he was a living presence to the household, and Robert unconsciously molded his life and character upon this ideal of manhood.

Many things in the life of Robert E. Lee were like events in the life of Washington. Each had lost his father when he was at the age of eleven and was guided by his mother. Both had several younger brothers and sisters and were burdened with responsibilities long before they were of age. Both were country boys, delighting in outdoor life and loving animals, especially horses and dogs.

Moving to Alexandria after the death of her husband, Mrs. Lee was able to send her children to excellent schools. Robert's first schoolmaster, William Leary, of the Alexandria Academy, was a man of high character and education, who became his lifelong friend. Another of his instructors, Benjamin Hallowell, wrote of him: "Robert Lee was a most exemplary scholar in every respect. He was never behind time with his lessons, he never failed in a single recitation, he obeyed all rules and regulations, and was always gentlemanly and respectful."

Robert Lee's mother had become an invalid shortly after her husband's death, and this brought many cares into the life of the young man. He looked after the estate, carried the keys of the house, and each fine day would lift his mother gently from her chair to the big old carriage and take her for a drive. It was hard for Mrs. Lee to give up this thoughtful son, when, at eighteen, he entered West Point. But for the son of "Light-Horse Harry" there was no other life possible than that of a soldier in the service of his country.

Lee was neither a "prig" nor a "grind" and entered into the life of West Point with enthusiasm. He had learned two great lessons, self-control and acceptance of responsibility, and he let it be thoroughly understood that the military training was part of his life and that he was at the Academy to learn. With the love and respect of instructors and students alike, he graduated second in his class, and with the unique record of having not a single demerit against him.

Lee belonged to the engineering department, and was assigned to the coast defense at Hampton Roads, where he soon became popular with all the young people in the country round and was in

demand for all dances and parties. One of the girls he met was his old friend Mary Custis, great-granddaughter of Martha Washington, and they were married when he was twenty-five. They were a devoted couple, and would have been happy to have lived simply on their Virginia estate, but the young lieutenant was called to active service.

Lee served through several Indian wars, won promotion during the Mexican War, and was serving in Texas when, in 1861, he was recalled to Washington. He was horrified to find that the question of slavery was bringing about such a break between the North and the South, for, like Lincoln, he believed that the abolishing of slavery could be more wisely accomplished if it came slowly. But he was a firm believer in states' rights, and when he found that the South was to be invaded, he at once sent in his resignation to the Secretary of War and determined to serve his state.

Jefferson Davis president of the Confederate states, offered Lee the command of the Southern army, and he accepted the commission. The same splendid service he had given to his country he now gave to his state, planning, studying, and maneuvering so that the small army of men at his

command could defeat the greater numbers in the opposing army. For four bitter years the warfare continued, until finally General Grant's army entirely surrounded General Lee's. Both these generals hated unnecessary bloodshed; and when Grant sent to Lee a courteous request for an interview, the latter was ready to accept terms of surrender.

One of the most remarkable scenes in history took place at Appomattox Court House on April 9, 1865, when General Lee and General Grant met for the first time, shook hands, and quietly sat down to talk. They discussed the time when they had both served under General Scott, and then General Grant, apologizing for his unkempt appearance (he was spattered with mud), drew toward him a piece of paper and wrote out terms of surrender that would give the least embarrassment to his opponent. Lee wrote his reply, the secretaries copied the two documents in ink, and General Lee returned to his men. They were waiting on the hillsides, feeling keenly the grief and discouragement of defeat. But when their commander appeared before them on his gray horse they forgot their own sorrow in their love for him, even as his first thought had always been for his loyal followers.

In an instant they were about him, bareheaded, with tear-wet faces; thronging about him, kissing his hand, his boots, his saddle; weeping; cheering him amid their tears; shouting his name to the very skies. He said, "Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done my best for you. My heart is too full to say more."

After Lee's surrender all fighting ceased, and the difficult task of reconstruction began. Lee was one of the first to say that the Confederacy had ceased to exist, and he urged upon all who sought his advice that they should take the oath of allegiance to the United States and should return to their occupations.

One of his biographers tells this story:

One day I saw the general standing near his gate talking with a stranger to whom he gave some money. As the two men parted, I drew near, venturing to ask who the man was. Lee replied, "He was one of our old soldiers." Much interested, I inquired further, "And to what command did he belong?" Lee replied, "Oh, he was one of those who fought against us, but we are all one now, and we must make no difference in our treatment of them."

When Lee returned to his home he was offered many positions. The respect and admiration felt for him in the South was shown by one company, which urged him to accept a position with them

at a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year. The general declined, because he felt that he was not familiar enough with the work to do it justice.

"But, General," said the gentleman who represented the company, "you will not be expected to do any work. What we wish is the use of your name."

"Do you not think," said General Lee, "that if my name is worth fifty thousand dollars a year, I ought to be very careful of it?"

At last Lee accepted an invitation to become the president of Washington College at Lexington, Virginia. The salary offered was small, but the work was what he liked, and he felt that he could do it well. He said, "I have led the young men of the South to battle. I have seen many of them die upon the field. I shall now devote myself to training young men to do their duty in life."

He bent all his energies to the aid of the poverty-stricken college and was successful in helping it to become a great institution of learning. Students enrolled there from all over the South. President Lee knew them intimately, followed their work closely, and encouraged and inspired them by his own example.

For five years Lee worked at the college. After his death in October, 1870, the trustees of Washington College wished to show the honor and respect they felt for Robert E. Lee, so they changed the name to Washington and Lee University. Surely Lee would have found no tribute more nearly to his liking than to have his name linked with that of the great American whom he so much admired.

Although much has been written and said about Robert E. Lee as a soldier and a great general, it is as a great man that we like to remember him. It has been truly said of him: "Lee met discouragement and defeat with patience and fortitude. He met success and victory with self-restraint and dignity. He passed through sunshine and through shadow as one whose soul was lighted by an inner glory."

MARY A. AYRES

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

What qualities did General Robert E. Lee possess which make him honored and admired by every true American?

Prove that your answer is correct by quoting incidents both from this article and from others that you have read.



WIND

Do you like to hear the wind blowing? What are some of the things it does? See if Amy Lowell mentions things that you have not thought of.

He shouts in the sails of the ships at sea,
He steals the down from the honeybee,
He makes the forest trees rustle and sing,
He twirls my kite till it breaks its string.

Laughing, dancing, sunny wind,
Whistling, howling, rainy wind,
North, South, East and West,
Each is the wind I like the best.

He calls up the fog and hides the hills,
He whirls the wings of the great windmills,
The weathercocks love him and turn to discover
His whereabouts — but he's gone, the rover!

Laughing, dancing, sunny wind,
Whistling, howling, rainy wind,
North, South, East and West,
Each is the wind I like the best.

The pine trees toss him their cones with glee,
The flowers bend low in courtesy,
Each wave flings up a shower of pearls,
The flag in front of the school unfurls.

Laughing, dancing, sunny wind,
Whistling, howling, rainy wind,
North, South, East and West,
Each is the wind I like the best.

AMY LOWELL

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

How many things does Amy Lowell mention that the wind does? How does she make these things interesting?

Prepare to read the stanza you like best.

WHEN MEN FIRST TALKED

Have you ever wondered about the time when people first talked? Many children have asked to be told who invented talking. This selection will answer their question.

"Look at Laddie, mother. What does he want? His ears are standing up straight, and his eyes look as if they were asking for something." Ned Robinson laughed as he patted the big brown dog standing beside him at the breakfast table.

"Laddie is pointing to something," said Margaret, Ned's younger sister. "See how straight and steady he holds his nose. I believe he is pointing to that plate of doughnuts!" Margaret moved the plate to one side, and the dog's ears quivered, and his head turned toward the crispy brown doughnuts.

"He is asking for a doughnut in the only way he knows," said Mrs. Robinson.

"He uses a sign language," said Ned, jokingly. He took a small doughnut from the plate and started toward the kitchen. Laddie gave a quick, short bark and followed eagerly. In a minute the doughnut was gone.

"Laddie almost talks," said Margaret; "but he has to talk with his eyes and ears, his tail, and his bark."

"He talks with signs and sounds because he cannot use words," said Mrs. Robinson. "That is the way people first began to talk."

"I can hardly imagine a time when people didn't use words," said Ned.

"Baby Louise doesn't use words," said Mrs. Robinson, "and yet we can understand when she wants her dinner."

"Yes; she talks then with a good loud cry," said Margaret, with a smile.

"Wouldn't it seem queer if we all had to use signs and sounds to express what we wanted to say!" said Ned.

"It would be like one of these pantomime plays, when a story is told by actions instead of words," said Margaret. "Do you remember what fun we had when we gave the pantomime last year? One boy had to pretend he was giving a lecture. He had us all laughing at his different expressions. He raised his eyebrows, moved his head in various ways, raised his hands, and moved his mouth slowly and quickly, but he didn't speak a word."

"And a girl pretended she was entertaining company," said Ned. "She invited the people in, took their hats and coats, served the dinner, and sang to them without saying a word."

"We found out then that it isn't easy to show what one means without talking," said Margaret. "It must be hard to ask questions when one is in a foreign country and doesn't know the language."

"I suppose if I were hungry and wanted to be directed to a restaurant I should open my mouth and point to it," said Ned, laughing at the idea.

"Then someone might think you had a toothache and send you to a dentist instead of a restaurant," said Margaret.

"We certainly need words," said Ned. "It would be hard for people to understand what we meant without words."

"The people who lived long, long ago realized the difficulty of expressing themselves and of understanding each other without words," said Mrs. Robinson, "and that is why talking was invented. At first people talked to each other by a sign language. They made gestures, or signs, with their hands and heads, and they used their fingers and feet with which to express what they wanted

to say. They did not have the thousands of words that we have today."

"The Indians used a sign language when they first talked with the white men," said Ned, "because they didn't know any other way to make themselves understood."

"Some of the early tribes used many different signs," said Mrs. Robinson. "The ideas *yes* and *no* were usually expressed by various motions of the head, although one tribe expressed *no* by a tap on the nose. Another tribe expressed the idea *no* by moving a hand quickly before the chest, with the forefinger held up straight and the other fingers closed."

"The Indians sometimes used different sounds for speech," said Ned. "Louise does, too; that is, you say that she cries in different ways when she is sleepy, or hungry, or has a pain."

"Yes; gradually different sounds were used with the gestures and signs," said Mrs. Robinson. "Then a certain sound came to mean one particular thought or idea, and that was the beginning of speech. As people learned to make fires and places in which to live, and as they began to make simple tools to work with, they used more sounds. Then

the sounds which were used regularly for certain things became words."

"It must have been a queer kind of speech," said Margaret.

"Yes; it would have sounded very queer to us if we could have listened to people talking thousands of years ago," said her mother. "As the tribes learned more and more how to take care of themselves and to live with each other, they began to invent more words, and talking became easier."

"But how did there come to be so many languages?" asked Ned.

"Because the tribes began to explore and to travel," replied Mrs. Robinson. "Some of the people traveled to the East and some to the West. They settled in different places and lived there the rest of their lives. Each tribe invented new words as the years passed, and finally each tribe used different words. In this way their languages became strange to each other."

"That is just the way it is now," said Margaret. "We cannot understand the French, the Italians, the Norwegians, and people of other countries because we live far away from them, and they have grown up with a different language."

"It has been found that certain parts of words in various languages are somewhat alike," said Mrs. Robinson, "so we may be sure that some of these words were among the first ones used by people when they began to talk. Our word *mother* is a little different in other languages, and yet you can see that it is also somewhat similar. In German it is *mutter*; in Latin it is *mater*; in Greek it is *meter*; and in the old Persian language, which is still older, we find it as *madar*. Before that, thousands of years ago in India, it was called *mata*."

"Then the words we use today must have come from the speech of people who lived thousands of years ago," said Ned.

"Yes; and every word we use when we talk has its own history or its own story," said his mother. "The English language, which is now used by millions of people, is made up of words from olden times, parts of words from many countries and many languages, and words which have been in use only a short time. The various words used by different tribes went through many changes; for as time went on, some words were dropped and forgotten, and other words were invented, were tried for a while, and gradually became used all the time."

"Are we inventing any new words today?" asked Margaret.

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Robinson. "If your great-great-grandparents were alive they would not know what we were talking about if we should use certain words. Can you guess what they are?"

Margaret looked puzzled as she tried to think of new words; but after a minute Ned's face brightened, and he said, "I know one new word. Our grandparents would not know what we meant if we spoke of an *airplane*, because airplanes were not invented when they lived, and so the word wasn't invented either."

"Oh, I understand now," said Margaret. "Then the words *telephone* and *automobile* are new ones in our language, because these inventions have come only recently."

"Yes, you are both right," said Mrs. Robinson, rising from the table. "I must go upstairs now because baby Louise is crying, and that means that she wants to get up and have her breakfast. A cry is her way of talking to me, and usually I can understand it. But I shall be very glad when Louise can talk with words, because sometimes I cannot understand what she is trying to tell me."

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Who invented talking? Why?

If you can fill out the following blanks correctly, it will show you how well you have read this selection :

People used a ---- language before ---- were invented.

They used their hands, head, fingers, and feet to make -----.

The Indians sometimes used different ---- for speech.

The sounds which were used regularly for certain things finally became -----.

The tribes used more ---- as they began to ---- and to -----.

Tribes settling in different ---- used ---- words.

Certain parts of words in the different ---- are -----.

This proves that these ---- were some of the first ones used.

We are ----- words today.

New ----- call for ---- words.

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

Do you believe in ghosts? There is a ghost in this story. Decide how you can account for the headless horseman.

PART I

In the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, there lies a small market town by the name of Tarrytown. Not far from this village, perhaps about two miles, there is a little valley among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose.

From the quiet of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this glen has long been known by the name of Sleepy Hollow. Its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighboring country. The place seems to be under the sway of some bewitching power, that holds a spell over the minds of the good people. They are given to all kinds of marvelous beliefs, and frequently see strange sights and hear music and voices in the air.

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region is the apparition of a figure on horseback without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper, whose head had been carried away by a cannon ball in some nameless battle during the Revolutionary War. This figure is ever and anon seen by the country folk, hurrying along in the gloom of the night, as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts extend at times to the neighboring roads, and especially to a church at no great distance. Indeed, certain of the historians of those parts say that the body of the trooper having been buried in the churchyard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle nightly in quest of his head. The rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the Hollow is owing to his being belated, and in a hurry to get back to the churchyard before daybreak. The specter is known at all the country firesides by the name of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

In this by-place of nature, there was, some thirty years since, a worthy man of the name of Ichabod Crane, who lived in Sleepy Hollow for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with

narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat on top, with huge ears, large, green, glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock perched upon his spindle neck to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the top of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for some scarecrow escaped from a cornfield.

His schoolhouse was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs, the windows partly glazed, and partly patched with leaves of old copy books. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant hours by a withe twisted in the handle of the door and stakes set against the window shutters. It stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, saying over their lessons, might be heard on a drowsy summer's day. It sounded like the hum of a beehive, interrupted

now and then by the voice of the master, in the tone of menace or command; or by the appalling sound of the birch, as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, and ever bore in mind the golden maxim "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

When school hours were over he was the companion and playmate of the larger boys, and on holiday afternoons would take home some of the smaller ones who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed, it behooved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The income from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder. To help out his support, he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers, whose children he instructed. With these he lived a week at a time, thus going the rounds of the neighborhood, with all his worldly goods tied up in a cotton handkerchief. He had various ways of making himself both useful and

agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labors of their farms and found favor in the eyes of the mothers by petting the children, particularly the youngest. He would sit with a child on one knee and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

In addition to all this, he was the singing master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in singing hymns. It was a matter of no little vanity to him on Sundays to take his station in front of the church gallery with a band of chosen singers. His voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation, and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church which are said to be descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by little makeshifts, he got on well enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labor of headwork, to have an easy life of it.

The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the female circle of a rural neighborhood. He is considered a kind of idle, gentlemanlike personage, vastly superior to the rough country lads, and, indeed, inferior in learning only to the parson. Our man of letters, therefore, was

peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels, who thought him a man of great learning, for he had read several books quite through. He was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's "History of New England Witchcraft," in which he most firmly believed. His appetite for the marvelous, and his powers of digesting it, were equally extraordinary. Both had been increased by his residence in this spellbound region. No tale was too monstrous for him. One of his sources of fearful pleasure was to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and spluttering along the hearth, and listen to their marvelous tales of ghosts and goblins, and haunted fields, and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges, and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless horseman, or Galloping Hessian of the Hollow, as they sometimes called him.

But this pleasure was dearly purchased by the terrors of his walk homeward. What fearful shapes and shadows beset his path amidst the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night! How often was he appalled by some shrub covered with snow, which, like a sheeted specter, beset his very path. And



how often was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast, howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the Galloping Hessian on one of his nightly journeys!

All these, however, were mere terrors of the night, and daylight put an end to them. He would have passed a pleasant life if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together, and that was — a woman!

Among the musical disciples who assembled one evening in each week to receive his instructions in singing hymns was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a rich Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of eighteen, plump as a partridge, ripe and rosy-cheeked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but for her vast expectations.

Ichabod had a soft and foolish heart, and it is not to be wondered at that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in his eyes; more especially after he had visited her in her father's house. Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He was satisfied

with his wealth, but not proud of it. He prided himself upon the hearty abundance rather than the style in which he lived. His house was built on the banks of the Hudson, and hard by it was a vast barn, every window and crack of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm. Sleek porkers were grunting in the abundance of their pens; a stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in a pond, leading whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farm-yard, and guinea fowls fretting about it. Before the barn door strutted the cock, clapping his wings and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart — sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever-hungry family of wives and children to the feast.

As the enchanted Ichabod beheld all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadow lands, the rich fields, and the orchards burdened with ruddy fruit, his heart yearned after the damsel who was to inherit these domains.

When he entered the house the conquest of his heart was complete. It was one of those spacious farmhouses, with high-ridged but lowly sloping roofs, built in the style handed down from the first

Dutch settlers. The low projecting eaves formed a piazza along the front, capable of being closed up in bad weather. From this piazza the wandering Ichabod entered the hall, which formed the center of the mansion and the place of usual residence. Here rows of shining pewter, ranged on a long dresser, dazzled his eyes. In one corner stood a huge bag of wool ready to be spun. Ears of Indian corn and strings of dried apples and peaches hung in gay festoons along the walls, mingled with gay red peppers. A door left ajar gave him a peep into the best parlor, where the claw-footed chairs and dark mahogany tables shone like mirrors.

From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight the peace of his mind was at an end. His only study was how to gain the affections of the peerless daughter of Van Tassel. In this plan, however, he had more real difficulties than generally fell to the lot of a knight-errant of yore, who seldom had anything but giants, enchanters, fiery dragons, and such easily conquered enemies to contend with. Ichabod had to meet a host of fearful adversaries of real flesh and blood, the numerous rustic admirers of Katrina, who kept a watchful and angry eye upon each other,

but were ready to fly out in the common cause against a stranger.

Among these the most formidable was a burly, roaring fellow by the name of Brom Van Brunt, the hero of the country round, which rang with his feats of strength and hardihood. He was broad-shouldered and double-jointed, with short, curly black hair and a bluff but not unpleasant countenance. From his strong frame and great powers of limb he had received the nickname of Brom Bones. He was famed for great knowledge and skill in horsemanship, and was always ready for either a fight or a frolic, but he had more mischief than ill will in his nature. When any madcap prank occurred in the vicinity, people shook their heads and said that Brom Bones was at the bottom of it.

This hero had for some time singled out the blooming Katrina for the object of his gallantries, and it was whispered that she did not altogether discourage his hopes. Certain it is, his advances were signals for rivals to retire. When his horse was seen tied to Van Tassel's paling on a Sunday night, a sure sign that his master was courting within, all other suitors passed by in despair.

Such was the rival with whom Ichabod Crane

had to contend. Considering all things, a wiser man than he would have despaired. He had, however, a happy mixture of yielding and perseverance in his nature. He knew that to take the field openly against his rival would have been madness. So under cover of his character of singing master, he made frequent visits at the farmhouse, and would carry on his suit with Katrina under the great elm, or sauntering along in the twilight, that hour so favorable to the lover's eloquence.

From the moment Ichabod Crane made his advances, the interests of Brom Bones declined. His horse was no longer seen tied at the palings on Sunday nights, and a deadly feud gradually arose between him and the schoolmaster of Sleepy Hollow. Brom, who had a degree of rough chivalry in his nature, would have carried matters to open warfare, but Ichabod was too conscious of the superior might of his adversary to enter the lists against him. He had overheard a boast of Bones, that he would "double the schoolmaster up and lay him on a shelf of his own schoolhouse," and Ichabod was too wary to give him an opportunity.

There was something extremely provoking in his peaceful system. It left Brom no alternative but

to play off practical jokes upon his rival. Ichabod became the object of persecution to Bones and his gang of rough riders. They harried his domains; smoked out his singing school by stopping up the chimney; broke into the schoolhouse at night and turned everything topsy-turvy; so that the poor schoolmaster began to think that all the witches in the country held their meetings there. But what was still more annoying, Brom turned him into ridicule in Katrina's presence. He had a cur whom he taught to whine in the most amusing manner, and introduced as a rival of Ichabod's to instruct her in singing.

PART II

In this way matters went on for some time. On a fine autumnal afternoon Ichabod sat enthroned on the lofty stool whence he watched all the concerns of his little literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ferule, that scepter of power. The birch of justice reposed on three nails behind the throne, a constant terror to evildoers. On the desk before him were sundry contraband articles and weapons, such as half-munched apples, popguns, whirligigs, and whole legions of rampant little paper game-

cocks. A kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the schoolroom. It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro, mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter. He came clattering up to the school door with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merrymaking to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassel's. Having delivered his message with an air of importance, he dashed over the brook and away up the hollow.

All was now bustle in the schoolroom. The scholars were hurried through their lessons. Those who were nimble skipped over half with impunity, and those who were tardy had a smart application now and then in the rear to quicken their speed or help them over a tall word. Books were flung aside, inkstands were overturned, benches thrown down, and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time, bursting forth like a legion of young imps.

The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half hour at his toilet, brushing up his best and, indeed, only suit of rusty black and arranging his locks by a bit of broken looking-glass that hung up in the schoolhouse. That he might make his

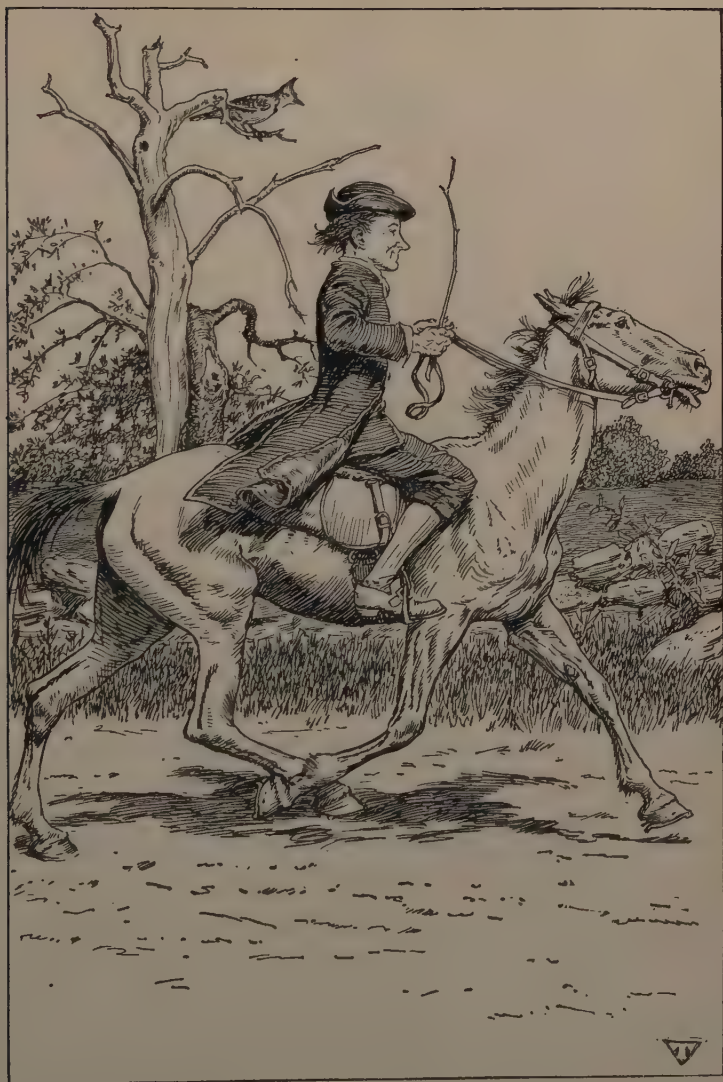
appearance in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was living, an old Dutchman of the name of Hans Van Ripper. Thus gallantly mounted, he issued forth like a knight-errant in quest of adventures. The animal he rode was a broken-down plow horse that had outlived almost everything but his viciousness. He was gaunt and shaggy, with a ewe neck and a head like a hammer. His rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burrs. One eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral, but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still he must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from the name he bore of Gunpowder.

Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle. His sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers'. He carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand like a scepter. As his horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called, and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of

Ichabod and his steed as they rode out of the gate of Hans Van Ripper. It was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.

As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast stores of apples; great fields of Indian corn, holding out the promise of cakes and hasty pudding; and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath, giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies. He passed the fragrant buckwheat fields, breathing the odor of the beehive, and as he beheld them, soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slapjacks well buttered, and garnished with honey, by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina Van Tassel.

Thus feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts, he journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which look out upon some of the goodliest scenes of the mighty Hudson. It was toward evening that he arrived at the castle of the Heer Van Tassel, which he found filled with the pride and flower of the country round. Brom Bones was the hero of the scene, having come to the gathering on his favorite steed, Dare-devil, a creature, like himself,



full of mischief, and which no one but himself could manage.

Fain would I pause to dwell upon the world of charms that burst upon the enraptured gaze of my hero as he entered the state parlor of Van Tassel's mansion. Not those of the lasses, with their display of red and white, but the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country tea table in the sumptuous time of autumn. Such heaped-up platters of cakes of various kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives! There was the doughty doughnut. There were sweet cakes and shortcakes, ginger cakes and honey cakes, and the whole family of cakes. And then there were apple pies and peach pies and pumpkin pies, besides slices of ham and smoked beef; and, moreover, dishes of preserved plums, and peaches, and pears, and quinces; not to mention broiled shad and roasted chickens; together with bowls of milk and cream, all mingled higgledy-piggledy, with the motherly teapot sending up clouds of vapor from the midst. Needless to say, Ichabod Crane did ample justice to every dainty.

And now the sound of the music from the hall summoned to the dance. The musician was an old

gray-headed negro who had been the orchestra of the neighborhood for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped on two or three strings. He accompanied every movement of the bow with a motion of the head, bowing almost to the ground and stamping with his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start.

Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing as much as upon his vocal powers. Not a limb, not a fiber about him was idle. To have seen his loosely hung frame in full motion and clattering about the room, you would have thought Saint Vitus himself, that patron of the dance, was before you in person. How could he be otherwise than joyous? The lady of his heart was his partner in the dance, and smiling graciously, while Brom Bones, sorely smitten with love and jealousy, sat brooding by himself in one corner.

When the dance was at an end, Ichabod was attracted to a knot of the wiser folks, who sat smoking at one end of the piazza, gossiping over former times and drawing out long stories about the war. But all these were nothing to the tales of ghosts that followed. The chief part of the stories

turned upon the favorite specter of Sleepy Hollow, the headless horseman, who had been heard several times of late patrolling the country, and, it was said, tethered his horse nightly among the graves in the churchyard.

The lonely situation of this church seems always to have made it a favorite haunt of troubled spirits. It stands on a hill, surrounded by trees. A gentle slope descends from it to a silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees. On one side of the church extends a wide woody dell, along which flows a brook. Over a deep, black part of the stream, not far from the church, was formerly thrown a wooden bridge. The road that led to it, and the bridge itself, were thickly shaded by overhanging trees, which cast a gloom about it even in the daytime, but occasioned a fearful darkness at night. This was one of the favorite haunts of the headless horseman. The tale was told of how old Brouwer, a disbeliever in ghosts, met the horseman and was obliged to get up behind him; how they galloped over bush and brake, over hill and swamp, until they reached the bridge. Then the horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw old Brouwer into the brook, and sprang away over the tree tops.

This story was matched by a thrice-marvelous adventure of Brom Bones, who made light of the galloping Hessian as a poor horseman. He stated that on returning one night from the neighboring village of Sing Sing, he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper. He had offered to race with him, and should have won, too, for Dare-devil beat the goblin horse all hollow, but just as they came to the church bridge the Hessian bolted and vanished in a flash of fire.

All these tales sank deep in the mind of Ichabod. He repaid them in kind with large extracts from his favorite author, Cotton Mather, and added many fearful sights which he had seen in his nightly walks about the Hollow.

The revel now gradually broke up. Ichabod only lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a word with the heiress, fully convinced that he was now on the high road to success. What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say. Something, however, must have gone wrong, for Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sacking a henroost rather than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth on

which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable. With several hearty cuffs and kicks he roused his steed most uncourteously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping.

PART III

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crestfallen, pursued his journey homeward, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarrytown, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon now came crowding upon his memory. The night grew darker and darker. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid.

As he approached the stream his heart began to thump. He summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge. But instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a sidewise movement and ran against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the

delay, jerked the reins on the other side and kicked lustily with the contrary foot. It was all in vain. His steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel on the ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffling and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge, with a suddenness that nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a splashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black, and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some monster ready to spring upon the traveler.

The hair of the frightened schoolmaster rose upon his head. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late. Besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents, "Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no

answer. Once more he beat the sides of Gunpowder and, shutting his eyes, broke forth into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object put itself in motion and, with a scramble and a bound, stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might in some degree be seen. He appeared to be a horseman of large size, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, now quickened his steed in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind. The other did the same. His heart began to sink within him. He tried to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a sound. There was something in the silence of his companion that was appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow traveler in relief against the

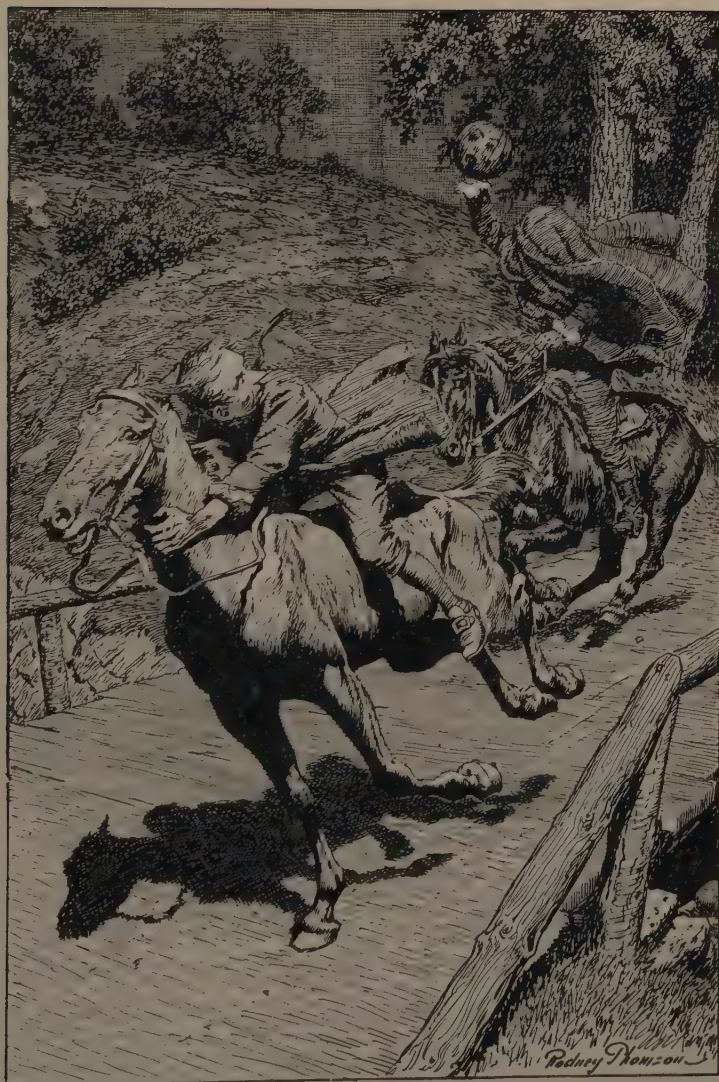
sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of the saddle. His terror rose to desperation. He rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping to give his companion the slip, but the specter started full jump with him. Away then they dashed, through thick and thin, stones flying and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long lank body away over his horse's head in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow, but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn and plunged headlong downhill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story; and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskillful rider an apparent advantage in the chase. But just as he had got halfway through the hollow

the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain. He had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled underfoot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind, for it was his Sunday saddle. But this was no time for petty fears. The goblin was hard on his haunches, and he had much ado to keep his seat, sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's backbone with a violence that he feared would cleave him apart.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He remembered the place where Brom Bones's ghostly rival had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him. He even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the



bridge; he thundered over the planks. He gained the opposite side. Now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It struck his head with a tremendous crash. He was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider passed like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast. Dinner hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys gathered at the schoolhouse, but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt. The tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond

which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not found. Hans Van Ripper examined the bundle which contained all Ichabod's worldly effects. They consisted of two shirts and a half, two stocks for the neck, a pair or two of worsted stockings, an old pair of corduroy small-clothes, a rusty razor, a book of psalm tunes, and a broken pitch pipe. As to the books and furniture of the schoolhouse, they belonged to the community, excepting Cotton Mather's "History of Witchcraft," a New England Almanac, and a book of dreams and fortune telling. In this last was a sheet of foolscap much scribbled and blotted in several fruitless attempts to make a copy of verses in honor of the heiress of Van Tassel. These magic books and the poetic scrawl were forthwith consigned to the flames by Hans Van Ripper, who from that time forward determined to send his children no more to school, observing that he never knew any good come of this same reading and writing. Whatever money the schoolmaster possessed, and he had

received his quarter's pay but a day or two before, he must have had about his person at the time of his disappearance.

The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were collected in the churchyard, at the bridge, and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Brouwer and Bones were called to mind. When they had considered them all, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him. The school was removed to a different quarter of the Hollow, and another teacher reigned in his stead.

It is true, an old farmer who had been down to New York on a visit several years after brought home the news that Ichabod Crane was still alive. He had left the neighborhood partly through fear of the goblin and Hans Van Ripper and partly in mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heiress. He had changed his home to a distant part of the country, had kept school and studied law at the same time, had been admitted

to the bar, had turned politician, and finally had been made a justice of the Ten Pound Court. Brom Bones too, who shortly after his rival's disappearance conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin. This led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

The old country wives, however, maintain that Ichabod was spirited away, and it is a favorite story often told about the neighborhood round the winter evening fire. The bridge became more than ever an object of awe, and the road has been altered of late years so as to approach the church by the border of the mill pond. The schoolhouse, being deserted, soon fell to decay, and was reported to be haunted by the ghost of the unfortunate teacher. The plowboy, loitering homeward of a still summer evening, has often fancied his voice at a distance, chanting a psalm tune among the solitudes of Sleepy Hollow.

WASHINGTON IRVING (*Abridged*)

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

How do you account for the headless horseman?

What curious customs did you learn about in this story?

Which of the following adjectives best describes Ichabod Crane? Brom Bones?

superstitious

cruel

wise

handsome

mischievous

foolish

This is a story containing interesting descriptions which need to be read aloud to be appreciated. Make out a list of questions to ask your classmates which will require the reading aloud of the descriptions you enjoyed most.



OLD IRONSIDES

What do you think there was about this boat to inspire Oliver Wendell Holmes to write a poem about it? The poem will tell you.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar; —
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee; —
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

What was inspiring about this boat? What additional facts do you know about *Old Ironsides*?

What did the poet hope her end would be? What has happened to her? What books will help you to find out?

WHAT HAPPENED ONE ST. JOHN'S DAY

AS TOLD BY INGER JOHANNE HERSELF

Have you ever had anything so exciting happen to you that you wanted to write a story about it? A Norwegian girl had such an experience, and this is the story she wrote about it. What should you like to find out?

Well, what I am going to tell about now hasn't the least thing to do with St. John's Day itself — you mustn't think it has; not the least connection with fresh young birch leaves and strong sunshine and Whitsuntide lilies and all that. Far from it. It is only that a certain St. John's Day stands out in my memory because of what happened to me then.

Yes, now you shall hear about it. First I must tell you of the weather. It was just exactly what it should be on St. John's Day. The sky looked high and deep, with tiniest white clouds sprinkled over the whole circle of the heavens, and the sunshine was glorious on the hills and mountains and on the blue, blue sea.

Since it was Sunday, as well as St. John's Day, I was all dressed up. To be sure my dress was an old one of mother's made over, but the insertion was

spandy new, and there was a lot of it. I'd love to draw a picture of that dress for you if you wanted to have one made like it.

Perhaps I had best begin at the very beginning, which was really Karsten's stamp collection. He does nothing but collect stamps and talk about stamps the whole day long. He exchanges and bargains and has a whole heap of "dubelkits," as he calls them. These duplicates he keeps in a tiny little box. He means to be very orderly, you see.

To tell the truth, Karsten is perfectly stupid about exchanging. The other boys can fool him like everything. He doesn't understand a bit how to do business, and so I always feel like taking charge of these stamp bargainings myself. If I see a boy I don't know very well peeping around the corner or sneaking up the hill, I am right on hand, for boys that want to trade never come running. They act as if they were spying round and lying in wait for some one.

The instant Karsten sees them he comes out with his stamp album. He stands there and expounds and explains about his stamps, with such a trustful look on his round pink face, while the other boys watch their chance to fool him; and before he

knows it, some of his very best specimens are gone. That's the reason why I have taken hold.

As soon as I see a suspicious-looking boy on the horizon — that is to say, on the hill — I go out and stand at the corner in all my dignity and won't budge, and I always put in my word, you may be sure. Karsten doesn't like it, but anyway he had me to thank for a rare Chili stamp.

But it was that very same rare stamp that brought about all my trouble on St. John's Day, because Nils Peter cheated Karsten out of it the next time he saw him. And that was on St. John's Day, the very day after I had got it for him.

"I believe you would give them your nose if they asked for it," I said to Karsten. "You'd stand perfectly still and let them cut it nicely off."

As Olaug came out just then (she is my little sister, you remember), I shouted to her, "Run as fast as you can to Nils Peter and tell him Inger Johanne says for him to give up that Chili stamp instantly. I'll hold Karsten while you run."

He would have run after Olaug to catch her before she should have time to ask Nils Peter for the stamp, for he thought that would be too embarrassing.

Just as I got a good grip on Karsten, Olaug started. Oh, how she ran! — just like a race horse, with her head high. Her hat fell off and hung by its elastic round her neck. She ran down the hill and up over Kranheia at top speed.

But you may believe I had a job of it standing there and holding fast to Karsten. He pushed and he struck and he scolded. My! how he did behave!

But I held on and watched Olaug to see how far she had got. I was high on the hill, you know, and could see a long way.

"O dear! Olaug will burst a blood vessel running like that," I thought. "My! now she is there — no, away off there." Karsten squirmed and struggled. "Now Olaug is on the path up Kranheia; she's slowing down a little."

Impossible for me to hold Karsten any longer. I had to let go. He was off like an arrow, his hair standing up straight and his feet pounding the ground like a young elephant's.

O pshaw! Running like that he would soon catch Olaug. It was frightfully exciting, like a horse race or a hunt after wild animals.

Well, that isn't a very good comparison, for nothing could be less like a wild animal than Olaug; but

it was awfully exciting to see whether she would keep ahead and get the Chili stamp from Nils Peter.

So that I might see better how the race ended, I sprang up to our chicken yard, or rather beyond it, on our own hill. You could see the whole path up over Kranheia better from there than from any other place. But just where I must be to see best was that awfully high board fence, too high for me to see over, that went from the chicken yard quite a long way beyond on the hill.

Pooh! What of it? I just wiggled a board that was already loose, pulled it away, and stuck my head into the opening. It was a little narrow, but I got my head through. Oh, oh! Karsten had caught up to Olaug and run past her like an ostrich at full speed — I've always heard that an ostrich runs faster than anything else in the world; yes, there he was swinging in toward Nils Peter's house.

O pshaw! Now that Chili stamp was lost forever and ever.

Olaug had plumped herself right down. She had to sit still and get her breath, poor thing!

Now that there was nothing more for me to watch, I started to draw my head back out of the narrow opening between the thick boards. But

O horrors! It stuck fast! I couldn't possibly get it back. I turned and twisted my head this way and that, and up and down. I tried to pull and squeeze it back, but no, that was utterly impossible. How in the world I had ever got my head through the opening in the first place I can't understand to this day, but that I had got it through was only too sure.

New struggles to get loose — I thought I should tear my ears off. Goodness gracious, what should I do!

At first I wasn't a speck afraid. I just wriggled and pulled as hard as I could. But when I realized that I simply could not free myself, a sort of terror came over me.

Just think, if I never got my head out? Or suppose there came a cross dog and bit me while my head was as if nailed fast in the fence! And suppose nobody found me (for of course nobody would know that I had run up here beyond the chicken yard), and perhaps I should have to stay caught in the fence the whole night, when it was dark.

I cried and sobbed, then I called. At last I screamed and roared. I heard the hens in the yard

flap their wings and run about wildly, evidently frightened by the noise I made.

Down on the road people stood still and gazed upward. Then of course I shrieked the louder. But no one looked up to the chicken yard; and even if they had, they couldn't very well see, from so far down, a round brown head sticking through a brown fence. I roared incessantly, and at last I saw a woman start to run up the hill, and then a man started; but they did not see me and soon disappeared among the trees, although I kept on crying, "Help! I am right here! I am caught in the fence!"

Just then I saw Karsten and Nils Peter come out of Nils Peter's house. They stood a moment as if listening, and naturally they recognized my voice.

Then they started running. If Karsten had raced over there, he certainly raced back again too.

I kept calling the whole time, "Here! here! in the fence! I am stuck fast in the fence!" It wasn't many minutes before both Karsten and Nils Peter stood behind me.

"Have you gone altogether crazy?" asked Karsten in the greatest astonishment.

I felt a little offended, but there's no use in

being offended when you haven't command over your own head, so I said very meekly, "Ugh! Such a nuisance! My head is stuck fast in here. Can't you help me?"

Would you believe it? They didn't laugh a bit, — awfully kind, I call that, — they just hauled and pulled me as hard as they could; it fairly scraped the skin off behind my ears, and I thought I should be scalped.

"No, it's no use," I said, crying again. "Run after father, run after mother, get everybody to come, uh, hu, hu!"

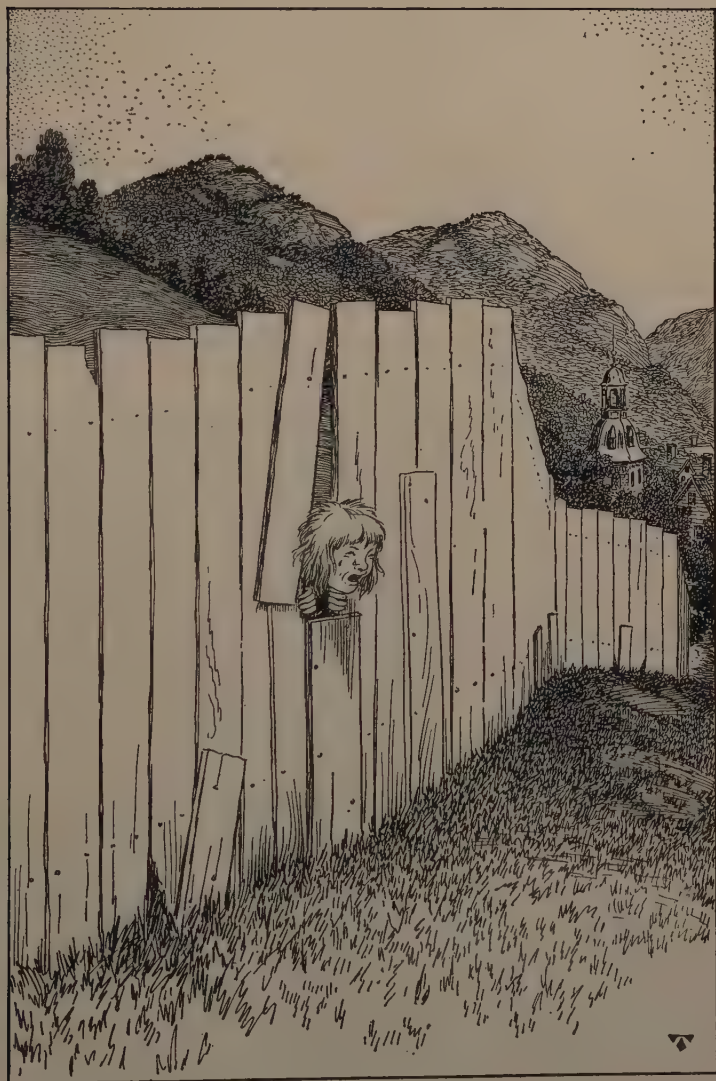
Well, they came. I couldn't see them, but I could hear the whole lot of them behind me.

Now there *was* a scene! The same story began again. They pulled and twisted my head. Father gave directions, I cried, and Olaug cried, and everybody talked at once.

"No," said father at last, "it can't be done. Hurry down to Carpenter Wenzel and ask him to come and to bring his saw with him."

"Uh, huh! He'll saw my head off!" I wailed.

But mother patted me on the back and comforted me, saying it would be all right, while I stood there like a mouse in a trap and cried and cried.



But it was Sunday, and the carpenter was not at home.

"Run after my little kitchen saw, then," said mother. "Bring the meat ax too," called father.

Oh, how would they manage? It seemed to me my head would surely be sawed or chopped to pieces.

Well, now began a sawing and hammering around me. When mother sawed I was not afraid, but when father began I was in terror; for father, who is so awfully clever with his head, is so unpractical with his hands that he can't even drive a nail straight.

The others all had to laugh finally, but I truly had no desire to laugh until my head was well out. In fact, I didn't feel much like laughing then either, for really it had been horrid not to be able to control your own head. You just try it and see.

Translated by EMILIE POULSSON

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

What happened to Inger Johanne?

What are the most exciting parts of this story? Where in the story did Inger tell these?

Find the sentences that made her telling of the story interesting.

How many large pictures did you see in this story? What names could you give them?

A CLOSE ELECTION

The closest presidential election in all our history was that between Mr. Hayes and Mr. Tilden. How close was it? How was it decided who won? This selection will tell you.

"Should you like to go with me while I vote for president?" Mr. Rand smiled invitingly at his young son, who was reading near the crackling fire.

"Will they let me in?" asked Charles in surprise.

"If you are with an older person they will," assured his father. So Charles hastened to get ready.

The keen November air made them feel like walking briskly, and in a few minutes the father and son had reached the school building, where the polls for the voters in that part of town were located. Mr. Rand nodded a greeting to the policeman at the door and went into the small room prepared for the voting.

Charles sat down at one end of the room and looked curiously about him. In the middle of the room there were several men and women busily writing. Around three sides of the room were partitions arranged so that each voter stood in a little

booth by himself. His father went to a man behind a big book and told his name and address. Charles jumped as the man repeated his father's name in a loud voice and checked it in his big book, which held a list of the voters. Then the man handed Mr. Rand a long, folded sheet of paper.

Mr. Rand went into one of the booths, which was open at the front. He picked up a pencil that was tied to the booth, and Charles could see him making crosses on the paper. When he had finished he folded the paper and went to another man in the middle of the room. Again Mr. Rand's name was loudly repeated and checked. Then Mr. Rand slipped his folded paper into an opening in a square box, the man turned a handle, and the paper disappeared.

"Is that the machine that grinds out the votes?" asked Charles, jokingly, as his father came back to him.

"That is the machine that keeps them safely until they can be counted," replied Mr. Rand, smiling.

"It didn't take you long to vote," said Charles, as they started home.

"No, it is a short process, but an important one.

I voted for the electors chosen by my party in this state. Whichever group of electors receives the larger number of votes is thereby chosen to cast our state vote for president. These electors have been definitely pledged to vote for their party's candidate. Later these chosen electors will assemble in their state capitols and formally cast their ballots. The ballots from all the states are sent to Washington, D. C., and are counted in the presence of Congress. Whichever candidate for president receives a majority of the votes is elected."

"You elect the electors who elect the president," laughed Charles, to show that he understood.

"We go so quietly to vote now that you would hardly believe that at one time some of the polls had to be guarded by soldiers with bayonets," remarked Mr. Rand.

"Was there really such a time?" Charles looked interested. "Don't walk so fast, and you'll have time to tell me about it before we get home."

"There was one election soon after the Civil War which nearly caused another war, in some of the states at least," began his father. "Rutherford B. Hayes and Samuel J. Tilden were the candidates for president. It was the closest election in our

country's history. When the electoral votes were counted, no definite decision was made, because three states claimed different results. The governments of South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana were in such confusion that there was doubt which set of electors in those states had been legally chosen. The legality of one electoral vote from Oregon was also in dispute. Each side claimed victory in the election and charged fraud on the part of its opponent.

"The Constitution had made no provision for a case of this kind, where opposing electors claimed the votes of certain states. The argument spread all through the country. Bands of minutemen were enrolled, offers of arms and men were made to party leaders, business collapsed, and the situation fast became serious. Some people grimly predicted the downfall of the Republic."

"It must have been an exciting time," said Charles. "How did it end?"

"Letters, petitions, and resolutions from the people poured into Congress, demanding that some peaceful way of settling the matter be found before it was too late," continued Mr. Rand. "Congress created an electoral commission of fifteen

men, made up of five senators, five representatives, and five justices of the Supreme Court. They were all men of remarkable ability, but it took them more than three weeks to decide the case. Finally, by a vote of eight to seven, they decided the election in favor of Mr. Hayes, just two days before the time of his inauguration."

"Whew, that was close!" exclaimed Charles.

"After that the state governments gradually became better established," added his father, as he unlocked the door of the house, "so that such confusion now is unlikely."

"In seven more years I shall be twenty-one," counted Charles, "and then I shall be voting for president, too."

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Why was there any doubt as to who was elected?

Name and locate the states in which the result of the electoral vote was claimed by both Republicans and Democrats.

What effect did this have on the country?

What did Congress do?

How close was the election?

How long did it take the electoral commission to make the decision?

What did you learn about voting from this story?

PANDORA

If you were given a beautiful box and told not to open it, how should you feel? What do you think you would do? This story will tell you what Pandora did to such a box and what happened as a result.

PART I

Long, long ago, when this old world was in its infancy, there was a child named Epimetheus, who had neither father nor mother. In order that he might not be lonely, another child, fatherless and motherless like himself, was sent from a far country to live with him and be his playmate and companion. Her name was Pandora.

The first thing that Pandora saw when she entered the cottage where Epimetheus dwelt was a great box. And almost the first question she asked after crossing the threshold was this, "Epimetheus, what have you in that box?"

"My dear little Pandora," answered Epimetheus, "that is a secret, and you must be kind enough not to ask any questions about it. The box was left here to be kept safely, and I do not know what it contains."

"But who gave it to you?" asked Pandora.
"And where did it come from?"

"That is a secret, too," replied Epimetheus.

"How provoking!" exclaimed Pandora, poutingly. "I wish the great ugly box were out of the way!"

"Oh, come, don't think of it any more," cried Epimetheus. "Let us run out of doors and play with the other children."

It is thousands of years since Epimetheus and Pandora were alive, and the world is very different from what it was in their time. Then everybody was a child. There was no need of fathers and mothers to take care of the children, because there was no danger or trouble of any kind, and no clothes to be mended, and there was always plenty to eat and to drink.

Whenever a child wanted his dinner, he found it growing on a tree, and if he looked at a tree in the morning he could see the bursting blossoms of that night's supper, or at eventide he saw the tender bud of tomorrow's breakfast. It was a very pleasant life, indeed — no work to be done, no lessons to be studied; nothing but games and dances.

What was most wonderful of all was that the

children never quarreled among themselves. Oh, what a good time that was to live in! The fact is that those ugly little winged imps called Troubles, which are now almost as numerous as mosquitoes, had never yet been seen on the earth. It is probable that the greatest unhappiness that a child had ever experienced was Pandora's vexation at not being able to discover the secret of the mysterious box.

"Where did the box come from?" Pandora continually kept saying to herself and to Epimetheus, "and what in the world can be inside it?"

"Always talking about this box!" said Epimetheus at last, for he had grown extremely tired of the subject. "I wish, dear Pandora, you would try to talk about something else. Come, let us go and gather some ripe figs, and eat them under the trees for our supper. And I know a vine that has the sweetest and juiciest grapes you ever tasted."

"Always talking about grapes and figs!" cried Pandora, pettishly.

"Well, then," replied Epimetheus, who was a very good-tempered child, "let us run out and have a merry time with our playmates."

"I am tired of merry times, and I don't care if I never have any more!" answered the pettish little

Pandora. "And, besides, I never do have any. My mind is taken up with thinking about this ugly box. I insist upon your telling me what is inside it."

"As I have already said, fifty times over, I do not know!" replied Epimetheus, becoming a little vexed. "So how can I tell you what is inside?"

"You might open it," said Pandora, "and then we could see for ourselves."

"Pandora, what are you thinking of!" exclaimed Epimetheus.

And his face expressed so much horror at the idea of looking into a box that had been trusted to him on the condition of his never opening it, that Pandora thought it best not to suggest it any more. However, she could not help thinking and talking about the box.

"At least," said she, "you can tell me how it came here."

"It was left at the door," replied Epimetheus, "just before you came, by a person who looked very pleasant and intelligent, and who could hardly keep from laughing as he put it down. He was dressed in an odd kind of cloak, and wore a cap that seemed to be made of feathers, so that it looked as if it had wings."

"What kind of staff had he?" asked Pandora.

"Oh, the most curious staff you ever saw!" cried Epimetheus. "It was like two serpents twisting around a stick, and it was carved so naturally that at first I thought the serpents were alive."

"I know him," said Pandora, thoughtfully. "Nobody else has such a staff. It was Quicksilver, and he brought me here as well as the box. No doubt he intended it for me, and probably it contains pretty dresses for me to wear, or toys for you and me to play with, or something very nice for both of us to eat."

"Perhaps so," replied Epimetheus, as he turned away. "But until Quicksilver comes back and tells us so, neither of us has any right to lift the lid of the box."

And for the first time since her arrival, Epimetheus went out without asking Pandora to accompany him.

After Epimetheus had gone, Pandora stood gazing at the box. She had said that it was ugly more than a hundred times; but in spite of all that she had said against it, it was positively a very handsome article of furniture, and would have been an ornament to any room.



It was made of a beautiful kind of wood, with dark and rich veins spreading over its surface, which was so highly polished that little Pandora could see her face in it. As the child had no other mirror, it is a wonder that she did not value the box merely on this account.

The edges and the corners of the box were carved with most wonderful skill. Around the margin there were figures of graceful men and women and the prettiest children ever seen. The most beautiful face of all was in the center of the lid. There was nothing else save the smooth polished wood, and this one face in the center, with a garland of flowers about its brow. Pandora had looked at the face a great many times and imagined that the mouth could smile if it liked or be sad when it chose, the same as any living mouth. The face had a very mischievous expression, and looked almost as if it must speak.

The box, I had almost forgotten to say, was fastened not by a lock, but by a very complicated knot of gold cord. There appeared to be no end to this knot and no beginning. Never was a knot so cunningly twisted, and it defied the most skillful fingers to untie it. And yet this very difficulty made

Pandora all the more tempted to examine the knot to see how it was made. Two or three times she had stooped over the box and taken the knot between her thumb and forefinger.

"I really believe," she said to herself at last, "that I see how it can be undone. Nay, perhaps I could tie it up again after undoing it. There would be no harm in that, I am sure. I need not open the box, and I should not, without Epimetheus' consent, even if the knot were untied."

It might have been better for Pandora if she had had a little work to do, or anything to employ her mind, so she would not have been constantly thinking of this one subject. But children led so easy a life before any troubles came into the world that they really had a great deal too much leisure. They could not be forever playing at hide and seek among the flowers or at blindman's buff.

But, after all, I am not sure that the box was not something of a blessing to her. It was an endless employment to guess what was inside. Just imagine how busy your wits would be if there were in your house a great box which you thought might contain something new and pretty for your Christmas present!

PART II

On this particular day Pandora's curiosity grew so much greater than it usually was that at last she approached the box. She was more than half determined to open it if she could. Ah, naughty Pandora!

First, however, she tried to lift it. It was heavy, quite too heavy for the slender strength of a child like Pandora. She raised one end of the box a few inches from the floor, and let it fall again with a rather loud thump. A moment afterwards she almost fancied she heard something stir inside the box. She held her ear to it as closely as possible and listened. Really there did seem to be a kind of murmur within. Or could it be the beating of her heart? The child could not quite satisfy herself whether she had heard anything or not. But, at all events, her curiosity was stronger than ever.

As she drew back her head, her eyes fell upon the knot of gold cord.

"It must have been a very clever person who tied this knot," said Pandora to herself, "but I think I could untie it. I am resolved at least to find the two ends of the cord."

So she took the golden knot in her fingers and pried into its mysteries as much as she could. Almost without intending it or knowing what she was about, she was soon busily engaged in attempting to untie it, and, happening to glance at the flower-wreathed face on the lid of the enchanted box, she seemed to perceive it slyly grinning at her.

"That face looks very mischievous," thought Pandora. "I wonder whether it smiles because I am doing wrong? I have the greatest mind in the world to run away."

But just then, by the merest accident, she gave the knot a kind of twist which produced a wonderful result. The gold cord untwined itself as if by magic, and left the box without a fastening.

"This is the strangest thing I ever saw!" said Pandora. "What will Epimetheus say? And how can I possibly tie it up again?"

She made one or two attempts to retie the knot, but soon found it quite beyond her skill. Nothing was to be done, therefore, but let the box remain as it was until Epimetheus should come in.

"But," said Pandora, "when he finds the knot untied, he will know that I have done it. How shall I make him believe that I have not done it? How

shall I make him believe that I have not looked into the box?"

Then the thought came into her naughty little heart that, since she would be suspected of having looked into the box, she might just as well do so at once. She could not tell whether it was fancy or not, but there was quite a tumult of whispers in her ear that said, "Let us out, dear Pandora. Pray, let us out! We will be such nice little playfellows for you! Only let us out!"

"What can it be?" thought Pandora. "Is there anything alive in the box? Well, yes, I am resolved to take just one peep! Only one peep! And then the lid shall be shut down as safely as ever. There cannot possibly be any harm in just one little peep!"

But it is now time for us to see what Epimetheus was doing.

This was the first time since his little playmate had come to dwell with him that he had attempted to enjoy any pleasure in which she did not partake. But nothing went right, nor was he nearly so happy as on other days. He could not find a sweet grape or a ripe fig; or, if ripe at all, they were overripe and unfit to eat. There was no mirth in his heart, such as usually made his voice swell the merriment

of his companions. He grew so uneasy and discontented that the other children could not imagine what was the matter with Epimetheus. Neither did he himself know what ailed him any better than they did. For you must remember that, at the time we are speaking of, it was everybody's nature and habit to be happy. The world had not yet learned to be otherwise. Not a single one of these children had ever been sick or out of sorts.

At length, discovering that something or other was wrong, Epimetheus judged it best to go back to Pandora. With the hope of giving her pleasure he gathered some flowers and made them into a wreath, which he meant to put upon her head.

And here I must mention that a great black cloud had been gathering in the sky for some time, although it had not yet overspread the sun. But just as Epimetheus reached the cottage door this cloud began to intercept the sunshine, and thus to make a sudden dimming of the light.

He entered softly, for he meant, if possible, to steal behind Pandora and fling the wreath of flowers over her head before she should be aware of his approach. But, as it happened, there was no need of his treading so very lightly. He might have trod as

heavily as he pleased — as heavily as a grown man, as heavily as an elephant — without Pandora's hearing his footsteps. She was too intent upon her purpose. At the moment of his entering the cottage the naughty child had put her hand to the lid and was on the point of opening the mysterious box. Epimetheus saw her. If he had cried out, Pandora would probably have withdrawn her hand, and the fatal mystery of the box might never have been known.

But Epimetheus himself, although he said very little about it, had his own share of curiosity to know what was inside. Perceiving that Pandora was determined to find out the secret, he decided that she should not be the only wise person in the cottage. If there was anything pretty or valuable in the box, he meant to take half of it for himself. Thus, after all his wise speeches to Pandora about restraining her curiosity, Epimetheus turned out to be quite as foolish, and nearly as much at fault, as she.

As Pandora raised the lid the cottage grew very dark and dismal; for the black cloud had now swept quite over the sun and seemed to have buried it alive.

There had also been a low grumbling and muttering, which all at once broke into a heavy peal of thunder. But Pandora, heeding nothing of all this, lifted the lid nearly upright and looked inside. It seemed as if a sudden swarm of winged creatures brushed past her, taking flight out of the box, while, at the same instant, she heard the voice of Epimetheus, as if he were in pain.

“Oh, I am stung!” cried he. “I am stung! Naughty Pandora, why have you opened this wicked box?”

Pandora let the lid fall and, starting up, looked about her to see what had happened to Epimetheus. The cloud over the sun had so darkened the room that she could not see very distinctly what was in it, but she heard a disagreeable buzzing, as if a great many huge flies or mosquitoes were buzzing about.

As her eyes grew more accustomed to the dim light, she saw a crowd of ugly little shapes with bats' wings, looking very wicked and armed with terribly long stings in their tails. It was one of these that had stung Epimetheus. Nor was it a great while before Pandora herself began to scream, in no less pain and fright than her playfellow, and making a vast deal more noise about it. A horrid

little monster had settled on her forehead, and would have stung her if Epimetheus had not run and brushed it away.

Now if you wish to know what those ugly things were which had made their escape out of the box, I must tell you they were the whole family of earthly troubles. There were evil tempers; there were a great many kinds of cares; there were more than a hundred sorrows; there were diseases; and more kinds of naughtiness than it would be of any use to talk about. In short, everything that has since afflicted the souls and bodies of mankind had been shut up in that mysterious box and given to Epimetheus and Pandora to keep safely, in order that the happy children of the world might never be molested by them. Had they been faithful to their trust, all would have gone well. No grown person would ever have been sad, nor any child have had cause to shed a single tear from that hour until this moment.

It was impossible, as you will easily guess, for the two children to keep the ugly troubles in their cottage. On the contrary, the first thing they did was to fling open the doors and windows, in hopes of getting rid of them.

PART III

Meanwhile the naughty Pandora, and the hardly less naughty Epimetheus, remained in their cottage. Both of them had been severely stung and were in a great deal of pain. Of course they were entirely unaccustomed to it and could have no idea what it meant.

Suddenly there was a gentle little tap on the inside of the lid.

"What can that be?" cried Pandora, lifting her head.

But either Epimetheus did not hear the tap, or was too much out of humor to notice it. At any rate, he made no answer.

"You are very unkind," said Pandora, sobbing, "not to speak to me!"

Again came the tap. It sounded like the tiny knuckles of a fairy's hand, knocking lightly and playfully on the inside of the box.

"Who are you?" asked Pandora, with a little of her former curiosity. "Who is inside this naughty box?"

A sweet little voice spoke from within, "Only lift the lid and you shall see."

"No, no," answered Pandora, again beginning to sob, "I have had enough of lifting the lid. You are inside the box, naughty creature, and there you shall stay! There are plenty of your ugly brothers and sisters flying about the world already! You need not think I shall be so foolish as to let you out!" She looked toward Epimetheus as she spoke, perhaps expecting that he would praise her for her wisdom, but the sullen boy only muttered that she was wise a little too late.

"You had better let me out," said the sweet little voice again. "I am not like those naughty creatures that have stings in their tails. They are no brothers and sisters of mine, as you would see at once, if you could only get a glimpse of me. Come, come, my pretty Pandora! I am sure you will let me out!"

Indeed, there was a kind of cheerfulness in the tone that made it almost impossible to refuse anything that the little voice asked. Pandora's heart had grown lighter at every word which came from the box. Epimetheus too had turned half around, and seemed to be in better spirits than before.

"My dear Epimetheus," cried Pandora, "have you heard this little voice?"

"Yes, I have," answered he, "but what of it?"

"Shall I lift the lid again?" asked Pandora.

"Just as you please," replied Epimetheus. "You have done so much mischief already that perhaps you may as well do a little more. One other trouble in such a swarm as you have set adrift about the world can make no very great difference."

"You might speak a little more kindly!" murmured Pandora, wiping her eyes.

"Oh, the naughty boy!" cried the voice within the box. "He knows he is longing to see me. Come, my dear Pandora, lift up the lid, for I am in a great hurry to comfort you."

"And as the lid seems very heavy I will help you," cried Epimetheus, as he ran across the room.

So, with one consent, the two children lifted the lid. Out flew a sunny and smiling little creature, who hovered about the room, throwing brightness wherever she went. She flew to Epimetheus and laid the least touch of her finger on the spot where the trouble had stung him, and immediately the pain was gone. Then she kissed Pandora on the forehead, and her hurt was cured likewise.

After performing these good deeds, the bright stranger fluttered over the children's heads and

looked so sweetly at them that they both began to think it was not such a very great mistake to have opened the box, since otherwise their cheery guest must have been kept a prisoner among those naughty imps with stings in their tails.

"Pray, who are you, beautiful creature?" inquired Pandora.

"I am called Hope!" answered the sunshiny figure. "Because I am such a cheery little body I was packed in the box to make amends to the human race for that swarm of ugly troubles which was sure to be let loose among them. Never fear! We shall get along pretty well in spite of them all."

"And will you stay with us," asked Epimetheus, "for ever and ever?"

"As long as you need me," said Hope, with her pleasant smile, "and that will be as long as you live in the world."

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (*Abridged*)

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

What did Pandora do to the box? What was the result?

What does this story try to explain? Is this the real explanation?

What adjective do you think best describes Pandora? Did Epimetheus share in her guilt? Prove your statement.

Why do you think this story has been such a favorite of children for years and years?

Test yourself as to how accurately you read the story by underlining *True* if the following statements are true and *False* if the statements are false.

The world in which Pandora and Epimetheus lived was very different from ours. *True False*

The children were very much like the children of today. *True False*

Epimetheus did not tell Pandora who brought the box. *True False*

Epimetheus was horrified at Pandora's suggestion of opening the box. *True False*

The expression of the face in the center of the box seemed to change. *True False*

The box was fastened with a key. *True False*

The box was something of a blessing to Pandora. *True False*

As Pandora worked on the cord, it suddenly untwined itself as if by magic. *True False*

She found that she could retie the knot. *True False*

Epimetheus was not curious about what the box contained. *True False*

If he had cried out, Pandora would probably not have opened the box. *True False*

The box was full of blessings of all kinds. *True False*

Both children lifted the lid the second time. *True False*

Hope said she could not stay with them always. *True False*

This is a true explanation of how troubles came into the world. *True False*

FOG¹

Have you ever seen the fog come in all about you? How did it come? Read how Carl Sandburg describes fog.

The fog comes
on little cat feet.

It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.

CARL SANDBURG

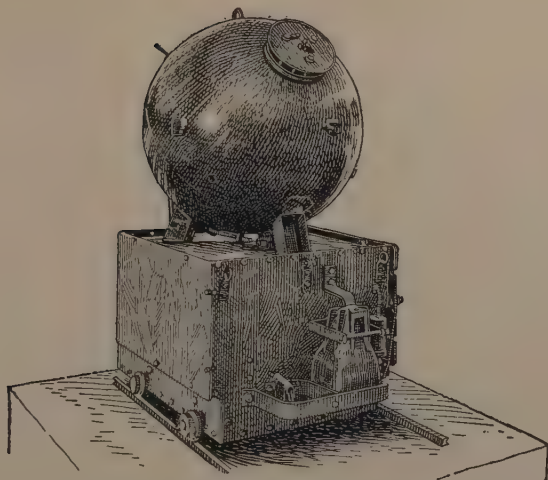
Helps for Study and Enjoyment

How does Carl Sandburg describe fog?

Why do you think he compared the fog to a cat?

Practice reading the poem so that you can feel fog all about you.

¹ From "Chicago Poems," by Carl Sandburg, reprinted by permission of Henry Holt and Company.



FIGHTING A DEPTH BOMB¹

During the World War many deadly weapons were invented. One of the most deadly was the depth bomb, which was used to destroy submarines. These bombs were carried only on boats swift enough to escape from the bombs that were thrown overboard from their decks. The bombs weighed hundreds of pounds each.

How do you think a man alone could fight a depth bomb? This true story will tell you.

In the early days of the war depth bombs were carried in cradles, and later in racks or runways, on the boats. From most of the bombs the deto-

¹ From "Winning a Cause," by John G. Thompson and Inez Bigwood. Used by permission of Silver, Burdett and Company.

nator, which would fire them, was removed ; but some were kept ready for instant firing near the stern of the ship.

The early type of bomb was discharged by a length of wire attached to a float. The bomb itself sank, the float remained on the surface of the water, and reeled off the wire until the pull upon it discharged the bomb. It can be readily seen that the depth at which the bomb was discharged would depend upon the length of wire attached to the float. Imagine what might follow if one of these bombs, set ready for discharge, should break loose from its case in a storm at sea.

Such a terrible accident did happen on the United States ship *Remlik*. The ship was groaning and tossing in a very heavy sea, for a severe storm was raging. She gave a lurch and pitched back with so much force that a wooden box containing a depth bomb, securely fastened to the after deck, suddenly broke open. The bomb rolled out of the box and began to bound back and forth across the deck, as the ship lurched and pitched from side to side.

The crew seemed stunned, and no orders were issued for concerted action. The frightfulness of

the situation was greatly increased when it was observed that the safety pin, which prevents accidental discharge, had dropped out. All expected that the next time the bomb struck with force against the rail the float section would be released and would reel off enough wire to fire the detonator, utterly destroying the ship and all on board.

But Chief Boatswain's Mate John Mackenzie, of the Naval Reserve Fleet, needed no orders. He saw what should be done and did not wait for someone to order him to do it. He could not pick up the bomb in his arms and throw it overboard, for it weighed too much; and even if he could, this might be the worst thing to do. The ship was laboring and barely holding her own with no headway, although the engines were turning over for eight knots, and the bomb would no doubt have exploded directly under the ship had it gone overboard.

Mackenzie had a plan, and the first step in it was to stop the bomb. He threw himself boldly in front of it, and tried to hold it by his arms and the weight of his body, but the weight and the momentum of the moving bomb were too great, and he was pushed aside; but he had stopped its move-

ment somewhat, so that when it struck the rail on the other side of the deck it did not explode. He jumped for it as it bounded back from the rail and almost stopped it, but it seemed to those looking on that the hundreds of pounds of metal and explosive would roll over his body and seriously injure him. He escaped this, however, and slowed down the movement of the heavy bomb to such an extent that near the opposite rail he was able to grasp it, lying with feet and hands braced in the grating of the gun platform. Then, to be sure that it did not escape him until help came, he turned it upright upon its flattened end, and sat down upon the most destructive bomb used in war, on the deck of a ship lurching at sea in a severe storm.

Then other members of the crew, who had been watching him as if dazed, ran to his assistance, and the bomb was soon placed in safety.

The commanding officer of the *Remlik* recommended that Chief Boatswain's Mate John Mackenzie be awarded the Medal of Honor. The report to the Secretary of the Navy was in part as follows:

Mackenzie, in acting as he did, exposed his life and prevented a serious accident to the ship, and the probable loss of the ship and the entire crew. Had this depth charge

exploded on the quarterdeck, with the sea and the wind that existed at the time, there is no doubt that the ship would have been lost.

Mackenzie was awarded by the Navy Department the Medal of Honor and a gratuity of one hundred dollars; but these awards are of little value compared with the greater reward which comes to him in the admiration and respect of all who read or hear the story of his heroic deed.

JOHN G. THOMPSON and INEZ BIGWOOD

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

How did John Mackenzie fight a depth bomb?

What does this story tell you about John Mackenzie?

If you should want to describe this heroic deed, selecting the right places for these headings would help you:

Mackenzie to the rescue

A bomb breaks away

Mackenzie's reward

Help arrives

How a depth bomb works



WITH THE HELP OF GUINEA PIGS

How many of you know the little guinea pig? Perhaps some of you have had guinea pigs for pets. Have you ever thought of them as life-savers? Yet every year guinea pigs help to save the lives of many, many people. Many life-savers lose their own lives, and so do the guinea pigs; but think of the greater value of the human lives they save! "With the Help of Guinea Pigs" tells how this life-saving is done.

"There is one more store that you will want to visit," said Mr. Denton, with a smile at the two boys who were keeping step with him.

"We have been to a sporting-goods store, a book-store, a store where there was a display of Scout

supplies, and a store where they sold puzzles and jokes," said Richard. "I wonder what kind of store we are going into next."

"Oh, I know," said Rodney as Mr. Denton stopped before a big window. "This is the bird and animal store that you told us about."

"Look at the white mice!" said Richard, with a laugh. "See them rolling round in the straw and climbing in and out of that small bowl!"

"Oh, look at the black puppies in the cage at this end of the window!" cried Rodney.

"The window is full of animals and birds," said Richard, trying to watch everything at once. "There are canaries and parrots and kittens and turtles."

"If you want to hear something funny, come inside the store," said Mr. Denton, as he stepped aside to give a child his place at the window.

The two boys willingly followed their father into the store. Then they looked about in bewilderment and began to laugh.

"I never heard such a noise in all my life!" exclaimed Rodney. "I think every bird and animal in the store is talking at the same time!"

"This green parrot is screaming, and that red

and yellow bird is scolding, and several canaries are singing, and a puppy is barking, and some monkeys are chattering," said Richard as he walked down the aisles.

"Here are some big brown and white mice," said Rodney, stopping before one of the cages. "That fat fellow in the corner is asleep, but the others are tumbling round in the straw. How big and plump they look!"

"They are not mice," said Mr. Denton. "They are guinea pigs."

"Guinea pigs!" cried Richard. "I thought they looked too big for mice. They must be five or six inches long. They are pretty little animals."

"They are very important little animals," said Mr. Denton. The boys looked up with a smile, for they thought their father was joking.

"I mean it," said Mr. Denton, noticing the boys' expression. "The guinea pig does great things for human beings."

"How can such a little animal help people?" asked Richard. He looked again at the guinea pigs in the cage.

"Scientists use guinea pigs to help in the great fight against disease," said Mr. Denton. "Guinea

pigs are chosen because they have some of the same diseases that human beings have."

"How does that help us?" asked Rodney.

"Think of a scientist as a general fighting a battle," said Mr. Denton. "He is a general who works day after day and year after year to *save* human life. His battlefield is a laboratory, and the material and equipment he uses are his soldiers. The battle is as grim and serious as any battle ever fought, because the scientist is fighting against deadly germs that destroy human life."

"That *is* a different kind of war," said Richard in an interested tone.

"One way in which the scientist fights this battle is by the use of antitoxins," continued Mr. Denton. "When we are ill it is because the poisons, or toxins, of certain bacteria are in our blood and we need an antitoxin, or something that will overcome these poisons. The scientist's part in the battle is to supply the antitoxin. He gets this from some animal which has been treated in such a way that a large amount of antitoxin has accumulated in its blood to fight the poison of that disease. By a special process this antitoxin is separated from the other substances in the blood."

"And then the battle is won," said Rodney, quickly.

"No; the battle is only begun," said Mr. Denton. "How do you suppose the scientist knows the amount of antitoxin needed to fight a certain disease? How does he know how strong the antitoxin ought to be for certain patients?"

"He must have some way of testing it," said Richard, thoughtfully.

"That is just it," said Mr. Denton, approvingly. "The scientist must experiment until he finds the answer to these problems. This is where the guinea pigs help him. A few guinea pigs may help thousands of people in this way."

"And here they are sleeping and playing as if they weren't valuable to the world," said Rodney, with a laugh.

"The scientist takes the poison, or toxin, of the disease he is studying," continued Mr. Denton, "and he injects a certain amount of it of a known strength into some guinea pigs. With this toxin he has mixed some of the antitoxin. Since he does not know how strong to make the antitoxin or exactly how much should be given, he mixes a different amount for each pig.



"Then he watches the guinea pigs carefully and keeps a strict record of the results of his doses. He watches especially to find out which of the pigs that get well had the smallest amount of the antitoxin of a certain strength given to it. This will show about how strong the antitoxin ought to be. Then, by experimenting very carefully with the antitoxin and some more guinea pigs, the scientist can figure the exact amount and strength of the antitoxin needed in the fight against that same disease in human beings."

"Is the battle won then?" asked Rodney.

"When the scientist has prepared the correct dose of the special antitoxin needed to fight a certain disease, he has won his part of the battle," said Mr. Denton. "It may have taken him many years of hard study and dangerous experimenting to find this out. The antitoxin that he has gained from the experiments with the guinea pigs will be distributed all over the world to people who are waiting for the precious substance that will save human life. It may be sent across the ocean to people in warm, sunny lands, or to scattered homes among the northern mountains. It may be carried on a big ship or on a fast express train. It may be

sent by airplane, or carried on a sled drawn by Eskimo dogs racing across miles and miles of ice and snow to people far away from the rest of the world."

"Who would ever think that guinea pigs could help to do such wonderful things for people," said Richard, as he slowly followed his father out of the store.

"They *are* like little soldiers being used in a great battle," added Rodney, with a last glance at the different cages of playful animals and gay-colored birds.

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

How do guinea pigs help to save human lives?

Why is the guinea pig chosen?

What is one of the ways in which scientists fight disease?

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

This poem describes one of the famous rides of history. Read the poem and see if you can tell why the ride has become famous.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town tonight,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light, —
One, if by land, and two, if by sea ;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay

The *Somerset*, British man-of-war ;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the somber rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade, —
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay, —
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,

As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and somber and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the
light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his
flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gazed at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled, —
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere ;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm, —
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Why do you think the ride has become famous?

When and where did it take place?

What adjectives should you use to describe Paul Revere?

Which is the most exciting part of the poem? Prepare to read it aloud.

What other beautiful descriptions are given? Be ready to prove to others that the ones you have chosen are beautiful.

Longfellow has written many other poems that boys and girls enjoy. Find some of these and select one to share with your classmates.

Perhaps you would enjoy telling them something about the life of the poet Longfellow, who has been called the Children's Poet.

OLD PIPES AND THE DRYAD

You have read many stories about fairies, elves, brownies, dwarfs, and gnomes, but have you read any story about a dryad? This story tells how a dryad rewarded the one who let her out from her tree.

PART I

For many, many years Old Pipes had been employed by the villagers to pipe the cattle down from the hills. But now, for a year or more, Old Pipes had not piped the cattle home. He had grown old, and his breath was feeble. The echoes of his cheerful notes, which used to come from the rocky hill on the other side of the valley, were heard no more; and twenty yards from Old Pipes one could scarcely tell what tune he was playing. He had become somewhat deaf, and did not know that the sound of his pipes was so thin and weak that the cattle did not hear him. The cows, the sheep, and the goats came down every afternoon as before; but this was because two boys and a girl were sent up after them. The villagers did not wish the good old man to know that his piping was no longer of any use; so they paid him his

little salary every month and said nothing about the boys and the girl.

One afternoon at the end of the month, when Old Pipes had finished his piping, he took his stout staff and went down the hill to the village to receive the money for his month's work. The path seemed a great deal steeper and more difficult than it used to be. But Old Pipes had been a very active man, and as his mother was so much older than he was, he never thought of himself as aged and infirm.

When the Chief Villager had paid him, Old Pipes started to go home. But when he had gone a short distance up the hillside, he became very tired and sat down upon a stone. He had not been sitting there half a minute when along came two boys and a girl.

"Children," said Old Pipes, "I'm very tired tonight, and I don't believe I can climb up this steep path to my home. I think I shall have to ask you to help me."

"We will do that," said the boys and the girl cheerfully. In this way he went up the hill easily and soon reached his cottage door. Old Pipes gave each of the three children a copper coin, and

they sat down for a few minutes' rest before starting back to the village.

"I'm sorry that I tired you so much," said Old Pipes.

"Oh, that would not have tired us," said one of the boys, "if we had not been so far today after the cows, the sheep, and the goats. They rambled high up on the mountain, and we never had such a time in finding them."

"Had to go after the cows, the sheep, and the goats!" exclaimed Old Pipes. "What do you mean by that?"

"Why, you see, good sir," said the boy, "that as the cattle can't hear your pipes now, somebody has to go after them every evening, and the Chief Villager has hired us three to do it."

"How long have you been doing this?" asked the old man.

"I think it is about a year now," the boy said, "since the people first felt sure that the cattle could not hear your pipes. Good night, sir."

The three children then went down the hill. Old Pipes went into his cottage.

"Mother," he shouted, "did you hear what those children said?"

"Children!" exclaimed the old woman. "I did not hear them. I did not know there were any children here."

Then Old Pipes told his mother, shouting very loudly to make her hear.

"Nonsense!" cried his mother. "I'm sure you've piped as well as you could, and no more can be expected. And what should we do without the money?"

"I don't know," said Old Pipes, "but I'm going down to the village to pay it back."

PART II

When he had gone about halfway the old man sat down to rest, leaning his back against a great oak tree. As he did so he heard a sound like knocking inside the tree, and then a voice distinctly said, "Let me out! Let me out!"

Old Pipes instantly forgot that he was tired and sprang to his feet. "This must be a dryad tree!" he exclaimed. "If it is, I'll let her out."

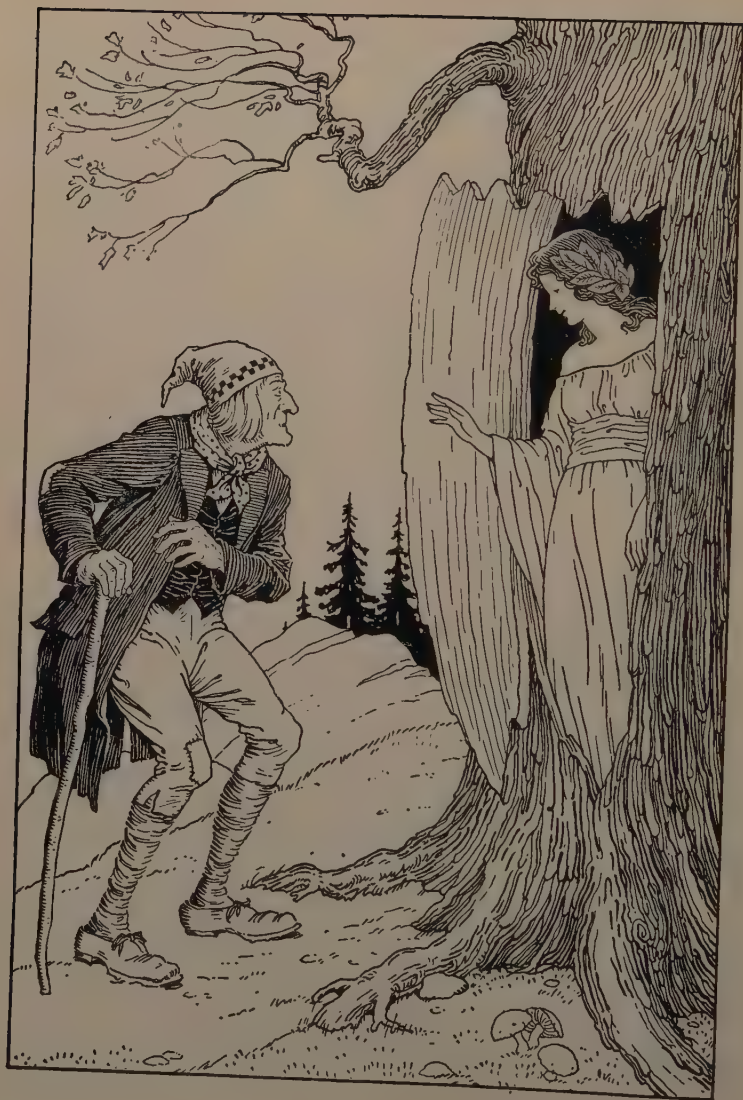
Old Pipes had never, to his knowledge, seen a dryad tree, but he knew there were such trees on the hillsides and the mountains, and that dryads lived in them. He knew too that in the summer

time, on those days when the moon rose before the sun went down, a dryad could come out of her tree if anyone could find the key which locked her in and turn it. Old Pipes closely examined the trunk of the tree which stood in the full moonlight.

"If I see that key," he said, "I shall surely turn it." Before long he perceived a piece of bark standing out from the tree, which looked to him very much like the handle of a key. He took hold of it and found he could turn it quite around. As he did so a large part of the side of the tree was pushed open, and a beautiful dryad stepped quickly out.

For a moment she stood motionless, gazing on the scene before her. "Oh, lovely! lovely!" she exclaimed. "How long it is since I have seen anything like this!" And then, turning to Old Pipes, she said, "How good of you to let me out!" And she kissed him on both cheeks. "What can I do for you to show you how grateful I am?"

"I am very glad," said Old Pipes, "that I let you out, since I see that it makes you so happy. But if you wish to do something for me, you can, if you happen to be going down toward the village.



I wish you would take this little bag of money to the Chief Villager, and tell him that Old Pipes cannot receive pay for services which he did not perform. It is now more than a year that I have not been able to make the cattle hear me when I piped to call them home. I did not know this until tonight, but now that I know it I cannot keep the money, and so I send it back."

"Good night!" said the Dryad. "And I thank you over and over and over again, you good old man!"

Old Pipes walked toward his home, very glad to be saved the fatigue of going all the way down to the village and back again.

When Old Pipes left the Dryad she did not go down to the village with the little bag of money. She held it in her hand and thought about what she had heard. "This is a good and honest old man," she said, "and it is a shame that he should lose his money. He looked as if he needed it, and I don't believe the people in the village will take it from one who has served them so long. Often, when in my tree, have I heard the sweet notes of his pipes. I am going to take the money back to him." She did not start immediately, because

there were so many beautiful things to look at; but after a while she went up to the cottage, and finding Old Pipes asleep in his chair, she slipped the little bag into his coat pocket and silently sped away.

PART III

The next day Old Pipes told his mother that he would go up the mountain and cut some wood. He worked all the morning, and when he came back he did not feel at all tired, and he had a very good appetite for his dinner.

Old Pipes knew a good deal about dryads, but there was one thing which, although he had heard, he had forgotten. This was that a kiss from a dryad makes a person ten years younger.

Now, Old Pipes had been kissed twice by the Dryad, once on each cheek, and he therefore felt as vigorous and active as when he was a hale man of fifty.

In the course of the afternoon Old Pipes, for the first time that day, put his hand into his coat pocket, and there, to his amazement, he found the little bag of money. "Well! well!" he exclaimed. "I am stupid, indeed. I really thought that I had seen a dryad, but when I sat down by that big

oak tree I must have gone to sleep and dreamed it all; and then I came home thinking I had given the money to a dryad, when it was in my pocket all the time. But the Chief Villager shall have the money."

Toward the close of the afternoon Old Pipes took his pipes and went out to the rock in front of the cottage.

"What are you going to do?" cried his mother.

"I am going to pipe for my own pleasure," said her son. "I am used to it and I do not wish to give it up."

When the good man began to play upon his favorite instrument he was astonished at the sound that came from it.

"Ha, ha!" he cried. "What has happened to my pipes? They must have been stopped up of late, but now they are as clear and as good as ever."

The merry notes were heard in the village below, and the people were much astonished thereby. "Why, who can be blowing the pipes of Old Pipes?" they said. But, as they were all very busy, no one went up to see.

The next morning Old Pipes started down to the village with his money, and on the way he met

the Dryad. "Oh, ho!" he cried. "Is that you? Why, I thought my letting you out of the tree was nothing but a dream."

"A dream!" cried the Dryad. "If you only knew how happy you have made me you would not think it merely a dream. And has it not benefited you? Yesterday I heard you playing beautifully on your pipes."

"Yes, yes!" cried he. "I did not understand it before, but I see it all now. I have really grown younger. It was the finding of the money in my pocket that made me think it was a dream."

"Oh, I put it in when you were asleep," she said, laughing, "because I thought you ought to keep it. Good-by, kind, honest man. May you live long and be as happy as I am now."

Old Pipes was greatly delighted when he understood that he was, indeed, a younger man; but that made no difference about the money, and he kept on his way to the village. As soon as he reached it Old Pipes told what had happened to him, and then there was great wonder.

The Chief Villager refused to take the money; and although Old Pipes said he had not earned it, everyone present insisted that, as he would

now play on his pipes as before, he should lose nothing because for a time he was unable to perform his duty. So Old Pipes was obliged to keep his money.

PART IV

There was one individual, however, who was not at all pleased with what had happened to Old Pipes. This was an Echo-dwarf who lived on the hills on the other side of the valley, and whose duty it was to echo back the notes of the pipes whenever they could be heard. But when the notes of the pipes could not be heard, this Echo-dwarf had nothing to do, and spent his time in delightful idleness.

On the afternoon on which, after so long an interval, the sound of the pipes was heard on the echo hills, this dwarf was fast asleep behind a rock. As soon as the first notes reached them, some of his companions ran to wake him. Rolling to his feet, he echoed back the merry tune of Old Pipes.

The Echo-dwarf was very angry. He had supposed, of course, that the pipe-playing had ceased forever. He was so much disturbed that he made up his mind to go and try to find out whether this was to be a temporary matter or not. When he had

crossed the valley and had gone some distance into the woods on the hillside he stopped to rest, and in a few minutes the Dryad came tripping along.

"Ho, ho!" exclaimed the dwarf. "What are you doing here, and how did you get out of your tree?"

"Doing?" cried the Dryad. "I am being happy; that's what I'm doing. And I was let out of the tree by the good old man that plays the pipes. I gave him two kisses of gratitude, and now he is young enough to play the pipes as well as ever."

The Echo-dwarf stepped forward, his face pale with passion. "Am I to believe," he said, "that you are the cause of this great evil that has come upon me? that you are the wicked creature who has again started this old man upon his career of pipe-playing? What have I ever done to you that you should have condemned me for years and years to echo back the notes of those wretched pipes?"

At this the Dryad laughed loudly.

"What a funny little fellow you are!" she said. "Anyone would think you had been condemned to toil from morning till night. Fie upon you, Echo-dwarf! You are lazy and selfish, and that

is what is the matter with you. Go home and learn to be just and generous, and then, perhaps, you may be happy. Good-by."

"Insolent creature!" shouted the dwarf, as he shook his fat little fist at her. "I'll make you suffer for this." And shaking his head savagely, he turned back to the rocky hillside.

PART V

Each day, from early morning till it was time for him to go back to his duties upon the rocky hillside, the Echo-dwarf searched the woods for the Dryad.

One day, while thus wandering among the trees, he met Old Pipes. He stopped and asked Old Pipes if he had seen the Dryad.

"No," he said, "I have not seen her, and I have been looking everywhere for her."

"You!" cried the dwarf. "What do you wish with her?"

Old Pipes then told what the Dryad had done for him.

"I am looking for the Dryad now to ask her to make my mother younger, as she made me," Old Pipes continued.

The eyes of the Echo-dwarf glistened.

"Your idea is a good one," he said to Old Pipes. "But you should know that a dryad can make no person younger but the one who lets her out of her tree. All you need do is to find the Dryad, tell her what you want, and request her to step into her tree and be shut up for a short time. Then you will go and bring your mother to the tree; she will open it and everything will be as you wish. Is not this a good plan?"

"Excellent," cried Old Pipes. "I will go instantly and search more diligently for the Dryad."

PART VI

Old Pipes and the Dwarf came to the great oak tree in which the Dryad had lived, and at a distance they saw that beautiful creature herself coming toward them.

Old Pipes put the Echo-dwarf upon the ground, but the little rogue did not go away. He concealed himself between some low, mossy rocks.

When the Dryad came up, Old Pipes lost no time in telling her about his mother and what he wished her to do. At first the Dryad answered nothing, but stood looking very sadly at Old Pipes.

"Do you really wish me to go into my tree again?" she said. "I should dreadfully dislike to do it, for I don't know what might happen. It is not at all necessary, for I could make your mother younger at any time if she would give me the opportunity. I cannot imagine what put this idea into your head. Did you think of it yourself?"

"No, I cannot say that I did," answered Old Pipes. "A little dwarf whom I met in the woods proposed it to me."

"Oh," cried the Dryad, "now I see through it all. It is the scheme of that vile Echo-dwarf — your enemy and mine. Where is he? I should like to see him. There he is among the rocks. Seize him and drag him out, I beg of you."

Old Pipes perceived the dwarf as soon as he was pointed out to him, and running to the rocks he caught the little fellow by the arm and pulled him out.

"Now, then," said the Dryad, who had opened the door of the great oak, "just stick him in there and we will shut him up. Then I shall be safe from his mischief for the rest of the time I am free."

Old Pipes thrust the Echo-dwarf into the tree.

The Dryad pushed the door shut. There was a clicking sound of wood, and no one would have noticed that the big oak ever had an opening in it.

"There," said the Dryad. "Now we need not be afraid of him."

PART VII

"Now, my good piper," continued the Dryad, "I shall be very glad to make your mother younger as soon as I can. Will you not ask her to come out and meet me?"

With the Dryad by his side, Old Pipes hurried to his cottage. But when he mentioned the matter to his mother, the old woman became very angry indeed. She did not believe in dryads.

As the summer days went on Old Pipes's mother grew feebler and feebler. "Alas, alas!" she said one day, "I have grown utterly worthless, and someone else must prepare the dinner for my son. I wonder where he is." And, tottering to the door, she went outside to look for him. She did not feel able to stand, and reaching the rustic chair, she sank into it quite exhausted and soon fell asleep.

The Dryad, who had often come to the cottage, stepped up quietly behind the old woman and

gently kissed her on each cheek, and then as quietly disappeared.

In a few minutes the mother of Old Pipes awoke, and looking up at the sun, she exclaimed, "Why, it is almost dinner time! My son will be here presently, and I am not ready for him."

"How a little sleep does refresh one!" she said to herself, as she was hustling about. The moment Old Pipes saw his mother he knew that the Dryad had been there. But, while he felt as happy as a king, he was too wise to say anything about her.

PART VIII

The summer days went on and passed away, the leaves were falling from the trees, and the air was becoming cold

"Nature has ceased to be lovely," said the Dryad, "and the night winds chill me. It is time for me to go back to my comfortable quarters in the great oak." And she sped away to the woods.

When she reached the great oak, she turned the key and opened the door. "Come out," she said to the Echo-dwarf, who sat blinking within. "Winter is coming on and I want the comfortable shelter of my tree for myself."

Upon hearing these words the dwarf skipped quickly out, and the Dryad entered the tree and pulled the door shut after her. "Now, then," she said to herself, "he can break off the key if he likes. It does not matter to me. Another will grow out next spring. And although the good piper made me no promise, I know that when the warm days arrive next year, he will come and let me out again."

FRANK R. STOCKTON (*Abridged*)

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Who released the Dryad?

How was Old Pipes rewarded?

This story is divided into parts, but the parts are not named. Below are names which might be used, but they are not arranged in order. See if you can select the right name for each part.

Old Pipes releases the Dryad

Helping Old Pipes's Mother

The Lazy, Selfish Dwarf

The Echo-dwarf's Cunning Plan

Old Pipes discovers the Truth about his Piping

The Departure of the Dryad

Old Pipes pipes again

The Echo-dwarf's Punishment

FIGHTING THE FIRE MONSTER

When you see the fire apparatus rushing down the street, do you ever wonder what takes place when the men reach the fire? On Fire Prevention Day you may want a story to tell at assembly. Perhaps this would be a good one to use.

"Punishment" — that is the single word the firemen use in summing up the grueling, body-wrecking tortures that the men of the engine companies undergo from smoke and flames while battling with the fire demon. But in truth no single word can express the terrible strain these fire fighters experience in their work. It is as terrible as — well, one fireman drew this comparison :

"Let a fellow, one very much bigger than you are, shove your head under water and hold it there a long, long time until it seems as if you just couldn't stand it a second more. Then let him bring you up for a single breath of fresh air and shove you under again and hold you there until your lungs seem on the point of bursting; until the blood pressure seems ready to split your head open; until your ears ring and your eyes bulge out under the terrible strain; until your chest

aches and your muscles seem like lumps of lead ; until your limbs are powerless and you begin to realize that the end is near. Then multiply these agonies by four, and you can very nearly realize the punishment a fireman takes in a burning building."

The men of the engine companies are the ones who are forced to take these punishments for the most part, for they are the battlers. They are the ones who fight the fire monster in his lair, who scorn his fiery tongues and scoff at his smoky breath. They are the ones who break their way into the burning buildings, dragging their lines of hose after them so as to be able to hurl tons of water into the vitals of the flames. They are the men who risk their lives daily to protect the great cities. Their part is to fight the fire, and fight they do with dauntless courage, leaving the rescue work and the heroism to their brothers in uniform, the men of the hook-and-ladder companies.

Fire fighting with these men is more of a study than warfare is with the soldier. They have a dozen methods of attack to suit as many different fires, and they must be ready at a moment's notice, night or day, to undertake any one of these attacks and carry it through without a mistake. Mistakes in

the fire department are serious matters and very often fatal. Many a fireman has lost his life because of a trivial error. And many another has lost his life, even though no error was committed, for fire fighting at best is dangerous work.

But to the men who make fire fighting their life's occupation, who join the fire department and stay in it in spite of the grueling punishments, these dangers are all part of the game. They are big, brave, brawny men, for the most part, who love the battle. Not one would flinch in the face of peril. Not one would shirk a duty, though the end might mean death, or burns that would cripple him for life. They are fighters through and through — true Americans every inch of them, fearless and determined. Indeed they have to be all this and more, or they would never be able to accomplish the work that firemen are called upon to do.

Night and day are alike to these men (as, indeed, they are alike to all firemen). There is no allotted time to sleep. They must catch their rest when they can. They may be called from their beds ten times in a night, or they may be up from sunset to sunrise fighting flames. Two hours of uninterrupted sleep is a blessing to a fireman, whether he

gets it by day or by night. He must be always on the alert, listening for the strokes of the alarm gong; for on his quickness to respond to its call may depend the safety of millions of dollars' worth of property and, what is more, the lives of men, women, and children.

But although there is no difference between daylight and darkness in the matter of activities, a fireman's day really begins at eight o'clock in the morning, when the whole company in full uniform is called out upon the floor. In an engine company there are twelve members. The commanding officer is the captain, and the next in rank is a lieutenant. Then come two engineers, and firemen of the first, second, third, or fourth grade.

At eight o'clock the gong strikes and the company assembles on the floor for roll call and inspection by the captain. During these formalities the commanding officer reads all orders that he desires carried out during the day, and delivers any new instructions. During the period of inspection each man's uniform is examined carefully to see that it has been kept neat and clean. Shoes, belts, etc. are gone over, and all department property, intrusted to the men, is closely examined.

Then, at a command, the inspection is ended; and the men, after saluting their superiors, break ranks, some going out to breakfast, while others don working clothes and begin to clean up about the station, attending to engines or high-pressure wagons, or to horses if it happens to be a company where those faithful old animals are still in use. But always while they work they are on the alert. Ever are their ears waiting to hear the first stroke of the "joker," as the alarm bell is called by the firemen. And presently they hear it.

Click (as the electric circuit opens); then, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding — ding, ding, ding, ding, ding — ding, ding, ding. Once more the call is repeated, and then it is taken up by the big gong, which bangs it off in deep, ringing tones. The man on watch shouts "Six fifty-three, Amsterdam Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street." Every man in the station has dropped what he had in his hand and has taken his place at the apparatus. Men who have been sleeping in the dormitory upstairs leap out of bed with a bound, and before the big gong starts tolling off the numbers they have appeared on the apparatus floor by way of the several brass poles, down which they come sliding with a rush.

"Box six fifty-three, Amsterdam Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street," cries the commanding officer, echoing the call of the house watchman.

By this time every man is ready. The drivers of the engine and the hose wagon have cranked or started their motors. The heavy engines start with a roar, the men swing to their places, and the house watchman opens wide the big double doors.

"Go!" the captain shouts, as he swings into his place on the hose wagon; and, with a bangety-bang-bang-bang-bang of the giant motors, the engine rushes into the street, and the hose wagon follows. Then with sirens shrieking, bells clanging, and whistles calling, the two big machines start on their mad rush for the scene of the fire, the engine pouring forth clouds of sparks and black smoke and raising a din that brings traffic to a halt blocks ahead.

All streets are cleared for the engine company. Wagons, automobiles, street cars, pushcarts, and even pedestrians stop in their tracks until these flying machines have rushed by. Traffic policemen see that everything is at a standstill, for the engine companies have the right of way down any street they may choose.

And while these big machines are rushing along at breakneck speed, the firemen on the hose wagon are pulling on their boots and rubber coats with little regard for the perils of their ride. They are calmly preparing for the battle. They are getting ready to give the fire monster another tussle. They are donning their armor for the attack.

How will they begin their fight? That will depend entirely upon the fire. One glimpse at the threatened building, and every man of the company knows what part he must play in the fight. Around a corner sways the engine, followed a moment later by the lurching hose wagon. There is the fire-swept building — a four-story brick structure with smoke pouring from the third and fourth floors. The plan of attack is decided in an instant. The big engine comes to a stop in front of a hydrant, almost across the street from the fire. This company is the first to arrive on the scene and, according to regulations, takes charge of the fire. The captain is automatically in command of the whole situation until a superior officer, a battalion chief, makes his appearance.

"Stretch in!" comes the order. But it is hardly needed; for the men have dropped from the hose

wagon in a flash, and already lengths of hose are being drawn out. One fireman looks aloft. "Third and fourth floors," he calls, "five lengths of hose." The firemen allow a length of hose to a floor and one extra for good measure. That is part of their fighting system.

Five lengths are "stretched in" and coupled, and then the battlers start. The first engine company at the fire takes the inside stairway (if any stairs are left), for their instructions are to get into the building and attack the fire from the inside. In through the doorway disappear the smoke-eaters, and up the stairway they go dragging their sleek, serpent-like hose with them. Up, up they go, the smoke getting denser all the time, the roar of the flames aloft growing louder and more threatening. The second floor is reached. The smoke is terrible. The fire is on the next floor and the floor above that. The men are under it.

That is the position of advantage for the firemen. Always the men of the engine companies are instructed to get close to a fire and fight it from its source, to beat it down with tons of water and keep it from spreading until it is under control and finally finished. These men are under the flames. They



look up through the gray eddying smoke that rolls down the stairway from aloft, and they can see licking tongues of fire reaching out to devour everything in their pathway. This is the enemy, and the men are ready to give it battle.

Now while these men have been climbing up through the smoke-filled building, down in the street the engineer has made all the necessary connections with the street hydrant and has started the pumps of his engine. In a twinkling hundreds of gallons of water are forced into the hose under many pounds of pressure, and the long black snake that winds into the building quivers as if it were alive with the throbbing of the water inside. The men who have dragged it aloft feel this quiver and know that it is charged and ready.

The firemen's instructions are not to start the water until they actually see the flames. They cannot aim blindly into a bank of smoke, for the water would do thousands of dollars' worth of damage and perhaps would never reach the source of the fire at all. "Never start your water until you see the flames," is the order given to them, and they obey, even though they have to fight their way through rolling clouds of smoke so thick that they

are overcome and drop from exhaustion. That is why these men fought their way up the stairs step by step until they saw the tongues of fire leaping up.

There is the enemy at the top of the next flight of stairs. Like soldiers the fire fighters steady themselves for a charge; then, with the hose open and a hissing stream of water preceding them, they work their way slowly and stubbornly up the last flight of stairs and into the very heart of the flames. And here they wage the battle.

Meanwhile in the street other things have been happening. Two more engine companies have arrived in whirlwind fashion, and reënforcements are added to the ranks of the fighters already in the building. Other lengths of hose are "stretched in," and while one company has worked its way through the building to the rear and up the fire escapes to the third floor, another company has gone up the front of the building by means of ladders and into the third floor through the front windows. A hook-and-ladder company has arrived too, the men of this company going to the roof of the building to do their part in the battle, and a few moments later, with screaming siren, a water tower pulls up and takes its place in front of the building.

But the fire is not so big as the volume of smoke indicates; and by the time the third crew of fire fighters has "stretched in," the first little army of fighters, who made their way up by means of the stairs, have found the vitals of the fire and are smothering it under a heavy stream of water. The hook-and-ladder boys have worked their way down from the roof to the third floor, and great sections of flooring and side walls are soon being torn out to lay bare the hiding places of live coals, all of which must be discovered and quenched before the firemen can return to their stations.

The members of the first engine company to arrive at a fire usually receive the most punishment, for, as you now realize, their first instructions are to get into the building. Going into a fire-swept building requires the utmost courage. There have been cases where an entire engine company, the first to arrive at a fire, forced an entrance into the flaming structure, and not one of them ever came out again.

But whether they work inside or outside, the firemen are ever beset by perils. Indeed there have been times when firemen have been caught on fire escapes on the outside of a building and all but

perished there in full sight of their comrades. These emergencies are arising all the time, and then it is that bravery and cool-headed courage count the most. Then it is that the men of the hook-and-ladder companies accomplish their noblest rescues.

Fireman P—— (we will call him Preston, for he does not like to have his real name known) of the New York Fire Department knows this only too well. If it had not been for the courage of the hook-and-ladder boys and his own cool head — well, he would not be wearing a uniform now.

He, with three other firemen, had "stretched in" a line at a big fire on Canal Street one night. It was a raging fire on the top floors of a four-story brick building, and a second and a third alarm were sent in as soon as the battalion chief arrived on the scene. The chief saw at a glance that four engine companies could not hold the fire monster in check, so he called for reënforcements in the shape of eight more engine companies and all other apparatus that responds to a third alarm in that district.

Preston and the three other men of his company were assigned to "stretch in" a line up the front of the building by means of the fire escapes. Up they

went, story after story, until they reached the fourth floor. Here Preston beat out a few window panes with the aid of his leather-ribbed helmet, and then signaled for water. Presently with a hissing roar a one-and-a-half-inch stream was shooting through that open window into the very heart of the fire. Flames, of course, and clouds of curling smoke shot out of the window into the faces of the men on the fire escape, but they withstood the onslaught and fought back bravely.

Inside, the building was a seething furnace. Already the first company had been driven back and down to the second floor by the advancing fire. The flames had the upper hand, and the firemen knew that they had a long and tedious battle ahead of them. Even Preston's position on the fire escape was getting uncomfortable, for sheets of flame were leaping out through the window, and the iron of the fire escape was glowing red under the heat. But still he and his companions battled hard and earnestly until, suddenly, came a command from the street below to "back down." The chief had seen that the position of the four men was perilous, and he did not intend to have them risk their lives any longer.

Their water was shut off, and slowly the four men started to back down the fire escape, carrying the now limp hose with them. One by one they passed from the fourth floor to the third. Three men were on the third-floor fire escape, and Preston, the last to leave, was just starting down the ladder from the top platform. Then without warning the windows on the third floor burst, and great shafts of flames leaped out. Hastily the three men retreated to the second floor, but Preston, still on the ladder between the third and fourth floor, was cut off. He saw at a glance that he never could pass through those flames alive. Already the iron of the fire escape was red-hot and bending. What should he do?

The flames under him grew hotter. They drove him back to the fourth floor again. But fire and smoke were pouring out at him here too. He edged as far away from the window as he could and finally sought as a refuge the two-inch strip of iron on the top of the railing that surrounded the fire escape. He stood on this, his back flat against the wall and his arms spread out to steady himself. In this position the flames swept up and past him.

But his safety was only a matter of a few

minutes. Four stories below him in the streets he could see the horror-stricken crowds staring up at him. He saw his brothers in uniform scurrying here and there. He knew they were going for a life net, for they realized that sooner or later he would be forced to jump. Could they get the net in time? And, if they got it, could he make the jump? They would have to hurry. The flames were terrible now. His rubber boots were smoking. The hot bricks were burning into his back. His hands were blistered. It was only a matter of seconds now. He knew that he could not stand the strain much longer. He was becoming dizzy. He —

Then suddenly, as if by a miracle, a coil of rope shot down from above and hit him in the face. He could not comprehend it. But he did not stop to investigate. Hastily he grasped the manila strands and knotted them under his arms. Snarling flames reached out and singed the hempen cord. But the fire demon was too late. He was cheated of his victim, for Preston was hauled aloft in a twinkling, and onto the roof where a hook-and-ladder company was at work. The boys from the truck company had somehow, either by accident, intuition,

or the sound of the cries from the street, discovered Preston's peril, and, dropping everything, they had lowered a rope to him just in time.

IRVING CRUMP

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Would this be a good story to tell? Why?

If you decide to tell this story, it will help you if you divide the story into three main parts and decide what you will tell under each part. Key words, such as those given below, will help you to remember what you want to tell. Fill in the rest of the key words.

I. The Men and their Training
Inspection

II. Responding to an Alarm
The Signal

III. The Case of Preston
Trapped

THE RIDE OF MARCUS WHITMAN

You have all heard of the ride of Paul Revere. Should you like to know of the much longer and much more difficult ride of Marcus Whitman? Historians do not agree as to the purpose of this ride, whether it was undertaken to prevent the closing of the Indian missions or to save Oregon. All agree, however, that it was a most perilous journey. As you read the story, think of the differences between the trip taken by Marcus Whitman in 1842 and that of a traveler over the same route today.

"Hurrah for Oregon! America is too late! The country is ours!" shouted a young Englishman.

A messenger had just brought the news to the Hudson's Bay Company's fort that a group of Englishmen and Canadians were on their way to settle in the valley of the Columbia River. In the year 1842 the western boundary line between Canada and the United States had not yet been determined, but it was believed that whichever country settled the land first, that country would have the title to it.

Marcus Whitman, an American missionary doctor to the Indians of Oregon, heard the triumphant cry of the Englishman. He was planning a four-thousand-mile journey to the East on mission work,

and now he determined to start at once, although winter was coming. He felt that it was important to make Congress realize the value of this Western territory and to get American settlers at once for Oregon.

The name "Oregon" at that time meant not only the present state, but also the land now occupied by the states of Washington, Idaho, and part of Montana. The Hudson's Bay Company, with England's approval, had planted their forts in various places in this territory, and they were doing their best to keep American settlers away. The people in the territory knew that the land was well worth cultivating, and that there was plenty of fish and game in the rivers and forests, and possibilities of ores in the mountains. In the East, however, the people had obtained the impression that the country was impassable and not worth struggling to keep, as it was full of wild beasts and savage Indians.

Marcus Whitman, who had lived in Oregon for six years, realized what a tremendous loss to the United States it would be if the boundary line were fixed below the forty-ninth parallel. If this should happen, it would give the land to England. So on

October 3, 1842, Marcus Whitman said good-by to his wife and friends. With General Lovejoy, who was a new settler, a guide, and three pack mules he began his long journey to Washington to persuade the President and Congress to keep Oregon.

In eleven days the party reached Fort Hall, where the captain of the fort tried to prevent the doctor from going any farther. Although so far as most people knew Dr. Whitman was going East to confer with his missionary board, the captain may have had some suspicions of another reason for the trip. He told the travelers that it was hopeless to try to journey over the Rocky Mountains, as the snow was already twenty feet deep. He said that two tribes of Indians were at war with each other, and that it would be certain death to pass through their country.

In spite of this discouraging news Dr. Whitman would not return home, but he changed his route and set out toward the southeast to discover a new way to Washington.

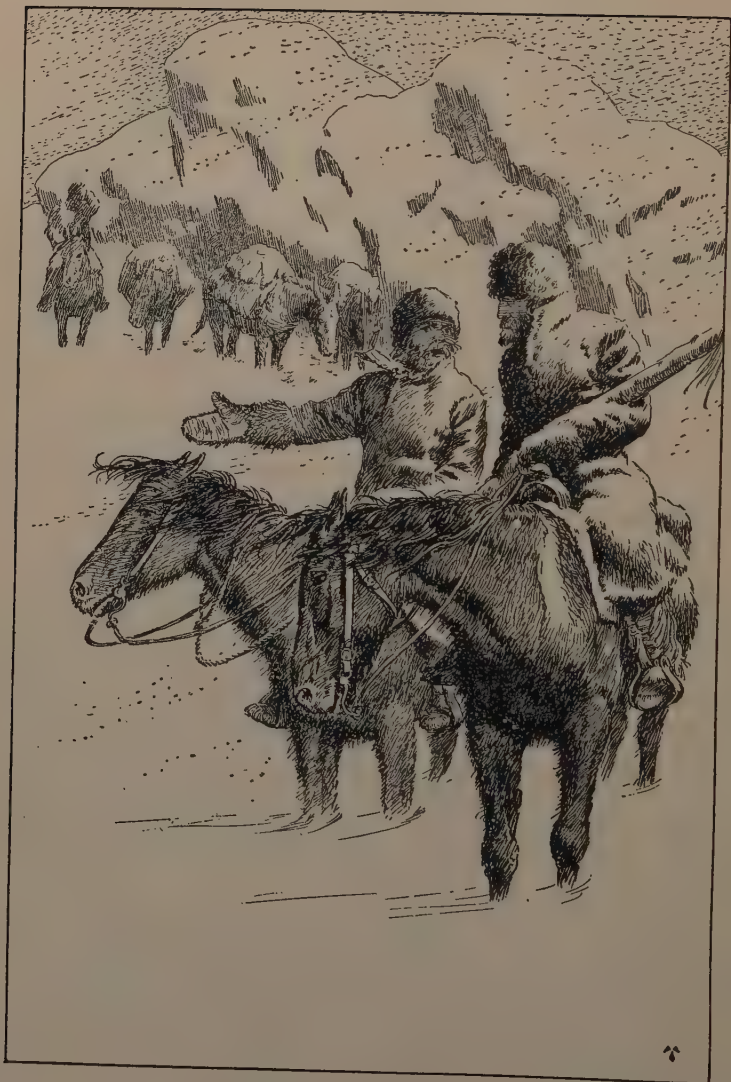
He knew the route in a general way, though it was believed that no white man had ever taken it. He went first east and south in the direction of the present Salt Lake City, then to Fort Uintah and

Fort Uncompahgre, on to Taos and Santa Fe, and from there to Bent's Fort and St. Louis.

The deep snow and severe weather delayed the men, but they safely reached Fort Uncompahgre on the Rio Grande and from there took a new guide. On their way to Taos they had to pass over a high mountain, and here a terrible snowstorm made them seek shelter in a more protected ravine. They tried several times to go on, but it was ten days before they could leave. They had no sooner got upon the mountain again, than another violent storm almost blinded them.

Fighting every step of the way through the stinging, whirling snow, they struggled on. Finally the guide stopped and said that he was lost and would go no farther. They decided to return to the camp in the sheltered ravine where they had been, but the snow had covered every sign of the path by which they had come. The guide could not direct them. They seemed utterly lost on top of the mountain in the wild storm.

Then it was that Dr. Whitman got down from his horse, knelt in the snow, and prayed. He commended his life work, his family, and Oregon to God for guidance and protection.



The lead mule, left to himself while the doctor was praying, turned its long ears first one way and then another and then started plunging through the snowdrifts.

"This mule will find the camp if it can live long enough to reach it," said the guide. The men followed the mule, and they all reached the camp safely.

"I will go no farther. The way is impassable," the guide declared. The party could not go on without a guide, so Dr. Whitman rode back to the fort and engaged a new guide. In a week they were ready to start again.

When the party reached the place where they must cross the Grand River, they found two hundred feet of solid ice on each side of the stream, with a rushing torrent between.

"It is too dangerous to attempt to cross," decided the guide.

"We must cross, and we must cross now!" said Dr. Whitman.

He cut a willow pole eight feet long and put it upon his shoulder. "Now shove me off," he commanded. General Lovejoy and the guide obeyed. Both horse and rider went out of sight, but they

soon reappeared swimming. When they reached the other shore the doctor dismounted, broke the ice with his pole, and then helped the horse out. He soon had a roaring fire, and when the general and the guide got safely over with the pack mules, they all spent the day in getting dry and warm.

From there on the little group of travelers had many delays and suffered severely from the cold. Although every care was taken, Dr. Whitman's feet, hands, and ears were frozen. Before they reached Santa Fe the party had run short of supplies and they had to kill the dog and a mule for food. At Santa Fe the doctor stopped only long enough to get supplies, for he realized that he must hasten.

When the party reached the Arkansas River they found grass for the horses and were able to get game for food, so they pushed quickly onward. One day after a long, hard ride they decided to camp by one of the tributaries of the river. There was plenty of wood for a fire on the other side, but none on their side. The river was frozen over with smooth, clear ice, which was hardly thick enough to hold a man. They must have wood, however, so the doctor took the ax, lay down on the ice, and

carefully crawled across. He cut a load of wood, and on his return pushed it before him. He reached the others in safety, but in cutting the wood he had split the ax helve. An ax is a very important article in the woods, and so it was at once mended by binding the helve together with a fresh deerskin thong. The next morning the ax could not be found. A hungry wolf had probably wanted the deerskin for his dinner and had taken ax and all, as it lay at the edge of the tent. Although the men managed to get along without it, it is doubtful if they could have proceeded had the ax been lost during the first part of their journey.

There were several more delays, for traveling through the woods in the winter was difficult. There was one particularly anxious week when Dr. Whitman, hurrying ahead to join a caravan starting for St. Louis, got lost on the way. When he returned, General Lovejoy, who was not well, remained at one of the forts, but Dr. Whitman hurried on to St. Louis.

When he reached the city he was surrounded by trappers and traders eager for news and curious about his journey, but his first thought was about the treaty. He found that it had been signed, but

only the boundary of a few acres in Maine had been settled. The doctor would not stay in St. Louis, for his great purpose was to get to Washington before Congress adjourned. The river was frozen, and he had to go on the stage rather than by boat. It was a hard journey for a man already tired, but he did not hesitate.

When he got to Washington, President Tyler and Secretary of State Daniel Webster quickly granted him an audience.

At this time Marcus Whitman was about forty-one years old. He was a man of medium height, with broad shoulders and a large head covered with iron-gray hair. He wore coarse fur garments — buckskin breeches, fur leggings, and boot moccasins, and he carried a buffalo overcoat. He stood before the President, a sturdy pioneer, a missionary doctor, who had dared to travel four thousand miles over a rough country in winter. It had taken him four months to make the trip. He asked for no money or land or office to pay him for his four months of travel. He pleaded only for the saving of Oregon, because it would add to his country's wealth and to the benefit of the hardy pioneers who were already on their homesteads in the West.

"But Oregon is a barren, worthless territory," objected Daniel Webster. "It is shut off from the rest of the country by impassable mountains and by a great desert which make the building of a wagon road an impossibility. Without wagons people cannot farm the land and build themselves homes."

"That is not true," replied Marcus Whitman. "I have taken my wagon over the road. The soil is wonderful, and the climate is delightful. I have grown a variety of crops successfully."

The President and the Secretary of State listened intently while the doctor described the land to them and mentioned its rich possibilities. Whitman reminded them that it had been said that the ownership of Oregon would very likely be given to the country that had the greater number of settlers, English or American. "All I ask," he said, "is that you won't barter away Oregon or allow English interference before I can lead a band of sturdy Americans across the plains to make their homes on the land."

His request was granted. Both countries had claimed the territory; but now, when the story of Marcus Whitman's ride became generally known,

the interest of Americans was aroused. They were determined not to lose the land.

After Dr. Whitman had attended to his business relating to the missions, he began to gather together a group of pioneers to return to Oregon with him. A year from the time when he had started on his long, hard ride he had reached his home again. With him came one hundred and twenty-five wagons, one thousand head of cattle, horses, and sheep, and about one thousand men, women, and children.

Thus Oregon was settled by Americans, who not only outnumbered the English, but who came as permanent settlers intending to farm the land and build homes, rather than as trappers or traders.

After many delays, threats of war, and various negotiations, an agreement was reached which satisfied both England and America, and on July 17, 1846, both governments signed the treaty which fixed the boundary line between the United States and Canada at the forty-ninth parallel. Thus another chapter in the building of a great nation was written.

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

What experiences did Marcus Whitman have on his trip from Oregon to Washington, D. C., which a traveler of to-day would not have?

Trace on the map the route he took. Trace the main railroad routes from Oregon to Washington, D. C., at the present time.

In 1842 how much territory was included under the name "Oregon"?

Is this land now an important part of the United States? Can you prove that your answer is correct?

Why should the ride of Paul Revere be spoken of in connection with the ride of Marcus Whitman?

AFTERNOON ON A HILL

If you could spend an afternoon on a hill what should you do? Find out what the author of this poem would do.

I will be the gladdest thing

Under the sun!

I will touch a hundred flowers

And not pick one.

I will look at cliffs and clouds

With quiet eyes,

Watch the wind bow down the grass,

And the grass rise.

And when lights begin to show

Up from the town,

I will mark which must be mine,

And then start down!

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

What would the author of the poem do?

Why wouldn't she pick the flowers? Is it a good thing to pick wild flowers? Why?

Which stanza do you like best? Prepare to read it aloud.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

In this story this statement is made: "the inheritance which had been lost by cruelty was regained by love." See if the statement is correct.

PART I

In a secluded and mountainous part of Styria there was in old time a rich and fertile valley. It was surrounded on all sides by steep and rocky mountains rising into peaks which were always covered with snow and from which a number of torrents descended. One of these fell westward over the face of a crag so high that when the sun had set to everything else, his beams still shone full upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was therefore called by the people of the neighborhood the Golden River. It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains and wound away through broad plains and past large cities. But the clouds rested in the circular hollow, and there was rain in the little valley; and its crops were so heavy that it was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers called Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with overhanging eyebrows and small, dull eyes. They lived by farming the Treasure Valley, and they killed everything that did not pay for its eating. It would have been very odd if with such a farm and such a system of farming they hadn't got very rich. And very rich they *did* get. They had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust in charity. They were, in a word, of so cruel and bad a temper as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealings the nickname of the "Black Brothers."

The youngest brother, Gluck, was as completely different, in both appearance and character, from his brothers as could possibly be imagined or desired. He was not above twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree particularly well with his brothers, or, rather, they did not agree with *him*. He used to clean the shoes, floors, and sometimes the plates, occasionally getting what was left

on them, by way of encouragement, and a wholesome quantity of dry blows by way of education.

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the country round. The vines were cut to pieces with the hail; the corn was killed by a black blight. Only in the Treasure Valley all was safe. Everybody came to buy corn at the farm, and went away pouring maledictions on the Black Brothers. They asked what they liked for the corn, and got it, except from the poor people, who could only beg, and several of whom were starved at their very door without the slightest regard or notice.

It was drawing towards winter, and very cold weather, when one day the two elder brothers had gone out. They had given their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to mind the roast, that he was to let nobody in and give nothing out. Gluck sat down close to the fire, for it was raining very hard and the walls were by no means dry. He turned and turned, and the roast got nice and brown. "What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner."

Just as he spoke there came a double knock

at the door. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary-looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-colored. His cheeks were very round and very red, and might have caused one to think that he had been blowing a refractory fire for the last eight-and-forty hours. His eyes twinkled merrily through long, silky eyelashes. His mustaches curled twice round like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth, and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt color, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four feet six in height, and wore a conical, pointed cap of nearly the same height, decorated with a black feather some three feet long. His doublet was prolonged behind into something resembling a "swallowtail," but was much hidden by the swelling folds of an enormous black, glossy-looking cloak.

Gluck was so perfectly paralyzed by the singular appearance of his visitor that he remained fixed until the old gentleman turned round and caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window.

"Hullo!" said the little gentleman; "that's not the way to answer the door. I'm wet; let me in."

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck, "I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

"Can't what?" said the old gentleman.

"I can't let you in, sir, — I can't, indeed. My brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman crossly. "I want fire and shelter, and there's your great fire there blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say! I only want to warm myself."

Gluck had had his head so long out of the window, by this time, that he began to feel that it was really unpleasantly cold, and when he turned and saw the beautiful fire his heart melted within him. "He does look *very* wet," said little Gluck; "I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour." Round he went to the door and opened it. As the little gentleman walked in, there came a gust of wind through the house that made the old chimneys totter.

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman. "Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

"Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said Gluck. "I can't let you stay till they come; they'd be the death of me."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?"

"Only till the mutton's done, sir," replied Gluck, "and it's very brown."

Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen and sat himself down on the hob, with the top of his cap accommodated up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof.

"You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck, and sat down again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did *not* dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders; and the fire fizzed and sputtered and began to look very black and uncomfortable. Never was there such a cloak! Every fold in it ran like a gutter!

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck at length, after watching for a quarter of an hour the water spreading in long, quicksilver-like streams over the floor; "may I take your cloak?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Your cap, sir?"

"I am all right, thank you," said the old gentleman, rather crossly.

"But — sir — I'm very sorry," said Gluck, hesitatingly, "but — sir — you're putting the fire out."



"It'll take longer to do the mutton, then," replied his visitor dryly.

Gluck was very much puzzled, and turned away at the string for another five minutes.

"That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman at length. "Can't you give me a little bit?"

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

"I'm very hungry. I've had nothing to eat yesterday nor today," continued the old gentleman. "They surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle!"

He spoke in so very melancholy a tone that Gluck said, "They promised me one slice today, sir; I can give you that, but not a bit more."

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman again.

PART II

Then Gluck warmed a plate, and sharpened a knife. "I don't care if I do get beaten for it," thought he. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped off the hob as if it had suddenly become inconveniently warm. Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton again and ran to open the door.

"What did you keep us waiting in the rain for?" said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella in Gluck's face.

"Aye! what for, indeed, you little vagabond?" said Hans, administering an educational box on the ear as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

"Bless my soul!" said Schwartz when he opened the door.

"Amen," said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off and was standing in the middle of the kitchen floor, bowing.

"Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.

"I don't know, indeed, brother," said Gluck, in great terror.

"How did he get in?" roared Schwartz.

"My dear brother," said Gluck, appealingly, "he was so *very* wet!"

The rolling-pin was descending on Gluck's head, but at the instant the old gentleman interposed his conical cap, on which it crashed with a shock that shook the water out of it all over the room. What was very odd, the rolling-pin no sooner touched the cap than it flew out of Schwartz's

hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the farther end of the room.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Schwartz, turning upon him.

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

"I am a poor old man, sir," the little gentleman began very modestly, "and I saw your fire through the window and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour."

"Have the goodness to walk out again, then," said Schwartz. "We've quite enough water in our kitchen without making it a drying house."

"It is a cold day to turn an old man out, sir. Look at my gray hairs."

"Aye!" said Hans, "there are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!"

"I'm very, very hungry, sir. Couldn't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?"

"Bread, indeed!" said Schwartz. "Do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread but to give it to such red-nosed fellows as you?"

"Why don't you sell your feather?" said Hans, sneeringly. "Out with you!"

"A little bit," said the old gentleman.

"Be off!" said Schwartz.

"Pray, gentlemen —"

"Off, and be hanged!" cried Hans, seizing him by the collar.

But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman's collar than away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round till he fell into the corner on top of it. Then Schwartz was very angry and ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but he also had hardly touched him when away he went after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself quickly round in the opposite direction until his long cloak was wound neatly about him, clapped his cap on his head, and said with perfect coolness, "Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o'clock tonight I'll call again. After such a refusal of hospitality as I have just received, you will not be surprised if that visit is the last I ever pay you."

"If ever I catch you here again," muttered Schwartz, coming, half frightened, out of the corner — but before he could finish his sentence the old gentleman had shut the house door behind him with a great bang.

"A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck!" said Schwartz. "Dish the mutton, sir. If ever I catch you at such a trick again — bless me, why, the mutton's been cut!"

"You promised me one slice, brother, you know," said Gluck.

"Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. Leave the room, sir, and wait in the coal cellar till I call you."

Gluck left the room sadly enough. The brothers ate as much mutton as they could, locked the rest in the cupboard, and proceeded to get very drunk.

Such a night as it was! Howling wind and rushing rain, without intermission. The brothers had just sense enough left to put up all the shutters and double-bar the door before they went to bed. They usually slept in the same room. As the clock struck twelve they were both awakened by a tremendous crash. Their door burst open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom.

"What's that?" cried Schwartz, starting up in his bed.

"Only I," said the little gentleman.

The two brothers sat up and stared into the darkness. The room was full of water, and by a

misty moonbeam, which found its way through a hole in the shutter, they could see an enormous foam globe, on which, as on a cushion, reclined the little old gentleman, cap and all.

"Sorry to trouble you," said their visitor. "I'm afraid your beds are dampish. Perhaps you had better go to your brother's room. I've left the ceiling on there."

They required no second invitation, but rushed into Gluck's room, wet through and in an agony of terror.

"You'll find my card on the kitchen table," the old gentleman called after them. "Remember, the *last* visit."

"Pray Heaven it may be!" said Schwartz, shuddering. And the foam globe disappeared.

Dawn came at last, and the two brothers looked out of Gluck's window. The Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin and desolation. The inundation had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left in their place a waste of red sand and gray mud. The two brothers crept shivering and horror-stricken into the kitchen. The water had emptied the whole first floor; corn, money, almost every movable thing, had been swept away, and there

was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy letters, were engraved the words SOUTHWEST WIND, ESQUIRE.

PART III

Southwest Wind, Esquire, was as good as his word. He entered the Treasure Valley no more; and what was worse, the West Winds in general did the same. So no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another, and what had been the richest soil in the kingdom became a shifting heap of red sand. The brothers were forced to seek a livelihood among the cities of the plains. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some old-fashioned pieces of gold plate.

"Suppose we turn goldsmiths," said Schwartz to Hans, as they entered a large city. "It is a good knave's trade. We can put a great deal of copper into the gold without anyone's finding it out."

They hired a furnace and turned goldsmiths. But two circumstances affected their trade: first, people did not approve of the coppered gold; second, the two elder brothers, whenever they had sold anything, used to leave Gluck to mind the furnace, and go and drink out the money in the

alehouse. They were at last reduced to one drinking mug, which an uncle had given to Gluck, and of which he was very fond. The mug was a very odd one. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair. These descended and mixed with a beard and whiskers which surrounded a very fierce little face right in the front of the mug. The face had a pair of eyes in it which seemed to gaze intently, and even wink! When it came the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke Gluck's heart; but his brothers laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting pot, and went out, leaving him as usual to pour the gold into bars when it was ready.

When they were gone, Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting pot, then went sadly to the window. It was just at the close of the day. When Gluck sat down at the window, he saw the rocks of the mountain tops all crimson and purple with the sunset. The river, brighter than all, fell in a waving column of pure gold.

"Ah!" said Gluck aloud, "if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be."

"No, it wouldn't, Gluck," said a clear, metallic voice.

"Bless me," said Gluck, "what is that?" He began looking in all the corners and cupboards, and then turned round and round in the middle of the room, thinking someone was behind him. Now he heard the same voice singing very merrily — no words, only a soft melody like that of a kettle on the boil. It struck Gluck that it sounded louder near the furnace. He ran to the opening and looked in. Yes, it seemed to be coming not only out of the furnace, but out of the pot. He uncovered it, and ran back in a great fright, for the pot was certainly singing! He stood in the farthest corner of the room for a minute or two, when the singing stopped, and the voice became clear and distinct.

"Hullo!" said the voice. "Hullo! Gluck, my boy."

Gluck summoned all his courage, walked straight up to the crucible, drew it out of the furnace, and looked in. The gold was all melted, and there, meeting his glance, were the red nose and sharp eyes of his old friend, the mug.

"Come, Gluck, my boy," said the voice out of the pot again, "I'm all right. Pour me out."

But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything of the kind.

"Pour me out, I say," said the voice, rather gruffly. Still Gluck couldn't move.

"*Will* you pour me out?" said the voice passionately. "I'm too hot."

By a violent effort Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the crucible, and sloped it, so as to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream there came out, first a pair of pretty little yellow legs, then some coat tails, then a pair of arms stuck akimbo, and finally the well-known head of his friend the mug. All these articles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up in the shape of a little golden dwarf about a foot and a half high.

The dwarf stretched his arms and legs and looked at himself to see if he were all there. Then he turned his sharp eyes on Gluck and said, "No, it wouldn't, Gluck, my boy."

This was certainly an abrupt way to begin a conversation; but whatever it referred to, Gluck had no inclination to dispute what the dwarf said.

"Pray, sir," said Gluck rather hesitatingly, "were you my mug?"

The little man walked straight up to Gluck and drew himself up to his full height. "I," he said, "am the King of the Golden River. The shape in

which you saw me was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have this instant freed me. Attend to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of the mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream at its source three drops of holy water, for him and for him only the river shall turn to gold. But no one failing in his first can succeed in a second attempt; and if anyone shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him and he shall become a black stone." So saying, the King of the Golden River turned and walked deliberately into the center of the hottest flame of the furnace, and disappeared.

He had hardly made his strange exit before Hans and Schwartz came roaring into the house savagely drunk. The discovery of the total loss of their last piece of plate made them beat Gluck for a quarter of an hour, and then they requested him to tell what he had to say for himself. They did not believe a word of his story, and beat him again till their arms were tired. In the morning, however, when he still told the same story, they began to wrangle over which one should try his fortune first. Their noise alarmed the neighbors, who sent for



the constable. Hans escaped, but Schwartz was brought before the magistrate, fined, and thrown into prison till he should pay.

PART IV

When Hans heard this, he determined to set out immediately for the Golden River. The priest could not give holy water to so bad a character, so he stole a cupful.

The next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the holy water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some meat into a basket, slung them over his back, took his alpine staff in his hand, and set off for the mountains.

Forgetting the distance he had to traverse, he set off at an imprudent rate of walking, which greatly exhausted him before he had scaled the first range of low hills. He was, moreover, surprised to find that a large glacier lay between him and the source of the Golden River. He mounted it with the boldness of a practiced mountaineer, yet thought he had never in his life traversed so strange or so dangerous a glacier. The ice was very, very slippery, and out of all its chasms came wild sounds of gushing water. Fresh chasms yawned

repeatedly, and it was with a feeling of terror that he leaped the last one and flung himself, exhausted, on the firm turf of the mountain.

He had been compelled to abandon his basket of food and had now no means of refreshing himself but by breaking off and eating some pieces of ice. After an hour's rest he resumed his journey.

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare rocks. It was past noon, and the sun's rays beat down intensely. Hans was afflicted with thirst, and glanced at the flask of water which hung at his girdle. "Three drops are enough," he thought.

He opened the flask and was raising it to his lips, when his eye fell on an object lying on the rock beside him. It was a small dog in the last agony of death from thirst. Hans drank, kicked the dog, and passed on. A shadow suddenly came across the blue sky.

The path became steeper and more rugged, and the air seemed to throw him into a fever. Another hour passed, and he again looked down to the flask at his side. As he opened it he saw a fair child, stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its lips parched and burning. Hans eyed it deliberately, drank, and passed on. A dark cloud came over the sun.

Hans struggled on. He saw the cataract of the Golden River scarcely five hundred feet above him, and sprang to complete his task.

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. An old man, extended on the rocks, stretched out his arms and cried, "Water! I am dying."

"I have none," replied Hans, and darted on. The sun set like a red-hot ball.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans's ear. He stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Shuddering, he drew the flask from his girdle and hurled it into the torrent. As he did so, an icy chill shot through his limbs. He staggered, shrieked, and fell. The waters closed over his cry, and the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night as it gushed over THE BLACK STONE.

PART V

When Gluck found that Hans did not come back, he went and hired himself to a goldsmith and worked so hard that he soon had money enough to pay his brother's fine and get Schwartz out of prison. Then Schwartz was quite pleased and said Gluck should have some of the gold of the river.

Now Schwartz took some more of Gluck's money, and went to a bad man and bought some holy water. He got up early in the morning before the sun rose, took some bread and wine in a basket, put his holy water in a flask, and set off for the mountains. Like his brother, he was much surprised at the sight of the glacier and had great difficulty in crossing it, even after leaving his basket behind him. As he climbed the steep path the thirst came upon him, and he was about to drink from the flask, when he saw the fair child lying on the rocks moaning for water.

"Water, indeed!" said Schwartz. "I haven't half enough for myself," and passed on. The sunbeams grew more dim, and a low bank of clouds rose out of the west. When he had climbed for another hour, the thirst overcame him again and he would have drunk. Then he saw the old man lying on the path crying out for water. "Water, indeed!" said Schwartz. "I haven't half enough for myself," and on he went. Again the light seemed to fade, and the bank of clouds had risen very high.

Then Schwartz climbed for another hour, and again his thirst returned. As he lifted the flask he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted

on the path, crying for water. "Ha," laughed Schwartz, "do you suppose I carried this all the way for you?" When he had gone a few steps farther he looked back, but the figure was not there.

A sudden horror came over Schwartz, and he rushed on. The bank of clouds rose, and out of it came bursts of lightning. When Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its waves were black like thunderclouds. The roar of the waters below and the thunder above met as he cast the flask into the stream. As he did so the lightning glared in his eyes, the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night as it gushed over the TWO BLACK STONES.

PART VI

When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River. So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck took some bread in his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off early for the mountains.

If the glacier had caused great fatigue to his

brothers, it was twenty times worse for him, who was neither so strong nor so practiced. He had several bad falls, lost his basket, and was frightened at the noises under the ice. He lay for a long time resting, and began to climb in the hottest part of the day. When he had climbed for an hour he was dreadfully thirsty and was about to drink, when an old man came down the path. "My son," he said, "I am faint with thirst. Give me some of that water." Then Gluck saw that he was pale and weary and gave him the water. The old man drank a great deal, and as he gave him back the bottle, he wished him good speed. Gluck went on again merrily, for the path seemed easier to his feet, and grasshoppers began singing on the bank.

Then he went on for another hour and the thirst increased. But as he raised the flask, he saw a child lying panting by the roadside. After a struggle with himself, Gluck held the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank all but a few drops. Having done this, the child smiled on him, got up, and ran down the hill. Then Gluck began climbing again, and beheld all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks, and butterflies darting hither and thither, and he had never felt so happy in his life.

Yet after he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became intolerable; and when he looked at his bottle he saw there were not more than five or six drops left. As he was about to hang it to his belt again, he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath. He remembered the dwarf's words, that no man could succeed except in his first attempt, and tried to pass the dog, but it whined so piteously that he stopped again. "Confound the king and his gold too," said Gluck, and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

The dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. In three seconds the dog was gone, and before Gluck stood his old acquaintance, the King of the Golden River.

"Thank you," said the monarch. "Why didn't you come before instead of sending me those rascally brothers of yours, for me to have the trouble of turning into stones? Very hard stones they make, too."

"Oh, dear me!" said Gluck. "Have you really been so cruel?"

"Cruel!" said the dwarf. "They poured unholy water into my stream. Do you suppose I'm going to allow that?"

"Why," said Gluck, "I am sure, sir, — your Majesty, I mean, — they got the water out of the church font."

"Very probably," replied the dwarf; "but," and his countenance grew stern, "the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying is unholy, though it has been blessed by all the saints in heaven."

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily. On its white leaves there hung three drops of clear dew. These the dwarf shook into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said, "and descend on the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley. And so good speed." As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf grew indistinct and then vanished.

Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River. Its waves were clear as crystal. When he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened where they fell a small whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed, because not only was the river not turned into gold, but its waters seemed much diminished in quantity. Yet he obeyed his friend

the dwarf and went down toward the Treasure Valley. Now, when he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river like the Golden River was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it and was flowing in innumerable streams among the dry heaps of red sand.

As Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew and climbed among the moistening soil. And thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance which had been lost by cruelty was regained by love.

And Gluck went and lived in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door. His barns became full of corn and his house full of treasure. For him the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a river of gold.

JOHN RUSKIN (*Abridged*)

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Was it true that "the inheritance which had been lost by cruelty was regained by love"? Prove your answer by filling out a blank like the sample below.

ACTS OF CRUELTY	ACTS OF LOVE

CAREFUL CAMPERS AND PICNICKERS

Why do you often see the sign "No Campers nor Picnickers Allowed"? What Scout rules, if obeyed, would cause campers and picnickers to be welcome?

"We will now have the right rules for campers and picnickers," said Mr. Clark, the Scout master. The morning sun lighted the eager faces of the twenty boys standing in the big field, and sparkled on the waters of the lake beyond.

"All ready," called Mr. Clark. "We'll begin with John Drew, at the head of the line."

"Pick up papers. Bury bottles and tin cans. Bury garbage. Fight fires. Drink clean water. Do not destroy trees. A careful camper is a good citizen."

Each boy recited the rules clearly and sharply, with head erect and shoulders straight.

"Very good," said Mr. Clark. "Now I will give out the work for the day. The first two boys in the line must pick up all papers after each meal and burn them on the camp fire. We shall have only one fire, and that will be in the cleared space of earth in the middle of this field."

"The next two boys will dig a big hole near the camp fire. After each meal they must put into this hole the garbage, bottles, cans, and anything else that will not burn. Cover everything each time with shovelfuls of dirt. Keep a shovel near the hole. We must leave this field and the pine woods over there just as clean as we found them. There are two kinds of campers in our country. The careless campers ruin the parks and woods. The careful campers keep the out of doors clean and safe. These rules for the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts make careful campers.

"Now, boys," the Scout master spoke earnestly, "what are the two things which are most important to people when they are camping?"

"Fire and water," quickly answered one of the boys.

"All right," said Mr. Clark. "Now tell me what are the two things which are most dangerous to people when they are camping or on a picnic?"

The boys looked puzzled for a minute, and then John Drew laughed.

"Fire and water," he replied.

"Right!" Mr. Clark smiled. "You must have pure, clean water for your drinking supply. Never

drink from the brooks and lakes. We have a well on this camping ground that we know is clean. Be sure when you are camping or picnicking that you stay near a good well or a spring.

"Now, about fire," continued the Scout master. "Who knows what the sign on the tree across the road says?"

"I know," replied Robert Brown. "It says 'Fight the fire fiend!' There is a picture of a red wolf on the sign. He looks angry. His mouth is open, and his long teeth show."

"That's right," said Mr. Clark, "and every camper must fight the fire fiend. Remember that every good Scout is a fire fighter. While we are here two boys will look after the camp fire every day. The next two boys in line will take care of it today. The camp fire must be put out every night. Throw pailfuls of water on it and cover it with dirt. Be sure that there are no sparks left. Fire is like the big wolf in the Red Riding-hood story, with his mouth open, 'the better to eat you, my dear.'"

"John, will you get one of the fire beaters?" asked Mr. Clark.

John was back in a minute with something that looked like a big fly swatter. It was made of a

large, flat piece of heavy canvas about two feet square, and it had a short handle.

"The next two boys in line will take charge of the fire beaters," ordered Mr. Clark. "There must be four fire beaters outside each tent, night and day. Who knows the rule in case of a fire at night? I call it the three-leaps rule."

"The first leap out of bed, the second leap for the fire beater, and the third leap for the fire," said Alfred Drake.

"And those leaps must be like flashes of lightning," warned the Scout master. "The minute Harry blows the fire call on the bugle you must leap."

Every morning after that the Scout master gave the orders for the work of the day to different boys. Every night the two boys who had charge of the camp fire walked round it the last thing before going to bed, to make sure that every bit of the fire was out.

It was near the end of the first week of the camping trip. No one would have guessed that twenty boys had played in the woods and eaten three hearty meals a day in the field. There were no piles of tin cans, and no dirty papers were blowing



around. The shores of the lake were clean. There were no banana skins and bits of food to spoil its beauty. The Scout master's keen eyes kept the boys from getting careless about their work.

"I think he could see a piece of paper only half an inch long if it were a mile away," grumbled David Kane. Mr. Clark had just made him go over the field again because it was not clean enough.

"That's nothing," laughed John Drew. "Last night I was sound asleep when he called me. He called Alfred too. It was our night to take care of the fire, and he didn't think we had put enough dirt on it. When he called my name in that big voice of his, I gave such a leap out of bed that I came near landing in the lake."

"Oh, he's too fussy," said David, in a low voice as Mr. Clark went by.

The boys had a long, hard baseball game that afternoon, and then some exciting races. By night everyone was tired enough to tumble into bed quickly without much talking. The camp settled into quiet, and except for the croaking of the frogs in the lake, the night was dark and still.

Suddenly the sharp, shrill notes of the bugle cut the air.

"The fire call," shouted one of the boys.

Blankets were thrown aside. White figures shot off the cots. Long legs leaped out of the tents. The boys grabbed the fire beaters. They raced to the middle of the field. Greedy flames were blazing in the dry grass. Puffs of smoke were whirling up into the night air. The fire was spreading rapidly in half a dozen different directions.

"Quick, boys!" The Scout master's voice was stern. He was already beating down tall flames that crackled among some dry sticks. "Use your strength! Beat it down! All together now! John, watch that fire creeping away on that side! David, jump on it over there! Bert and Alfred, watch behind you! Go for it, boys!"

In five minutes the fire was out. The boys, flushed and panting, went carefully over the field again to be sure that no threads of fire were creeping under the grass.

"All right, boys," called Mr. Clark. "You are good fire fighters. It has been so hot and dry this week that I have watched the camp fire especially. When I woke a few minutes ago, I looked out and saw a tiny thread of flame. It spread in three different ways in a second, and the taller grass caught

fire. You fellows may think I'm fussy," his eyes twinkled as he looked at David, "but it pays to be careful in the woods."

"I guess you're right," said David, manfully.

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

What Scout rules did the boys observe that made them welcome as campers?

What did the boys do after each meal?

What are fire and water to campers and picnickers? Why?

How did the boys care for the camp fire every night?

What was kept outside each tent day and night?

How were the fire beaters made?

Prepare to read aloud the account of the most exciting thing that happened.

What kind of boy was David? Prove it.

LITTLE DICTIONARY

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

ā as in <i>ate</i>	ē as in <i>he</i>	ō as in <i>go</i>	ū as in <i>use</i>
ă as in <i>cat</i>	ě as in <i>get</i>	ö as in <i>got</i>	ŭ as in <i>cut</i>
â as in <i>care</i>	ẽ as in <i>her</i>	ô as in <i>obey</i>	û as in <i>urn</i>
â as in <i>senate</i>	ẽ as in <i>event</i>	ô as in <i>or</i>	û as in <i>unite</i>
ä as in <i>arm</i>	ī as in <i>ice</i>	ōō as in <i>foot</i>	ou as in <i>out</i>
å as in <i>ask</i>	ĩ as in <i>pin</i>	ōō as in <i>food</i>	

abolishing (á bǒl'ish ĭng): doing away with; putting an end to.

absorbed (ăb sǒrbd'): occupied fully; engaged.

acceptance (ăk sĕp'tăns): the act of receiving.

accommodated (ă kǒm'ò dāt ěd): adapted or made fit.

accumulate (ă kŭ'mŭ lāt): to grow or increase in number.

adjourned (ă jŭrnd'): put off until another time.

adversaries (ăd'vĕr sǎ rĭs): foes; enemies.

afflicted (ă flĭkt'ěd): troubled.

agitated (ăj'ĭ tāt ěd): excited.

akimbo (ă kĭm'bō): with the hands on the hips and the elbows turned out.

Allarm (ă lǎrm').

allegiance (ă lĕ'jăns): faithfulness to a person or a government.

alternating (ăl'tĕr nāt ĭng): succeeding by turns.

alternative (ăl tŭr'ná tĭv): a choice between two things.

amend (ă mĕnd'): to change for the better.

anniversary (ăn ĭ vŭr'sá rĭ): the return in each year of the date of an event.

anticipation (ăn tĭs ĭ pǎ'shŭn): act of considering something beforehand; expectation.

antitoxins (ăn tĭ tǒk'sĭns): chemical fluids used for protection against disease.

apparatus (ăp á rǎ'tŭs): a set of instruments for a given work.

apparition (ăp â rîsh'ûn): a ghost; a phantom.

Appomattox (ăp ô măt'ûks): a county in Virginia.

Archbishop (ărch'bîsh'ûp): a chief bishop.

artificial (ăr tî fî'shăl): made by man instead of by nature.

Aspdin (ăsp'dîn).

astronomer (ăs trôn'ô mēr): one who studies the stars.

automatic (ô tō măt'îk): mechanical; self-acting.

avalanche (ăv'â lănch): a large mass of snow or earth sliding swiftly down a mountain side.

avenge (â vĕnj'): to take revenge; to inflict punishment.

bacteria (băk tē'rî â): tiny bodies invisible to the eye which are present in the air, water, soil, and in the bodies of living animals and plants.

bairn (bârn): a Scotch word for child.

Balboa (băl bō'ă): a Spanish adventurer, the discoverer of the Pacific Ocean.

barometer (bâ rôm'ê tēr): an instrument for judging the probable changes of weather.

baron (băr'ûn): a nobleman.

barrack (băr'âk): a hut or shelter for soldiers.

battalion (bă tăl'yûn): a large division of an army organized to act together.

beadle (bē'd'l): an inferior parish officer in England having a variety of duties, as the preservation of order in church service.

Beate (bē'tě).

Bedivere (bēd'î vēr), Sir: a knight of King Arthur's Round Table.

bickering (bîk'ēr ینگ): wrangling; quarreling noisily.

blade (blād): a dashing, reckless fellow.

bonus (bō'nûs): a sum paid over and above what is strictly due, an additional payment.

Brouwer (brou'wĕr).

- Caerleon** (kär lē'ōn): the seat of King Arthur's court.
- cataract** (kăt'ă răkt): a large waterfall.
- cavalier** (käv ā lēr'): a soldier; a courtly gentleman.
- cement** (sê mēnt'): a substance used in a soft or pasty state to join stones or bricks in a building, which afterwards becomes hard like stone.
- certified** (sûr'tī fid): made certain; testified in writing; assured; vouched for.
- Chagres River** (chă'grēs): a river in Panama in the Canal Zone.
- Charlemagne** (shär'lê mân): a famous king of France.
- chasm** (kăz'm): a deep opening in the earth or a rock.
- chintz** (chînts): cotton cloth, printed with flowers and designs, in a number of different colors.
- chivalrous** (shîv'ăl rûs): gallant; courteous.
- christened** (krîs'nd): baptized; named.
- Christiania** (krîs tî ä'nê ä): former name of Oslo, capital of Norway.
- churl** (chûrl): a base fellow.
- cleave** (klēv): to cut; to split.
- Colon** (kô lôn'): a seaport of Panama, the Atlantic entrance to the Canal.
- comber** (kôm'ēr): a long, curling wave.
- concerted** (kôn sût'ěd): agreed upon; mutually planned.
- condescend** (kôn dê sēnd'): to deign to give; to consent to.
- conical** (kôn'ī kăl): round and tapering to a point; having the form of a cone.
- contraband** (kôn'trá bând): forbidden goods.
- Cordova** (kôr'dô vâ): a province in Spain.
- coronation** (kôr ô nă'shŭn): the act of crowning.
- corps** (kôr): a body of persons associated in a common work; a body of men organized under common direction.
- counsel** (koun'sěl): advice.
- courtiers** (kört'yērz): those who live at the court of a ruler.
- crucible** (krû'sī b'l): a vessel for melting metal.

crusade (krōō sād'): a military expedition under the banner of the cross, engaged in by one of the Christian powers to recover the Holy Land.

crystalline (krīs'tāl ĭn): like crystal; pure.

Culebra (kōō lā'brā).

defiance (dě fī'āns): a challenge.

defile (dě fīl'): a long, narrow mountain pass.

deliberately (dě līb'ēr āt lī): not hastily or suddenly.

demerit (dě mēr'it): a mark denoting a fault, especially in conduct.

detonator (dēt'ō nā tēr): something used to explode a charge of powder.

diameter (dī ām'é tēr): a straight line through the center of a figure, dividing it in half.

disdainfully (dīs dān'fōōl ĭ): scornfully; not caring.

distinguished (dīs tīn'gwīsht): noted; famous; celebrated.

dominant (dōm'ī nānt): controlling or ruling.

donning (dōn'īng): putting on.

dormitory (dōr'mī tō rī): a sleeping room containing several beds.

doublet (dūb'lēt): a close-fitting garment for men.

draft (drāft): a drink.

dryad (drī'ād): a wood nymph.

Dundee (dūn dē'): a seaport in Forfarshire, Scotland.

duplicate (dū'plī kāt): an exact copy.

Durandal (dū rān dāl'): the marvelous sword of Roland.

eddy (ēd'ī ĭng): moving in a circle; swirling.

eider (ī'dēr): a kind of sea duck which is found in the northern parts of North America, Asia, and Europe.

electricity (ē lēk trīs'ī tī): an unseen force producing light, heat, and other physical effects.

emergency (ē mūr'jēn sī): a circumstance that calls for immediate action or remedy.

enchantment (ĕn chānt'mĕnt): the use or practice of magic.
engineering (ĕn jĭ nĕr'ĭng): the science of using and constructing machinery or of designing or constructing public works.
ensign (ĕn'sĭn): a flag; a banner.
enthusiasm (ĕn thŭ'zĭ āz'm): intense eagerness; intense interest, feeling, or emotion.
Epimetheus (ĕp ĭ mĕ'thŭs): the brother of Prometheus.
ewe (ū): the female of the sheep.
ewers (ū'ĕrz): jugs for holding water; wide-mouthed pitchers.
Excalibur (ĕks kāl'ĭ bŭr): a famous sword of King Arthur.
excavated (ĕks'kà vāt ĕd): dug out.
exemplary (ĕg'zĕm plā rĭ): serving as a type or illustration.
exhaustion (ĕg zōs'chŭn): state of being tired out; weariness.
expectant (ĕks pĕk'tānt): hopeful; waiting.
experimented (ĕks pĕr'ĭ mĕnt ĕd): made trials or tests to find out something.

fain (fān): gladly.

Farne Islands (fārn): islands off the Northumberland coast, England.

fatigue (fà tĕg'): weariness; toil.

ferule (fĕr'ool): a rod or flat stick used in punishment.

fervently (fŭr'vēnt lĭ): earnestly; eagerly.

feud (fūd): a quarrel or dispute.

fiend (fĕnd): a demon; a monster.

fiord (fyôrd): a narrow arm of the sea between high banks or rocks, as on the coasts of Norway and Alaska.

forbear (fôr bâr'): to refrain from doing; to hold back.

Forfarshire (fôr'fâr shĕr): a county in Scotland.

forged (fôrjd): counterfeited; produced that which is not true.

foul: not clean.

foundering (foun'dĕr ĭng): filling with water and sinking.

futile (fŭ'tĭl): useless.

gallantry (găl'ăn trî): polite attentions or courtesies to ladies.

galvanized (găl'vâ nîzd): coated with zinc to protect it from rust.

Ganelon (gă'n'lôn'): one of Charlemagne's knights.

Geppetto (jě pět'tō).

giblet (jîb'lět): the liver, gizzard, or heart of a fowl, that is removed before cooking.

Gluck (glöök).

Goethals (gō'thălz), **George Washington**: the name of an American soldier and engineer.

Gorgas (gôr'găs), **William**: an American sanitation expert.

Grail (grāl): the wine cup used by Christ at the Last Supper.

gratuity (grá tū'í tî): a present; a free gift.

Grenadier (grěn â dêr'): a soldier of a particular kind.

Griflet (grîf'lět): a knight of King Arthur's court.

groped (gröpt): to have felt one's way, as with the hands, when one cannot see.

grouse (grous): a kind of wild fowl.

grueling (grōō'ël ñng): exhausting.

guaranteed (găř ăn tēd'): insured; gave security.

Guinevere (gwîn'ê vēr): the wife of King Arthur.

Hammerfest (hăm'ēr fěst): a town in Norway.

Hans (hăns).

harpies (hăr'pîz): winged monsters.

harried (hăr'îd): plundered, laid waste.

Harthover (hărth'ōv ēr), **Sir John**.

heather (hěth'ēr, *th* as in *the*): a small plant growing on waste land.

helve (hělv): the handle of a tool or weapon, as an ax or hatchet.

heroine (hěr'ō ñn): a woman who has done a brave deed.

homage (höm'ăj): respect.

hulk (hŭlk): the body of a ship.

hydrant (hî'drănt): a pipe with a valve and spout through which water may be drawn from the mains of waterworks.

Ignacio Florio (ĕg nă'chē ō flō'rē ō): the name of a boat.

Igraine (ĕ grăn'): the mother of King Arthur.

impetuous (ĭm pĕt'ŭ ŭs): acting with sudden energy.

imprudent (ĭm prōō'dĕnt): unwise; not careful.

impunity (ĭm pŭ'nĭ tĭ): freedom from punishment.

inauguration (ĭn ō gŭ rā'shŭn): the act of admitting into public office with suitable ceremonies.

incessantly (ĭn sĕs'ănt lĭ): continually; increasingly.

inclination (ĭn klĭ nā'shŭn): wish; desire.

inconveniently (ĭn kŏn vĕn'yĕnt lĭ): uncomfortably; giving trouble.

indisposed (ĭn dĭs pŏzd'): somewhat sick.

ingeniously (ĭn jĕn'yŭs lĭ): skillfully.

inscription (ĭn skrĭp'shŭn): a record written on a monument for preservation or public inspection.

inspect (ĭn spĕkt'): to look at carefully.

intercept (ĭn tĕr sĕpt'): to cut off; to come in the way of.

intermission (ĭn tĕr mĭsh'ŭn): an interruption or break; an interval.

interposed (ĭn tĕr pŏzd'): put between; got in the way of.

intuition (ĭn tŭ ĭsh'ŭn): knowledge obtained without reasoning.

inundation (ĭn ŭn dā'shŭn): a flood.

invaded (ĭn vād'ĕd): attacked; encroached upon.

investigated (ĭn vĕs'tĭ gāt ĕd): found out by careful inquiry.

irrigation (ĭr ĭ gā'shŭn): the supplying of water to land by canals, ditches, etc.

Jotunheim (yŭ'tŏŏn hĭm): a mountainous region of Norway.

joust (jŭst): a fight with lances on horseback.

Karsten (kăr'stĕn).

kerosene (kĕr ō sĕn'): a refined oil.

kiln (klĭ): a brick or stone oven used for hardening or drying anything.

kjelke (shěł'kē): a small sled.

Kranheia (krän hā'yă): a hill.

laboratory (lăb'ô râ tô rî): a place devoted to experimental study in any branch of natural science; the workroom of a scientist.

lair (lâr): a bed or couch, usually the den of a wild beast.

Lauro (lô'rô): the name of the captain of the *Ignacio Florio*.

leeward (lē'wěrd): away from the wind.

legality (lē găl'ĩ tĩ): conformity to law; lawfulness.

Leodogrance (lē ô'dô grănz): father of Guinevere.

Lesseps, Ferdinand de (dě lě sěps'): a French diplomatist, and an engineer of the Suez Canal.

lineage (līn'ē āj): descent in line from a common ancestor; family.

livelihood (līv'li hōōd): support; means of existence.

loiterer (loi'tēr ěr): one who lags behind or delays.

lurching (lŭrch'ĭng): swaying or rolling from side to side.

MacKenzie (mă kěn'zĩ), **John**: an officer in the Naval Reserve Fleet.

magnified (măg'nĩ fīd): enlarged in appearance.

magnolia (măg nō'li á): a tree having large, fragrant flowers.

malaria (mă lă'ri á): a disease produced by the bite of certain mosquitoes which carry the germs.

malediction (măl ě dĭk'shŭn): a curse.

malice (măl'is): ill will.

malicious (mă lĭsh'ŭs): spiteful; intending evil.

maneuvering (mă nōō'vēr ĭng): swift or skillful moving or changing of position in military or naval tactics.

marionette (măr ĭ ō nět'): a small figure or doll moved by strings or by hand, as in a puppet show.

Marsile (măr sěl'): a Saracen king.

martyr (măr'tēr): one who sacrifices his life for the sake of a principle.

- melancholy** (měl'ăn kōl ĭ): gloomy; sad; mournful.
- metallic** (mě tǎl'ík): made of, or resembling, metal.
- minster** (mĭn'stēr): the church of a monastery.
- miracle** (mĭr'ă k'l): an event out of the ordinary course of things.
- missile** (mĭs'ĭl): a weapon or object thrown.
- Modred** (mō'drĕd), **Sir**: a knight of King Arthur's court.
- molested** (mō lĕst'ĕd): disturbed; bothered.
- momentum** (mō mĕn'tŭm): the quantity of motion in a moving body.
- monastery** (mōn'ās tĕr ĭ): a place where men under religious vows live away from other people.
- moor** (mōōr): a large area of waste, sandy ground, usually more or less marshy.
- Morgan le Fay** (mōr'gǎn lĕ fā'): daughter of Queen Igraine.
- mullet** (mŭl'ĕt): a fish.
- Muscle Shoals** (mŭs'l shōlz'): rapids extending about twenty-five miles in the Tennessee River.
- Myrtheer** (mĭn hār'): the Dutch word for "Mr." or "Sir."
- negotiation** (nĕ gō shĭ ā'shŭn): a treating with another with a view to coming to terms.
- Northumberland** (nōr thŭm'bĕr lǎnd): a county in the northern part of England.
- observatory** (ōb zŭr'vā tō rĭ): a building, tower, or dome on top of another building where instruments such as telescopes are kept for studying the stars.
- Olaug** (ō'lōg).
- Olifant** (ōl'ĭ fǎnt): Roland's horn, made of ivory.
- onslaught** (ōn'slōt): a furious attack.
- Oslo** (ō'slōō): a city in Norway.
- pantomime** (pǎn'tō mĭm): a performance in dumb show.

Paolo (pä'ō lō).

paralyzed (pär'á lizd): rendered unable to move.

parentage (pär'ën tāj): parents or ancestors.

partake (pär tāk'): to share.

passionately (pāsh'ün át lī): angrily; in an excited or agitated manner.

pasteurized (pās'tēr izd): a process devised by Pasteur for preventing or checking fermentation in fluids, such as milk.

pasty (pās'tī): a meat pie.

patent (pāt'ënt): a writing securing to an inventor, for a term of years, the exclusive right to make, use, and sell his invention.

patrol (pā trōl'): to go round a district in order to protect it.

pavilion (pā vīl'yūn): a tent or canopy.

pedestrian (pē dēs'trī ān): one who walks.

peers (pērz): noblemen; knights.

Pelleas (pēl'ē ās): a valorous and mighty knight of King Arthur's Round Table.

Pellinore (pēl'ē nōr): a legendary king.

peninsula (pēn in'sū lā): a piece of land jutting out into the water.

Pentecost (pēn'tē kōst): a church festival.

perilous (pēr'ī lūs): dangerous.

perpendicular (pûr pēn dīk'ū lār): exactly upright.

perplexity (pēr plēk'sī tī): doubt; embarrassment.

perverse (pēr vûrs'): stubborn.

pestering (pēs'tēr ing): annoying; disturbing.

pettishly (pēt'ish lī): fretfully; peevishly; ill-temperedly.

pewter (pû'tēr): dishes resembling silver made of a combination of tin with other metals, much used in colonial homes.

phantom (fān'tūm): a ghost.

Pinocchio (pīn ō'kē ō).

planet (plān'ēt): any heavenly body that revolves about the sun.

plashy (plăsh'ĩ): splashy; abounding with puddles.

pommel (pŭm'ěl): the high part of a saddlebow.

porcelain (pôr'sê lân): a very fine china.

pottering (pôt'ěr ĩng): trifling; idling away.

precipice (prës'ĩ pĩs): the edge of a very steep, high cliff.

prithēe (prĩth'ē, *th* as in *the*): please (a contraction of "I pray thee").

proclaimed (prô klāmd'): announced; declared.

projectile (prô jěk'tĩl): a body thrown into the air by a force behind it.

prying (prĩ'ĭng): peeping; inspecting closely.

quality (kwôl'ĩ tĩ): people of superior birth or high rank in society.

quavers (kwā'vĕrs): a trembling or shaking of the voice.

quenched (kwĕncht): put out.

rascally (răs'kăl ĩ): worthless; dishonest.

reconstruction (rē kôn strŭk'shŭn): rebuilding; act of organizing again.

reënforcements (rē ěn fōrs'mĕnts): extra help; additional support.

reflected (rē flĕk'tĕd): mirrored; sent back.

reproachfully (rē prōch'fōöl ĩ): expressing rebuke or blame.

resumed (rē zŭmd'): began again; commenced again.

riven (rĩv''n): split asunder.

Roncevaux (rōns vō'): a famous battle.

ruefully (rōō'fōöl ĩ): woefully, regretfully.

Runic (rōō'nĭk): pertaining to old Norse poetry.

rustic (rŭs'tĭk): an inhabitant of the country who is naturally simple in manner.

samite (sā'mĭt): a kind of heavy silk cloth interwoven with gold.

sanitary (săn'ĩ tâ rĩ): promoting or preserving health.

Saracen (săr'ă sĕn): an Arab; a Mohammedan.

Saragossa (sä rä gös'á): a city in Spain.

sarcastically (sär käs'tĩ käl ĭ): scornfully; tauntingly.

saunter (sän'tēr): to walk slowly or idly about.

scabbard (skäb'árd): a sheath or case in which the blade of a sword is kept.

scepter (sěp'tēr): a royal staff.

Schwartz (shwörtz).

scientist (sī'ěn tĩst): one learned in science, especially in the general laws of natural science.

scrabbling (skrăb'ľing): clambering.

scurrying (skür'ĩ ing): hastening along; hurrying.

scythe (sĩth, *th* as in *the*): a curved blade on a long handle for cutting grass or grain.

seething (sěth'ing, *th* as in *the*): boiling.

seneschal (sěň'ě shăl): a steward or head servant of a great medieval lord.

siege (sěj): a continuous attempt, by force of arms, to gain possession.

silos (sĩ'lōz): pits or vats for packing away green fodder.

siren (sĩ'rěn): an apparatus producing sound by the rapid interruption of a 'current of air or steam.

skiing (skē'ing): the act of gliding over the snow on skis.

sledge (slěj): a sled.

solitude (söl'ĩ tūd): a lonely place.

somber (söm'bēr): gloomy, dull.

specter (spěk'tēr): a ghost.

speculation (spěk ũ lā'shũn): an act of reasoning; the pondering of a subject in its different aspects.

squabbling (skwōb'ľing): quarreling.

stagnant (stăg'nănt): stale or foul from standing.

sterilize (stěr'ĩ lĩz): to destroy germs by heat.

Stratford (străt'fěrd): the name of a place in England.

Stutly (stūt'ľĩ).

Styria (stĩr'ĩ á): a mountainous part of Austria.

submarine (sŭb mǎ rēn'): a boat which can travel under the water.

succor (sŭk'ēr): to help; to aid or relieve.

sumptuous (sŭmp'tŭ ūs): luxurious; splendid; costly.

swamp (swŏmp): to sink.

Taos (tǎ'ōs): a county in the northern part of New Mexico.

tedious (tē'dī ūs): tiresome, wearisome.

telescope (těl'ē skōp): an instrument used as an assistance to the eye in viewing heavenly bodies.

tethered (tēth'ērd, *th* as in *the*): confined with a rope, strap, or chain. (He tethered his horse for grazing.)

thwarted (thwōrt'ēd): defeated; opposed.

tintinnabulation (tĭn tĭ nǎb ū lǎ'shŭn): a tinkling or jingling sound, as of bells.

tobogganning (tō bŏg'ǎn ĭng): act of gliding over the snow on a toboggan or sled.

tournament (tōōr'nǎ mēnt): a contest between armed knights.

tourney (tōōr'nī): to tilt; to perform in a tournament.

towering (tou'ēr ĭng): very tall.

toxin (tŏk'sĭn): a poison.

transparent (trǎns pâr'ēnt): clear.

traversed (trǎv'ērst): crossed over.

treacherously (trēch'ēr ūs lĭ): falsely; faithlessly.

treason (trē'z'n): the betrayal of a trust; breach of faith; treachery.

tributary (trĭb'ŭ tǎ rĭ): a stream flowing into a larger one.

triumphant (trĭ ūm'fǎnt): full of triumph or success.

trivial (trĭv'ĭ ǎl): commonplace; of little importance.

trudged (trŭjd): walked wearily.

turmoil (tŭr'moil): disturbance; tumult.

Uintah (ŭ ĭn'tǎ): the name of a fort.

unaccustomed (ŭn ǎ kŭs'tŭmd): not used to.

unadulterated (ũn à dũl'tēr àt ěd): not mixed with another substance.

Uncompahgre (ũn kõm pã'grě): the name of a fort.

unique (ũ nēk'): unusual.

unkempt (ũn kěmpt'): not neat; untidy.

Uther Pendragon (ũ'thěr pěn drăg'ũn): father of King Arthur.

valor (vãl'ěr): personal bravery; courage.

vanquished (vãn'kwisht): conquered; overcome; defeated.

venison (vẽn'ĩ z'n): deer meat.

vexation (věk sã'shũn): displeasure.

viaduct (vĩ'á dũkt): a bridge resting on narrow masonry arches, having high supporting towers, for carrying a road or a railroad over a valley, gorge, or the like.

Viana (vyã'nã): a town in Spain.

vicinity (vĩ sãn'ĩ tĩ): neighborhood; a region near or about.

viciousness (vĩsh'ũs nēs): given to bad tricks; unruliness.

Viggo (vĩ'gõ)

vigorous (vĩg'õr ũs): active; strong.

viking (vĩ'kĩng): a very old type of sailing vessel.

vitals (vĩ'tãlz): the most important parts of anything.

wage (wãj): to engage in; to carry on.

whirlwind (hwũrl'wĩnd): a violent windstorm covering a limited space.

Whitsuntide (hwĩt's'n tĩd): the time of Pentecost (a church festival).

withe (wĩth): a slender, flexible twig used as a band.

wrangling (rãn'g'ĩng): arguing; disputing.

wrestled (rēs''ld): struggled.

yeoman (yõ'mãn): a common man or a freeman in early England.

zoölogical (zõ õ lõj'ĩ kãl): pertaining to animal life.

